

BOOK BONUS

THE CYCLE SAVAGES

"More exciting than The Hell's Angels...frank...fast-paced action..."—STAR-DISPATCH

SEPT.

FOR MEN ONLY

"I Run One Of Those Swingers'
**BODY-
EXCHANGE
BARS**"

IND
50¢

AMERICA'S 4 TOP HEROES OF THE YEAR:

THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY TO THE MEDAL

WHY IS THE STATE DEPARTMENT AFRAID TO ACT?

**INNOCENT AMERICANS
ARE ROTTING
IN FOREIGN JAILS**

**LAURA'S
NAKED
SURPRISE ▼**





I'll guide you step by step into your own thriving business

● While keeping your present job, would
you like to gross \$12 or \$18 profit per hour?

a true story by Bob Ferrel

SOME YEARS AGO I was a printer in a small Michigan town. I drew a pretty fair pay check but it wouldn't stretch far enough to provide the kind of living I wanted for my wife and five children.

Then one day I was reading a magazine just as you now are and I saw an ad. It intrigued me. It offered me the steadily growing income I had always hoped for. It said I would have greater security and personal independence... and that's what I had been wanting.

I was a little skeptical, but I said to myself, "for a postage stamp I can find out." So I mailed the coupon. In a few days, I got a letter with a booklet that gave the whole story. It opened my eyes. I could see why owning my own business was so much easier than I had always thought... why the day to day guidance of a successful worldwide organization could assure my own success.

I read the booklet several times. It just seemed too good to be true. I talked it over with my wife. We decided that now was the time to make the forward step... there was no reason to keep postponing an income increase.

So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and I was accepted. I stayed with my job... ran a few ads... sent some mailings... contacted a few stores and told my friends about the superior services I was now equipped to give them. Evenings and Saturdays, I rendered the service. As the business grew, I added servicemen.

I found that I didn't have to develop a single idea myself. Every step had been prepared for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men had already proven my methods successful.

It didn't take long to see that I was making three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much per hour in my own business as in my printing job. So, after only seven months with a good following of customers, I quit my job to go full time on my own. In the meantime, I had enjoyed all this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a serious mistake not mailing that coupon would have been... and how that little act that seemed so trivial at the time actually changed our lives.

The steadily growing income brought us

many things we could not afford before. My efforts were so much more productive. I scheduled my time to my own liking. When we wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked hard but, if I wanted to be home early or quit at noon, I did.

This is not a business for a lazy man. But if a man is ambitious and will work to deserve those nice things in life we all want, this business is made to order for such a man.

I became so enthusiastic about this business and so appreciative of what it had brought my family that, whenever a man opened a dealership near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had each new dealer in my section of Michigan spend a day with me. One day the president of Duraclean Company asked me how I would like to move to Headquarters and spend my entire time helping dealers to increase their sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in their own towns and at regional meetings, conventions and dealer group meetings. But much of the time I am right here at my desk in touch with our dealers by letter and telephone.

Incidentally I sold my dealership at a good profit. Dealers sell their Duraclean businesses for up to ten times their cost. After 30 months Leo Lubel sold for \$7,116 above his cost. If for any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at headquarters is to show each individual Duraclean dealer how to use his own abilities to bring him greatest success. I know hundreds of our dealers on a first name basis. We work together as one happy family. If you become a Duraclean dealer, I'll be as close to you as your telephone or mail box.

It's Easier than You Think To Build Your Own Business

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS... to become financially independent and have a fast growing income, now YOU CAN. And you own a Nationally Advertised business.

You can stay at your present job while your customer list grows... then switch to full time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do. One job a day brings a good starting income.

If you hire two servicemen (full or part time) while you keep your job, the national price guide provides you a gross profit of \$12 an hour on their work and this is much easier to do than you think. We show you how... step by step. That's \$420 for a 35 hour week.

Your gross profit on three servicemen is \$18 per hour. Duraclean dealers find it easy to gross \$6 per hour on EACH serviceman plus \$9 an hour on any service they themselves render. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll mail you (with no obligation) explains how most of your gross profit becomes clear net profit. Your income is limited only by the number of servicemen you employ.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your home. Equipment is light and portable.

At the start, you may want to render service yourself... or you can start with full or part time servicemen. This business is easy to learn... easy to start... so easy to service that women dealers do it. We prefer you have no experience... not have to "unlearn" old ways.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide system of individually-owned service businesses. If you are reliable, honest and willing to work to become financially independent, we invite you to mail the coupon.

When you receive our illustrated booklet, you will see the way we show you step by step how to quickly get customers... and still more customers from their recommendations.

You have 6 superior services that are rendered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels, theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have

the prestige and endorsement of leading furniture makers and carpet mills, of Parents' Magazine and McCall's, of Research and Testing Laboratories.

National magazine advertising explains superior merits of your services, builds your customer confidence and brings job leads to you.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you and assist you. He'll reveal his successful, proven methods. You have pre-tested newspaper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and a full mailing program.

Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjustors, and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These year 'round services are in constant demand.

Start Small, Grow Big in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to give up my job till I know I have a sure thing... a sound business that will provide both security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out such a plan... and those same men are now enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many communities. You don't experiment. You use tested, proven methods. You have our backing and "know how."

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now. Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big. A third century ago Duraclean was an idea... but it caught fire and spread to a world wide service. Why did it spread? (1) superior processes. (2) proven customer-getting methods (3) Day to day guidance from Headquarters.

Our first service, the care of upholstery and carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers... revives dull colors. Pile rises with new life. There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No soaking. Mild aerated foam lightly applied lifts out dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic. Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses are growing faster than industries and stores... \$750 million yearly potential just in rug and furniture cleaning. Your 5 other services are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

A few hundred dollars establishes YOUR OWN business. A day's profit more than pays the monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and, with first shipment, enough materials to return your TOTAL investment. If you have good habits and know the importance of customer satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Duraclean dealership.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean dealership, before someone takes your location.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but once at every man's door." This could be that one rare opportunity in your life.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business. You can decide from the information we will send you whether to apply for a dealership. So, with no obligation whatever, mail the coupon TODAY. Cut it out NOW so you won't forget to mail it.

Mail this coupon TODAY

It may put you in business

Duraclean Co., 8-319 Duraclean Bldg.
Deerfield, Ill. 60015

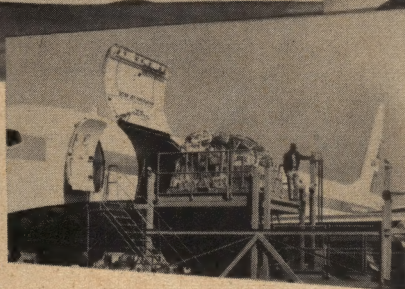
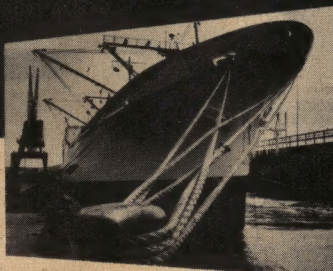
With no obligation, mail 24 page illustrated booklet telling how and why I can quickly increase my income and family security while still employed, how you'll help finance me. No salesman will call.

Name

Address

City State Zip

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If you're a man who wants to get ahead — if you've had enough of dead-end routine, why not look into the opportunities offered by transportation management? It's a growing, dynamic field where experts are needed who can take charge of the lifeline of business — the shipping of goods by ship, truck, plane and train. Salaries of \$12,000 to \$25,000 a year for transportation managers are common — many earn much more.

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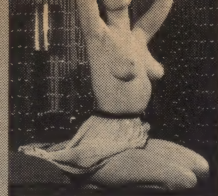
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p. 16, Medal



p. 26, Tina



p. 39, First Man

VOL. 15 NO. 10 SEPTEMBER 1968

EXCITING BOOK BONUS

THE CYCLE SAVAGES by THOMAS K. FITZPATRICK 30

He had the looks, manners and talk of The Beasts, and he got them to trust him. Nobody knew that he was an undercover cop.

TRUE BOOK BONUS

WE FROZE THE FIRST MAN by ROBERT F. NELSON 38

The exciting journal of the men who have begun to take suspended animation out of science fiction and into the realm of fact.

TRUE

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FOR MEN ONLY

THE SIGN OF
GREAT READING!



LOOK FOR THE DIAMOND—
THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY
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IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE

OF THE FRESH,
NEW STORIES YOU
WANT TO READ.
ACCEPT NO IMITATIONS.

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That's right—you're entitled to receive FREE SHOES every

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You show famous Mason Air-Cushion shoes—good-looking footwear in the latest styles—a line that's far beyond the reach of competition. That's why *everybody* is your prospect. Fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll rush you our free "Starting Business Outfit"! Send no money now or later. Act today!

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Please show me how I can make an extra \$50 a week in spare time — and get FREE SHOES *for Life!* Rush me — FREE and without obligation — everything I need to start making BIG MONEY in my very first spare hour.

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Chippewa Falls, Wisc.**



The Laugh Box

The dying man gasped pitifully.
 "Grant me one last request, June," he pleaded.
 "Of course, Herb," she said softly.
 "Six months after I die," he went on, "I want you to marry Joe."
 "Joe," she cried. "I thought you hated that man."
 "Exactly," he said, and passed away.

An indignant woman demanded to speak to a keeper at the zoo.

"The monkeys are gambling at cards," she said.
 "You've got to break up the game."

"It won't do them any harm," said the keeper soothingly. "They're only playing for peanuts."

A young husband received a telegram stating that his mother-in-law's body had been found floating at the seashore, a lobster attached to each toe. He was asked to telegraph instructions for disposition of the corpse of the woman.

He wired back: "Sell the lobsters and set her again."

A sharpie walked up to a Las Vegas dice table and placed a \$1000 bet. He shook the dice, but as he threw them a third cube unexpectedly fell from his sleeve. But the operator remained cool. He handed back two of the dice and pocketed the third. "Go ahead, roll," he said. "Your point is 15."



"I've just joined a Prostitute Club," declared a young man-about-town excitedly.

"Don't be ridiculous," rejoined his friend. "You know there's no such thing as a Prostitute Club."

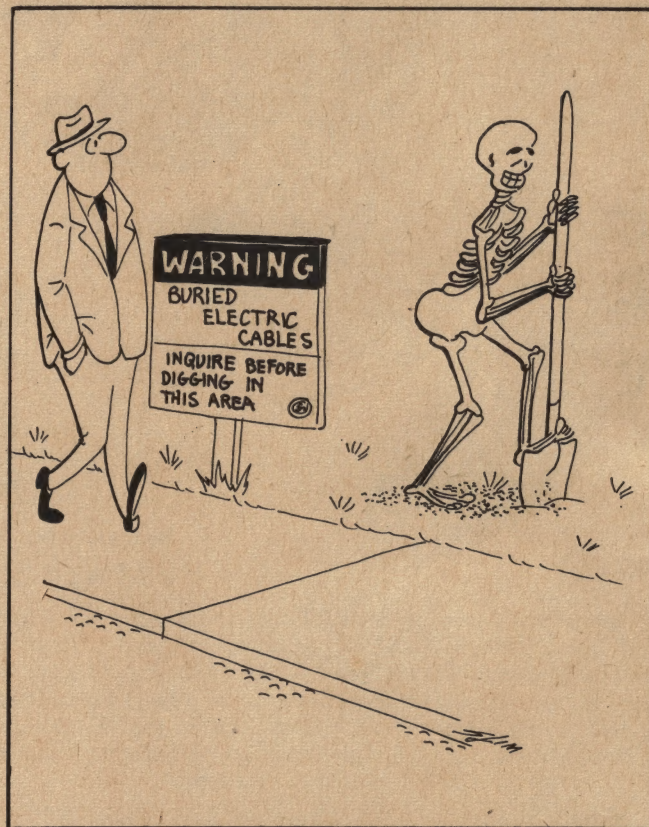
"Oh yes there is," replied the young man positively. "Here, take a look at my membership card."

"This doesn't say anything about a Prostitute Club," said the friend. "It says Parachute Club."

"Oh my God," exclaimed the young man paling visibly, "and to think that I signed up for fifty jumps!"

A man suggested to his girl that they agree on a secret code for making out. "If you nod," he said, "I can hold your hand. If you smile, I can kiss you. How does that sound?"

The girl friend answered, "Don't make me laugh."



A woman who was getting lonely wired her salesman husband to come home. Each time, however, his reply was the same. STILL BUYING. CANNOT COME HOME. Finally, in desperation, the woman sent one last wire. It read: YOU'D BETTER COME HOME BEFORE I START SELLING WHAT I THINK YOU'RE BUYING.

An Arkansas farmer was driving down the road with a wagon-load of barnyard fertilizer. A salesman from New York chanced to stop and inquire directions. After obtaining the information he desired, the tourist inquired of the farmer what he had in the wagon.

"Manure," said the farmer. "Goin' to spread it on my rhubarb."

"Well, I'll be damned," said the salesman, "and my wife laughs at me for spreading butter on my pie."



SECRETS of Teaching Yourself MUSIC



Here's How Others Learned to Play This Fast, Easy Way!

EXCITED - DELIGHTED - "I'm so excited, thrilled and delighted with this magnificent Course that it's difficult to 'go slowly.' Instructions are easily understood. And I enjoy the fact that I can practice and study at my own time and speed."

Clara J. Napoleon
Trenton, N.J.

PLAYS FOLK MUSIC - "I have finished college, and my ability to play the guitar really paid off there, especially since folk music has become so popular. I have played both as lead guitarist and accompanist guitarist."

Dwight Bullard
Concord, Ark.

FRIENDS ARE ASTONISHED - "Ever since I signed up for the Piano Course, I have been reaping happiness. My friends are astonished and my family happy. I will never forget all the fun I've had."

Linda Kurtz
Airville, Pa.

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This superb Course shows you how to play your favorite music *by note*. You read and play actual sheet music. There are no "gimmicks" at all. And the incredible thing is that you learn so *quickly and easily*.

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Convenient and Economical

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home, in your spare time. You go as fast or as slowly as you wish. There's no expensive private teacher to pay. You get valuable sheet music at no extra cost. And you learn for just pennies a day!

Start Enjoying a New Way of Life

Just imagine yourself playing your favorite instrument, and playing it *well*. What a thrill and sense of accomplishment you'll feel as you skillfully and confidently play popular hits . . . classical pieces . . . folk and country music . . . dance tunes - any kind of music you like! You'll enjoy a wonderful escape from the tensions and problems of everyday life. You'll win *new* friends and *new* popularity. Best of all, you'll have that warm, deep-down sense of satisfaction and self-fulfillment that comes with going ahead and really doing something you've always wanted to do!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Don't go on missing the pleasures that playing music can bring into your life. Mail the coupon below right now for our FREE booklet that tells you all about the Course and shows you how *fast and easy* this unique instruction really is. We'll also send you a FREE Piano "Notefinder." No obligation. Just mail the coupon TODAY to:

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Yes! I want to learn to play the instrument checked below. Please send me, FREE, your illustrated booklet "Now You Can Learn To Play Music in Your Own Home" - plus your free Piano "Notefinder." I am under no obligation.

Check the instrument you would like to play (check one only):

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
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| ☐ Guitar | ☐ Violin | ☐ Clarinet |
| ☐ Accordion | ☐ Tenor Banjo | ☐ Ukulele |
| ☐ Organ | ☐ Mandolin | ☐ Trombone |
| ☐ Steel Guitar | ☐ Trumpet | |

Do you have instrument? ☐ Yes ☐ No State.....

222

Instruments, if needed, supplied to our students at reduced rates.

Name.....
(Please Print Clearly)

Address.....

City.....

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1. Training Means Money These Days

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PURCHASING—Advance to purchasing agent? Break into field? Take this course. Demand for PA's rising. Experienced men earn average salaries of \$8-\$15,000. Send for Success Kit.

SALESMANSHIP—I. C. S. is famous for this course. Covers basics of selling that stay same, no matter the field. 1,000,000 new salesmen needed 1965-75. Get started NOW. Write "Salesmanship" on coupon.

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by spare-time study
with I. C. S.

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PULP, PAPER SPECIALISTS—Courses cover engineering to paper machine operator. Demand field, exp'ct'd to increase 75% in next 25 years. Write for information.

7. How to Become a Civil Engineer

CIVIL ENGINEER—Famous course recognized by many states, prepares you to take exams. All aspects of civil engineering. Thousands of graduates. Write now for 3 FREE booklets.

HIGHWAY ENGINEER—Advance in field. Course complete, covers theory, practice. Recognized by many states. Send coupon now.

STRUCTURAL BLUEPRINTS—How to read them. A key to advancement for ironworkers, patternmakers, builders of concrete structures. Mail coupon now.

SANITARY ENG'N'R'NG—Men trained in this field in constant demand. Course covers water treatment-supply, sewerage, eradicating menaces to health. Apply now.

SURVEYING, MAPPING—Course for man who wants to enter civil engineering field, but undecided about branch. Texts illustrated, simply written. Personalized instruction. Mail coupon.

8. Draftsmen in Demand

DRAFTSMEN—Over 4000 openings yearly. Senior draftsmen earn average \$550/month. Break into field? I. C. S. training in specialized area can help you. Don't delay. Choose field, then clip coupon.

ARCHITECTURAL drafting course covers arch. drawing, house planning, freehand & ornamental drawing, shades & shadows.

ELECTRICAL—Arithmetic, electricity basics, projection drawing, machine sketching, electrical drafting, other subjects.

ELECTRONIC—Math, mechanical drawing, formulas, electricity, electronic & printed circuit drafting, others.

MECHANICAL DRAFTING—Arithmetic, algebra, geometry & trig, projection drawing, mechanical drawing, machine sketching, others.

9. Electronics, Electricity

APPLIANCE SERVICING—More appliances mean more demand for servicemen. I. C. S. gives you know-how worth money from start. Clip coupon for Success Kit.

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ELECTRIC MOTOR REPAIRMAN—Course starts with basics, covers AC, DC motors—perfect for would-be maintenance men, or those who seek advancement to supervisor.

INSTRUMENT TECHNICIAN—Specialists in electrical measuring & control equip. will be scarce in late '60's. Take advantage! Course gives training, starting with gen'l principles. Send for Success Kit right away.

PRACTICAL ELECTRICIANS earn an average of \$4.37 per hour. Get the know-how! Course covers building wiring, elect. equip'm't. Helps prepare for licensing, journeyman exams.

INDUSTRIAL ELECTRONICS—Technical-level course—thorough grounding in electronics. Take first step to cracking this rapidly expanding field. Mail the coupon.

ELECTRONICS TECHNICIANS—With 5 yrs. exp., they average \$6500—many earn more!

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10. Engineering—a Profession

Take your first step to becoming a registered, professional engineer, with the help of famous I. C. S. courses. There are two routes to eng'n'g: college and 4 yrs' exp. in field; or high school and 8 yrs' exp. Then, state registration exam. I. C. S. courses help you obtain work where you can gain necessary field experience; give you knowledge you need to pass exams. Instruction available in Civil, Chemical, Electrical, Mechanical Engineering. Texts authored by authorities, are illustrated and simply written for quick comprehension. Study now, in spare time, for future success or retirement career in engineering. Write "Professional Engineer" on coupon. Do it now.

11. Success, Pleasure Through Better English Writing

BUSINESS WRITING—Command the written word—a key to business success! Course covers composition, copywriting, editing, typography, report writing. Send coupon for FREE Success Kit.

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INSTRUMENTATION—Several thousand new jobs a year in this demand field. A basic course. Write for Success Kit.

MACHINE DESIGN—A technical field itself, this knowledge is vital to draftsmen, and a big plus for production men, shop workers.

MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE—A basic course, giving overall knowledge of shop oper't'ns. Emphasis on practical facts. Personalized instruction. A must for the man who wants to advance. First step? Mail coupon.

MECHANICAL ENGINEERING—Within your grasp a high-pay field where at least 2600 new jobs open yearly. Write for Success Kit.

SHOP PRINTS—And how to read them. An authoritative, factual study. Vital to men who want to advance in shop work. Mail coupon now.

REFRIGERATION SPECIALISTS—Enter this booming field and learn the hard way? There's no need. Training spurs advancement—it's never been truer! Fill out coupon for complete information.

TEXTILE TECHNICIAN—The job outlook is good—for trained men. Course designed to help you break into field—or advance to management. Write "Textile" on coupon.

TOOLMAKING—The average toolmaker earns \$26 daily. For good reason: he knows a specialized skill. I. C. S. course equips machinists to crack this specialty, where over 4000 jobs open up annually.

SAFETY ENGINEERING—A comparatively new field, and men with formal training are scarce. Be one. Take I. C. S. course. Covers math, plant design, equipment placement, psychology, safety principles, practices. Apply now. Clip coupon.

WELDING—6000 openings yearly for welders, and pay in line with demand. I. C. S. offers several courses, from the basics to specialized areas. Write "Welding" on coupon for 3 FREE books.

14. Secretarial Help Wanted

WHERE THE MONEY IS—It's in specialized secretarial work. Few secretaries know specialized terminology, procedures. Those who do are in demand, command good pay.

LEGAL SECRETARY—Course covers instruction in typing, English, Gregg method sh'rt'h'nd, business law, insurance, office practice, public relations, legal shorthand. Equips you to work in law office. Apply immediately—the coupon's how.

MEDICAL SECRETARY—Basic secretarial skills covered in detail. Plus: instruction units on duties of a medical secretary, medical terminology, related subjects. Send coupon NOW for information.

STENO-TYPIST—Want to be a secretary? Break into steno-typist work first. Send coupon for facts on I. C. S. training in typing, stenography, business practice—all you'll need to know.

15. Steam, Diesel Power. You're Needed

BOILER INSPECTOR—Course equips you to break into field, inspecting boilers. Subjects include basic science, steam, boiler fundamentals, steam-boiler design, pumps & compressors.

POWER PLANT ENG'N'R'NG—Want to advance to watch or chief engineer? You'll need knowledge this course contains. Mail coupon right away.

16. Wanted—Trained Supervisors

FOREMAN—You can be one—training speeds the way. Course gives you the broad view of production. Send coupon.

PERSONNEL-LABOR RELAT'NS—Enjoy working with people? I. C. S. course can help you crack personnel field—or advance, if you're already in it. Labor relations also covered. Send coupon for FREE Success Kit.

17. Earn Money in Radio-TV

SERVICEMAN—Trained radio-TV servicemen average \$100-\$150 a week. I. C. S. course covers fundamentals of field step by step. Basic electricity, electronics; AM, FM radio; B & W, color TV. Mail coupon NOW.

RADIOTELEPHONE LICENSES—1st and 2nd class. Courses give thorough grounding in communications fundamentals, preparing you for FCC examinations. Get complete details. Mail coupon for Success Kit.

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Secrets of the Champs Revealed!

This year alone, my Triple Progressive Muscle-Building System has developed winners of "Mr. America," "Mr. World," "Mr. Universe," "Mr. Europe," "Mr. Canada" and hundreds of other top "perfect man" titles . . . and I've been doing this year after year since 1936. That's a fact—I don't offer you lies, promises, isometric gadgets and useless exercisers but proven fitness and muscle-building techniques that have stood the test of time . . . and that have been successfully turning out champs for over 30 years. **NOW!—I'm ready to send you 2 FREE GIFTS** — to prove to you that in just 15-minutes-a-day you will be fit, get into athletic shape or build a powerful, champion-muscled body! In the privacy of your own home you can quickly slap 4" on your chest, 3" on each arm, muscularize your waist, build speedy legs—using the exact same secrets I gave to the champs! I don't care if today, you own the scraggiest, flabbiest, funniest body—whether you're short or tall, young or not-so-young, I guarantee you that virtually overnight with my championship-proven methods you'll experience a muscle-building miracle! And for the first time in your life men will envy you, women admire you because at last, your body will bring you fame instead of shame!

Remember, your body is too precious to trust into the hands of amateurs, phonies and profiteers—follow me and you follow the champs I've trained in the safest, most scientific, time-tested, result-producing course of all time! Let me prove it to you—send for your 2 FREE GIFTS which reveal the greatest muscle-building secrets ever put into print! Don't let this once-in-a-lifetime limited opportunity slip by. **MAIL COUPON BELOW TO ME TODAY: You have nothing to lose but your weakness!**

JOE WEIDER — Personal Trainer of "Mr. America," "Mr. Universe" and other perfect men title winners since 1936. Over 2,000,000 successful students!

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ABSOLUTELY FREE!

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Gift 2

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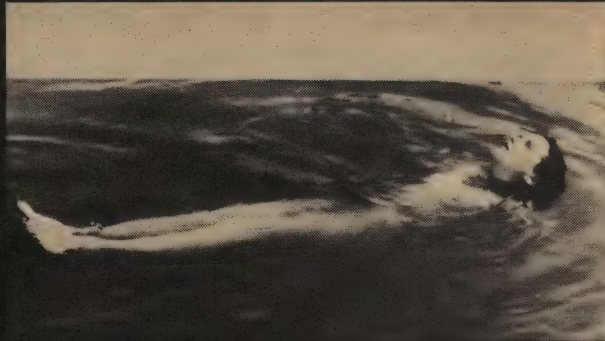
Dear Joe: Shoot the works! Thanks for making available to me FREE your Exclusive and Patented Secret Gifts—that I can use instantly at home to build myself a handsome, rugged body! I'm enclosing only 25c to cover handling and mailing charges! I'm under no further obligation in any way.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

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(Please Print Clearly)

THIS IS AN OUTRIGHT GIFT . . . YOU'RE UNDER NO OBLIGATION . . . NOTHING TO BUY!



Last Minute Memo for Men

MEMO: MEN AND THE DRAFT

A DRAFT LOTTERY, still fairest by far of all the DRAFT SELECTION systems, for some reason finds Americans against it 2-1....Ugly to contemplate, the reason most are against LOTTERY is that it is FAIR. For example people wealthy enough to send their kids to COLLEGE could no longer be sure they'd pull down SCHOLASTIC EXEMPTIONS....Also ugly to contemplate: Fully 1/3, that's right, ONE-THIRD of the 1,500,000 men turning 21 each year FAIL TO MEET minimum mental and physical DRAFT REQUIREMENTS. Lay the blame for this on the PUBLIC SCHOOLS....

What's going on here? Marines are DISCHARGING MEN BEFORE their hitches are up, even though USMC must be fed 8,500 new men monthly to keep up strength. Reason: SHORT TERM ENLISTEES generally have only a few months left to serve when they leave Vietnam. USMC just doesn't have enough for them to do for so short a time, so it lets them go....

This may come as no surprise, but a survey shows that those who think the Viet war is necessary, fair, etcetera, are mostly those who don't have to go: WOMEN....

MEMO: MEN AND THE WAR

The outbreak of that ugly, rat-borne BUBONIC PLAGUE in Saigon has ironically done more to put the HOOKERS AND

BLACK MARKET CREEPS out of business than all the laws, VD warnings, or Vietcong city offensives. Even though they themselves receive PLAGUE SHOTS, GIs are backing off from the vice professionals for a while. They feel these people circulate the most and therefore are MOST LIKELY to pick up the plague....

FIGURES JUST RELEASED: More U.S. pilots are being shot down in The Viet war (ten per 1,000 missions) than in WW2 (9.5 per 1,000). Reason: The Hanoi and Haphong target clusters bristle with 8,000 SAM batteries and AA guns, almost as many as were working in ALL OF GERMANY in WW2....

KAISER WILHELM of Germany once assigned one of his generals to travel with the BARNUM AND BAILEY CIRCUS to pick up tips on moving masses of men and equipment. The lessons the man learned were applied on the GERMAN MARCHES in WW1.... Drafted CIRCUS AERIALISTS keep in shape while in service by SWINGING THROUGH TREES as often as possible in training, combat....

MEMO: THE POLICE BEAT

NYC LOAN SHARKS distribute FREE CALENDARS to customers in some neighborhoods, just as the banks do.... A RADAR-OPERATED shield under test right now may be the answer everyone's been looking for to stop future PRESIDENTIAL ASSASSINATIONS. The shield flips up automatically when radar sniffs



"I Run One Of THOSE SWINGERS' BODY-EXCHANGE BARS"

Go to any of Howard Parker's bars or watch the young men and women lining up in front, hoping to get in, and you'll see the Sexual Revolution in action. These days the girls outnumber the guys looking for "free-and-easy" lovemaking with no strings attached and no holds barred.

STORY BEGINS NEXT PAGE >

Sex is the main selling point at Parker's spots, and shyness is a thing of the past. Honesty and openness is the key.



BODY-EXCHANGE BARS

by **HOWARD PARKER**

FOR OBVIOUS reasons Howard Parker isn't my real name, nor will the names of the nine bars I own in New York be mentioned. But names aren't important, what is important is the fact that in the last seven years I have made more than \$200,000 by putting into practice the theory that thousands of young, normal men and women are looking for decent, legitimate places where they can meet members of the opposite sex with the sole idea of going to bed with them.

My bars are all on the upper east side of New York, between 65th and 79th Streets, sometimes competing with one another, sometimes complementing each other. For example, on one block I own three bars, two on the same side of the street, the other across the way. My bars open at 11 in the morning, to cash in on the luncheon trade, but the bulk of my business is done from five in the afternoon—cocktail time—to four in the morning, when New York law says we must close. My bars sell what other bars sell, liquor in all its various forms and mixtures, in addition to pretty good food at very expensive prices. But my main attraction is sex; you can be sure if you meet a girl in one of my bars that you will go to bed with her, if not that same night, then the second.

And when you are in bed the odds are that she will give you the kind of love that can be had only from the expensive, no-holds-barred New York party girls, the whores. Because the girls who come to my place have freed themselves, sexually, from the puritan ideals that make cripples out of so many women in this country. How many women to men do you find in my bars, you ask? I'd say better than 6 to 5, six women to every five men. If you think I'm pulling your leg, or telling you about some never-never land, just ask someone who has visited one of my bars, or better still, visit one yourself.

The majority of my customers are between the ages of 21 and 35. The men range all the way from construction workers to stock brokers, only remember that in New York City construction workers make almost as much as stock brokers. The women include actresses, models, airline stewardesses, and secretaries all the way up to \$50,000-a-year executives in advertising agencies and department stores. Not all of my customers are single but, of course, that's no concern of mine. But all are interested in meeting and being with other people whose ideas about sex are the same as theirs, and to do so openly, not in some stinking whore house run by the Mob or in some orgy manipulated by a perverted addict.

There's an unwritten law that governs conduct in any of my bars—anyone can go up to anyone else and start a conversation. That doesn't force you to go to bed with someone you don't like, but if you do go out with a person you met in my bar it's more or less



Go-go girls are often employed in bars like these to help put the customers in the right frame of mind.

taken for granted that you and she will end up in the sack. Nor does this mean that either my customers or I want to force sex on anyone who is unwilling to participate. If you're a virgin and want to remain that way, OK; if you're squeamish about sex, or must be introduced by proper persons, or have any doubts, that's all right with us. Only do me a favor, take your drinking trade somewhere else!

The question reporters usually ask is how I know what happens after my customers leave the bars? I know because, at 32, I have participated too. At first I was kind of skeptical. I was the product of the same kind of sexual terror that reigns over most everyone in this country. It was during the first month I was opened for business, while I still owned only one bar. Word seemed to have spread about my bars. At this time I had given instructions to the bartenders: "Don't take any chances. If someone is sitting alone it is up to you to introduce them." I happened to be sitting at the bar when a girl sat down next to me. I smiled, she smiled. She was about 28, had soft black hair, medium height, was wearing tight slacks and sandals. I asked her if she wanted something to drink. She said yes and that her name was Gloria. We had one drink and I asked if she wanted to take a walk. She said yes but suggested we go to her apartment.

We walked to her place which was only three blocks away. She told me she was a buyer in one of

New York's leading department stores, also that she was engaged to be married.

Inside her apartment she first served drinks, then excused herself and returned in a few minutes wearing nothing but long black stockings, high-heeled shoes and a garterbelt. She had large firm breasts and she had put lipstick around her nipples.

We made love on the couch. She told me that she considered sex as her hobby and sport and that she read every book about it that she could get. She took one off the shelf and suggested we try some of the positions it touted. We did—positions you wouldn't dream existed. Gloria said she had heard about my bar just that morning from a boyfriend and that she was going to tell as many people about it as she could. "The more people who come to *our* bar the better it will be for us." Get the word "*our*."

Gloria has been married for six years now, but she still is a customer and, I should add, a "friend."

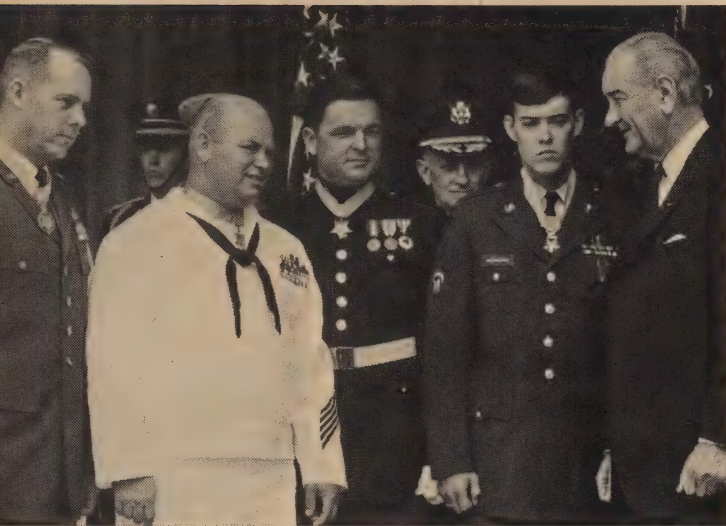
Most of my female customers tell me they feel safer in one of my bars than they do at home alone. One of them said, "At least here you know you won't be raped." Sounds crazy but it's true. My bartenders and I keep our eyes on who comes into the bars. All crumbs, faggots, pimpy looking types, weirdos, gangsters and crudies are intercepted as soon as they walk in and told they aren't wanted. That's why women feel comfortable in my bars. (*Continued on page 44*)

Parker's customers range from construction workers, stewardesses, and secretaries all the way up to \$50,000-a-year execs.



AMERICA'S 4 TOP COMBAT HEROES OF THE YEAR:

They Fought Their Way To The Medal



President Johnson and the four Medal of Honor winners at the Pentagon on May 14, 1968. From left to right, the Air Force, Navy, Marines, and Army are represented.

by J.S. ROBBENS

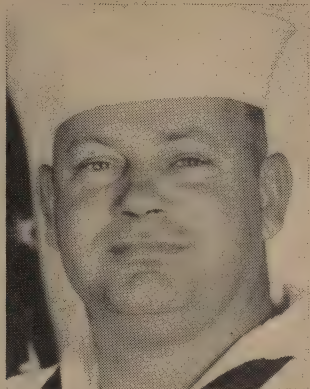
THE HELICOPTER, hovering against the side of a slope, was getting barraged by Red gunfire. Captain Young gritted his teeth as he watched his crew loading the soldiers aboard. When they had successfully picked up the last man he began to move the chopper away from the hillside. They moved through the darkness, slowly, carefully.

Suddenly the enemy appeared in full-view. They splattered the aircraft from close range with their automatic weapons. "Hang on!" Young yelled to his crew and the men they had just rescued. He struggled desperately with the controls, but it was futile. The helicopter had been hit too badly. It crashed in an upside-down position and immediately exploded into flames.

Young jumped from a window, his clothes on fire. He looked for survivors and found an unconscious soldier who had been thrown from the helicopter. Although Young, himself, was covered with second and third degree burns all over both legs, an arm and his body, he gave the man first aid.

Then, to make sure any (Continued on page 60)

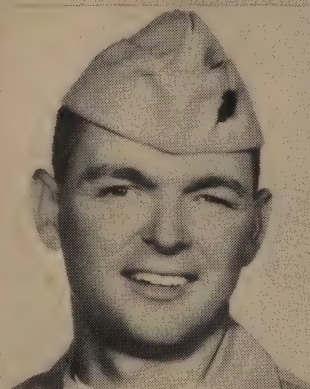




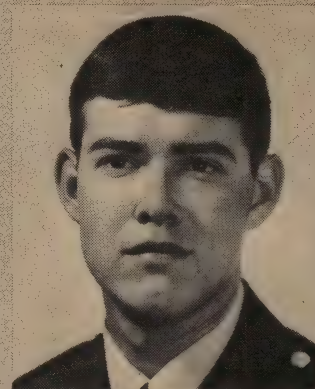
Navy Boatswain's mate Jim E. Williams—destroyed 65 enemy sampans in 3 hours.



Air Force Captain Gerald O. Young—endured agonizing burns to save other men.



Marine Corps Sergeant Richard A. Pittman—single-handedly stopped enemy.



Army Specialist 5 Charles C. Hagemeister—tended to wounded while under fire.



The Congressional Medal of Honor is the most cherished award a man can get from the service. Each branch has its own hall of fame for Medal winners. On May 14, 1968 President Johnson made history by giving the nation's highest award to a man from each of the four branches.

by BILL SPELLMAN

Five New Job Fields **BEAT THE TO**



THE 28-YEAR-OLD bookkeeper in a Southern California office knows that his job will be phased out in a few years by automation, and he broods over a beer after work. He thinks without much enthusiasm of becoming a program computer worker.

Three years from today he *could* be in the cockpit of a huge jet screeching from California to New York.

The 31-year-old assemblyman on the line in a Detroit automobile factory knows

that a robot will take his place some day. But he doesn't know exactly what to do.

By the time that machine is ready to replace him, he *could* be a practicing lawyer—and without a formal college degree.

The recently-returned, four-year veteran of Vietnam is uneasy with his work on a farm. He and his wife know that each year there is less and less need for skilled agricultural workers. And after Vietnam, he feels farm (Continued on page 52)

Read this and find out what an expert suggests you can do to avoid "machine-made unemployment."



Oceanography, or the study and exploration of the ocean depths is just one of the interesting and exciting jobs (left) of the future. The field of computers offers many new jobs, not just programming. Baking computer elements (above) is a very important part of the field. Building mammoth bridges such as the Verrazano (right) still takes able-bodied, skilled men, who are not replaceable.



AUTOMATION MENACE

LAURA'S NAKED SURPRISE

Laura was rich, elegant and beautiful. She called Burns "the lover." Why a girl like her would make such a fuss over a guy like him, he didn't know—or care. Curling up in bed with her every afternoon wasn't the worst way he could think of spending his time.

by HAL ELLSON

She caught him staring at her, and from the look in her eyes he could tell that this was going to be one hell of a day.

Art by Charles Copeland





BLUE, SAD, lop-sided Monday and the awful residue of too heady a weekend afflicted Burns—a stalk of a man, gaunt, bony, a hawk's beak for a nose and eyes set too deep. A man for the ladies, but they weren't for him; he had no charm, looks, money, the basic equipment, a less than ordinary mortal and yet afflicted with that mad delirium of all males—The Conquistadore Complex—the dream of merely glancing at any maid and bringing her to a faint.

But this was Monday, not a time for dreams. A flat and tasteless beer before him in Muldoon's gloomy emporium, he was the single customer on a wet and dreary April afternoon. Rain on the window, grey shadows and black umbrellas in passing parade, he walked into Muldoon's through the battered door, and was immediately

(Continued on page 64)

CHICAGO'S TEEN-AGE CRIME WAR





STORY BEGINS NEXT PAGE ►



Welfare workers and those who simply want to try to give slum kids a break are often received with hostility.

Chicago, 1968, is beginning to look alarmingly like it did about 40 or 50 years ago. The only difference is that the gang-style crime that goes on now is done by youths. And no one knows what to do to put a stop to it.

CRIME WAR

by PAUL LISTEN

ON AN April evening this year Roy D. Gutmann walked through the darkness of a Chicago street and was murdered with a shotgun blast.

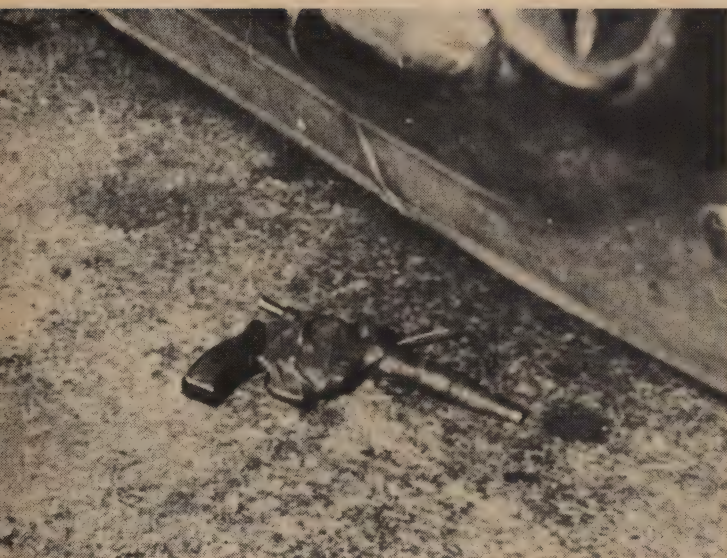
That same night, Frank Henley and a friend strolled along a South Side street and suddenly they were attacked from a dark alley by two pistol-waving gunmen. Slugs tore into Henley and he dropped to the sidewalk dead. His friend was seriously wounded.

Not far away, more shots rang out, ripping into a youth's stomach, as the name of a gang was shouted in the darkness.

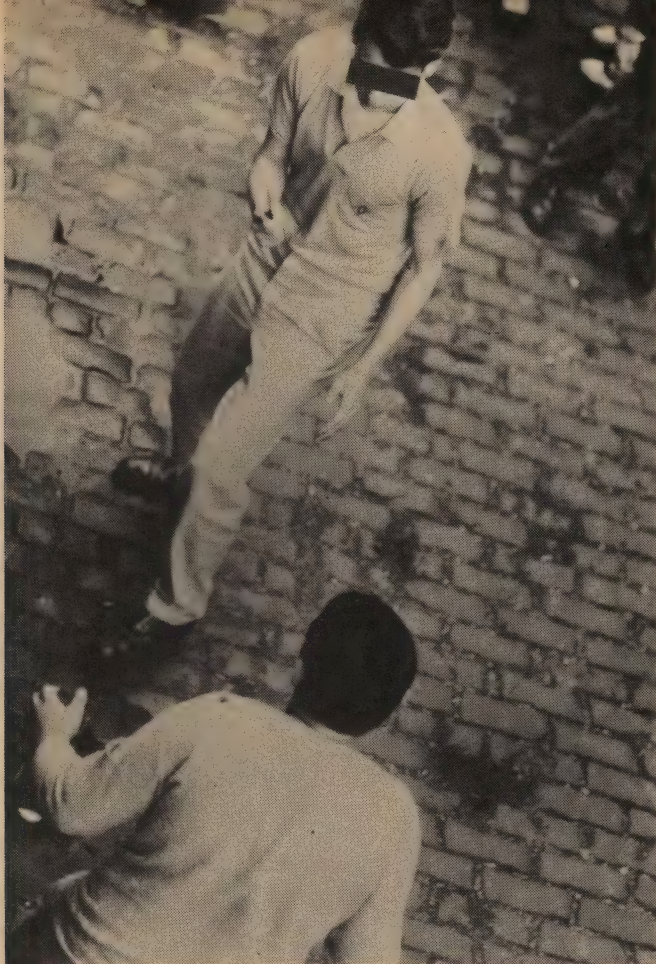
This spring in Chicago cars screeched out of the night, firing wildly at victims along the sidewalks.

Another typical Chicago Mafia-style gang war?

There are many similarities to the legendary Chicago gang method of operating, methods of massacre and violence that go back to the 1920's.



Home-made "zip" guns, regular automatics, knives, and other weapons are being found and confiscated.



Violence and retaliation, the duels of "honor," are a popular pastime for the new, slumdwelling gangsters.

But this spurt of violence has one big exception: Roy D. Gutmann was 22 years old and a student at the University of Chicago, and Frank Henley was 19, and the other victims of the April shootings were 19 and 20.

Gang-war in Chicago, 1968, is youth-style, and the police, who do not worry easily, say they are very worried about an outbreak of gang murders that claimed 26 victims the first four months of the year.

Veteran police officials say this is the bloodiest epidemic of gang violence in over four years.

This is Chicago gang war, youth-style:

On Jan. 9, Joseph Evans, a 17-year-old trainee in a federally financed anti-poverty program in the slums was shot and seriously wounded in the South Side classroom building of the Woodlawn Organization.

Evans is a high-school dropout, and he was receiving \$45 a week to attend classes taught by other dropouts, some of whom were awaiting trial on charges ranging from rape to murder.

Later, an 18-year-old surrendered to police and gave them a shotgun which he said wounded Evans. He claimed that the shooting was accidental.

Police swarmed to the seamy slum area. And at one point during the investigation, the police chased a group of youths into the basement of the First Presbyterian Church, a short distance from the scene of the shooting.

They claim they discovered a cache of weapons, including a gas-pipe bomb.

Police had invaded the church before, particularly

after the pastor, the Rev. John F. Fry established a basement clubhouse for the Blackstone Rangers street gang.

He allowed the use of the church safe as a repository for the gang, according to police. And on Nov. 10, 1966, police claimed they also searched the church and seized a gang arsenal.

Police say Evans was a member of the Falcons, another street gang, and a group they say has been involved in frequent and often bloody street clashes with the Blackstone Rangers.

Some city officials stated the shooting was just another in the pattern of violence and retaliation.

The Rev. Arthur M. Brazier, president and executive director of the Woodlawn Organization, disagrees. He says the shooting was accidental, "as far as I can tell."

He believes the best way to handle the slum youths is through projects such as the one he directs, designed to teach basic arithmetic and reading skills to high school dropouts to prepare them for jobs.

"It was designed as a high-risk operation to teach youths in difficulty," he said. "We knew when we undertook the project that it was a maximum risk project and that we had to expect failures, and that if we restricted enrollment to nice boys we would have no trouble at all. But we would also not solve the problem."

And this is Chicago gang war, youth-style:

On April 15, the head of a street gang was wounded in a South Side park.

Word spread along the tenement-lined streets and the tension grew. Shortly after the shooting, a 19-year-old was murdered in the park fieldhouse, and two days later the cops arrested a gang member, charging him with the murder.

Police claim they have information from youth agencies that the murder was an act of reprisal.

Gang war, youth-style, 1968, features increasing violence, and often bitter debates between welfare, youth and poverty workers (Continued on page 66)



The Police Department of Chicago has more than it apparently can handle to keep the violence level down.

Tina's Wild Win In The Big City





Tina Scott, 19, never even dreamed of the big blast she was to make with New York photographers when she left her Wisconsin ranch home to come here. But they'd been dreaming of Tina for years!

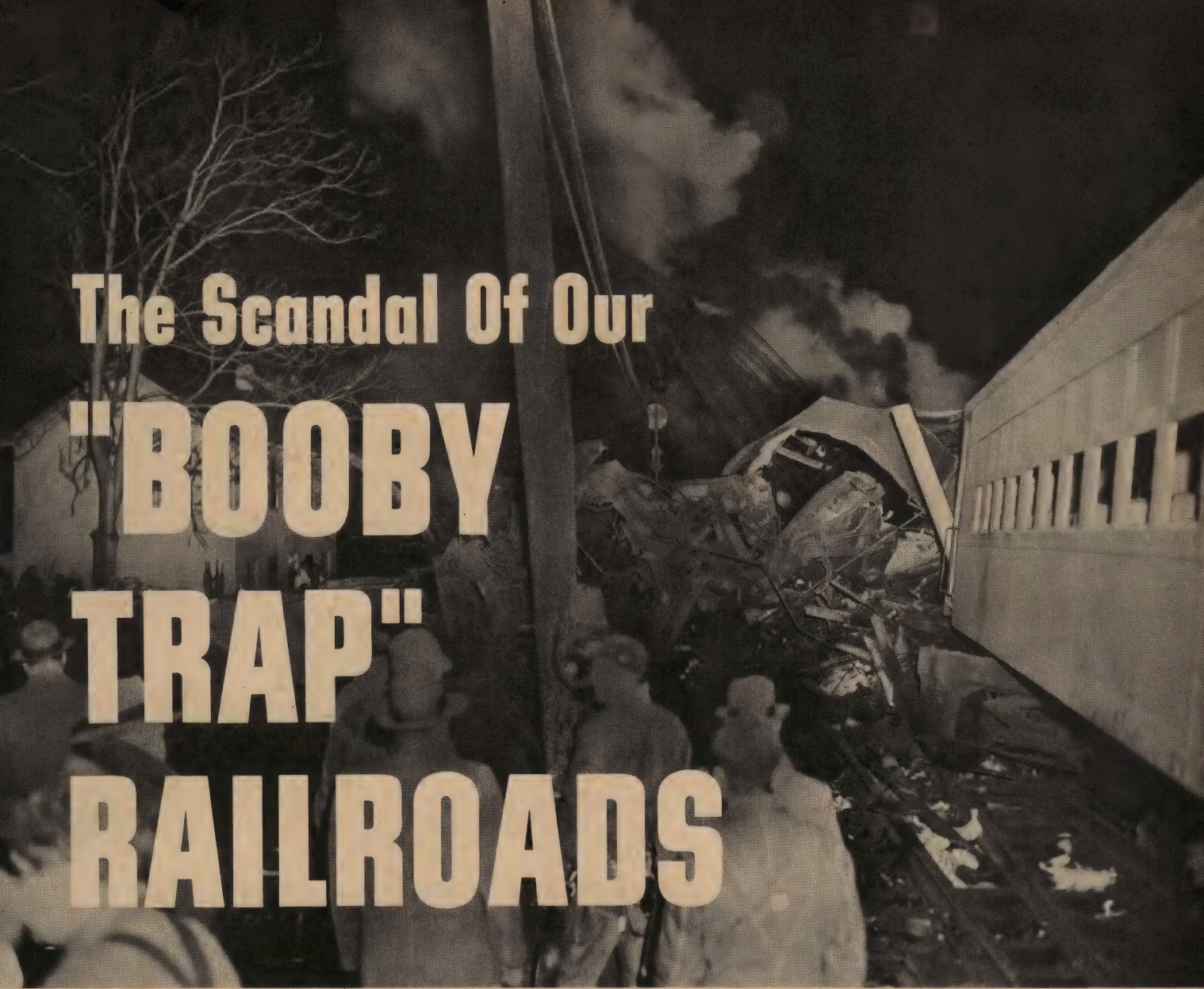


CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Tina's Wild Win In The Big City



Her plan, when she hit town, was to study dress designing. She did some picture posing to raise the tuition fees, and *wham!*— That was it! Fashion photogs spread the word like wildfire, and it was "Bye-bye" to school for now. Her modeling offers take up all her time. Well, almost all her time, anyway. A girl's got to have some fun, too.



The Scandal Of Our "BOOBY TRAP" RAILROADS

Human error, poor track maintenance and archaic equipment are only three of the reasons why train wrecks in this nation are mushrooming. The big cause is insufficient legislation. Isn't it about time the Government did something about it — and put an end to this slaughter.

by DAVID LLOYD

I TEM: IN Dunreith, Indiana, in January, 1968, a broken rail caused a freight train to whip off its tracks and slam into another freight train. Tank cars loaded with gas and chemicals exploded. The result—a railside factory was destroyed, and scores of homes were evacuated when chlorine gas filled the air.

Item: In October, 1967, a car containing two couples and two children entered the Sunset Boulevard crossing in Columbia, South Carolina, and was hit by a Seaboard Coast Line freight train. All six were killed.

Item: At Waterford, Alabama, in November of 1967, a broken rail caused the derailment of 49 cars, including several containing gas and chemicals. Leaking chlorine forced 2,800 persons to flee their homes, fortunately in time to avoid exposure.

Item: In February, 1968, a car driven by a 17-year-old high school girl in Houston was hit by a freight train while crossing the Burlington-Rock Island tracks on T.C. Jester Boulevard. She died instantly.

Item: In May, 1967, in Switzer, South Carolina, a broken rail was responsible for a pile-up of 20 freight cars, including a tank car of dangerous chemicals and a boxcar filled with TNT. *(Continued on page 68)*



by **THOMAS K. FITZPATRICK**

CALICO, CALIFORNIA—population 0. It was a ghost town. Populated only by tourists who crawled over the reconstructed buildings, Calico was a booming commercial venture.

The July sun beat on the foothills with the heat ricocheting back into the dirt street bordered by wooden buildings of a dead era. A summer Sunday afternoon in Calico was hot.

Raymond Gooch wiped the sweat from his battered stetson. He craved a cigarette but it was really too hot to smoke.

A Ford station wagon filled with kids and a fat mother and a tired father pulled up to the gate. With a gesture, Gooch motioned them to the lower parking lot, his thumb pointed disdainfully at the sign behind him: NO VEHICLES, PEDESTRIAN TRAFFIC ONLY, a gesture he had practiced to perfection for a thousand Sundays.

The sun was so bright that Raymond Gooch didn't see them. He heard them first. A faint noise like the biplanes he had seen at the airshow in San Bernardino last year. Squinting, he peered at the road, which was at a right angle to the Vegas highway. Then he

(Continued on page 87)



EXCITING BOOK BONUS

THE CYCLE SAVAGES

Most of them fixed their attention rigidly on Krascoe, as he explained his brilliant-but-deadly blueprint.

Art by Samson Pollen

They had a grudge against the whole world and they planned to prove it. A pack of cavemen on wheels, they even went so far as to challenge The Hell's Angels.

From **THE BLOOD CIRCUS** by Thomas K. Fitzpatrick.
Copyright (c) 1968 by Fawcett Publications, Inc.



Phillis Worley, 20, and Dennis St. Clair, 17, having a topless wedding ceremony. Phillis is a topless dancer.

The editors of For Men Only have selected the most outstandingly dramatic photos that came to their desks from the top cameramen in the world.

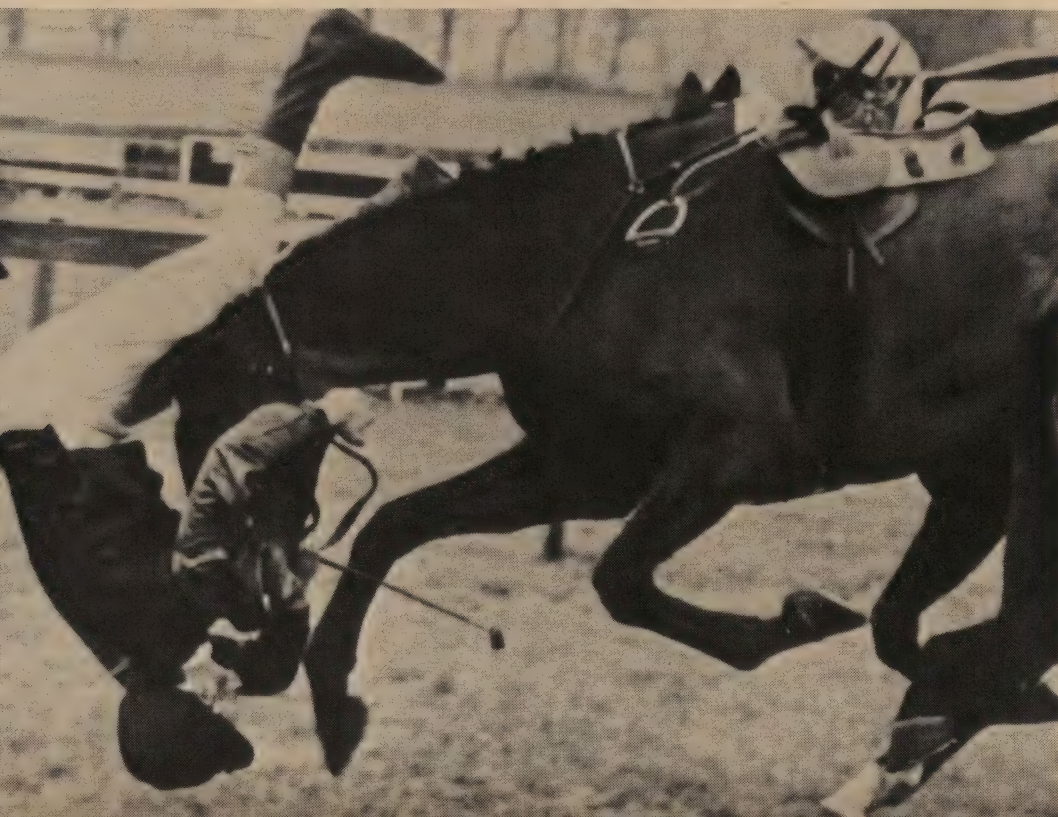
PHOTOS Of The Month



A new mini-dress for the summer is what you are looking at. Or are you? In any case, the picture was snapped in Rome for an advertisement. Another pleasant example of the "hard sell."

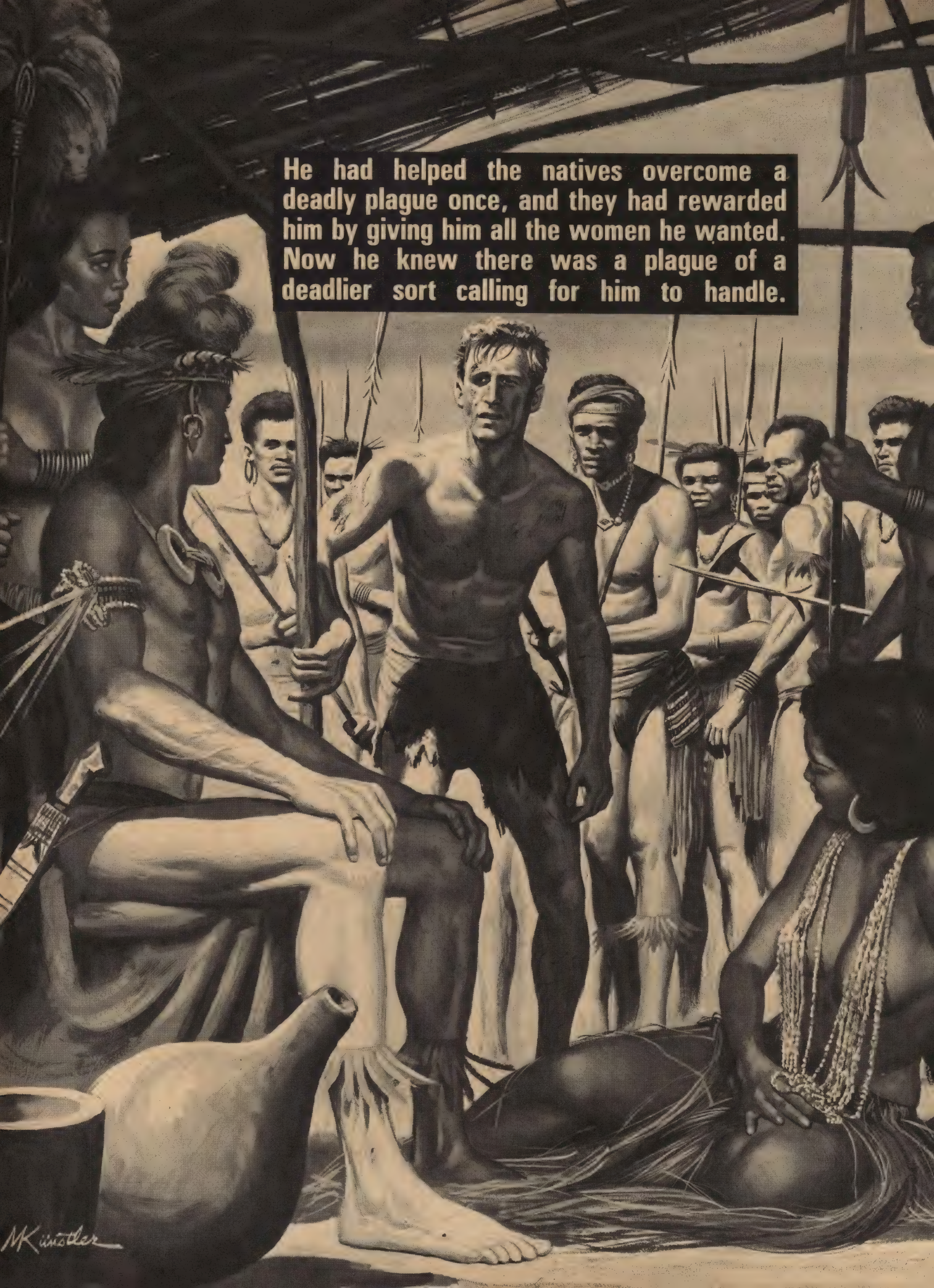


Some South Koreans are really beginning to get off the ground in their training program to prepare for any future confrontations with the North Korean Reds. These men are part of anti-infiltration strike force which is being trained near Chorwon, 45 miles north of Seoul.



Being an amateur jockey can be an upsetting experience, as P. Irby is finding out. His horse, Irish Steele, and himself cleared the jump in fine form in Cheltenham, Eng. steeplechase, but then horse stumbled, sending Irby ahead.

He had helped the natives overcome a deadly plague once, and they had rewarded him by giving him all the women he wanted. Now he knew there was a plague of a deadlier sort calling for him to handle.





Strange South Sea Kingdom Of Matt Ryan

by JAMES JENNINGS

THE TALL, YELLOW-HAIRED American lying on the *kirkra* mat awoke and stretched the sleep from his body. A sun-scorched lithely-muscled figure in faded khaki trousers, he walked to a large jar at the entrance to the hut and splashed water on his face. Then he yawned contentedly. He was looking forward to the feast that evening. If it was typical, it would include highly spiced roast pig, cool potent *juagaroo*, and, as always, the presence of the elastic-bodied, willing maidens of Tononga Island.

As he stood there in front of the hut, he saw a slim, pear-bosomed beauty running past him.

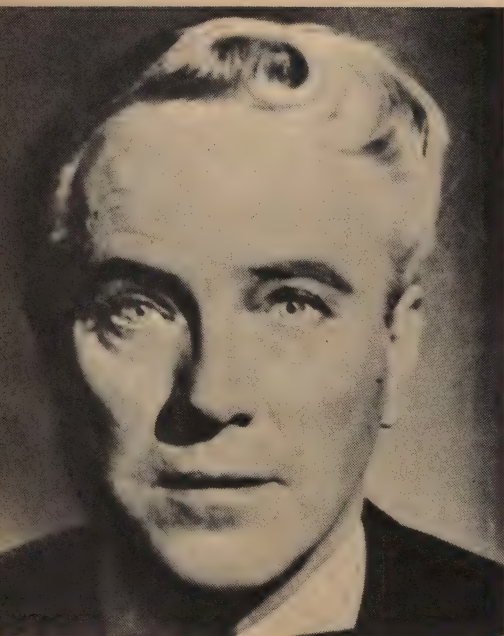
"What say you and me get in a little practice session before tonight's big game," he teased, making a playful lunge for her. But the girl flitted away, her compact little bottom bouncing as she ran hurriedly into the next hut.

"You'll never make Matt Ryan's first team that way," he laughed after the disappearing girl. Still, the American was surprised. It was the first time since he'd been on Tononga Island that a female hadn't been ready to hold still for a little game of hip-grabbing. While he considered this new turn of events, a roly-poly, melon-breasted maiden dashed past and the American reached out and gave her a good-natured slap on the fanny. The girl looked at him crossly for a brief instant, then ran into the same hut as the previous girl.

Something really must be out of whack, the American thought. Fluffed off twice in two minutes and both the only times in his entire stay on Tononga. Then he saw Muana, she of the blossoming hips and perfect form and Liana, the pixie-faced hot-blooded one, both undulate by. Well at least the cold shoulder's over, he thought. For the past few weeks these two had been his favorites (Continued on page 74)

ART BY MORT KUNSTER

The Polynesian beauties almost made him forget the epidemic he had come ashore to cure.



Criswell, the man who has astounded the world for the last 30 years by making fantastic predictions that come true almost all of the time.

CRISWELL PREDICTS ---FROM NOW TO THE YEAR 2000!

A frequent visitor to the "Tonight Show" and other television shows, Criswell once made a studio audience roll with laughter. It was the night of December 31, 1965, New Year's Eve, and he said that Ronald Regan would be elected the next Governor of the State of California.

According to Criswell, all of Florida will look like this in 1988. People will be making love in the streets.



I PREDICT that a young Hollywood actor will culminate his career as a rebel by suicide during the first few months of 1968.

(Ed. note: Nick Adams, considered a rebel, committed suicide on Feb. 7, 1968. Criswell made this prediction 2 years ago.)

I PREDICT that many foreign leaders will find excuses to visit the United States on so-called diplomatic missions but in many cases their behavior will be shocking beyond belief. I predict that a famous Spanish diplomat will be ordered from the country because of his crude and inhuman activities. A member of the British Royal family will set up a Roman Coliseum type of structure on a secluded island estate where he will hold rituals that will shake the world. Florida will become virtually a huge nudist camp. Many socially prominent residents will protest and leave their estates and others will join in this miserable and utterly filthy performance. I predict the English monarch will recall his incorrigible heir to the throne and everyone involved will be rounded up, brought to trial and condemned either to prison or to a state hospital for the insane. In Evansville, Indiana, a well known playwright will have his own personal harem in a large hotel.

I PREDICT that the strongest earthquake in the history of the U.S. will virtually wipe out the city of *San Francisco on April 7, 1975*. A huge fault, familiar to all geologists, will give way, and the earth will split open from north of San Francisco to Los Angeles. Damage in Los Angeles will be less than San Francisco. There will be more than 25,000 persons killed in this earthquake.

I PREDICT that "Miss America" of 1973 will be a Negro girl from Chicago.

I PREDICT that a Dallas, Texas, millionaire will shock America and the world by leaving millions upon millions of dollars in his will to set up a true NAZI party in the U. S.

I PREDICT the assassination of Fidel Castro by a woman, on August 9, 1970.

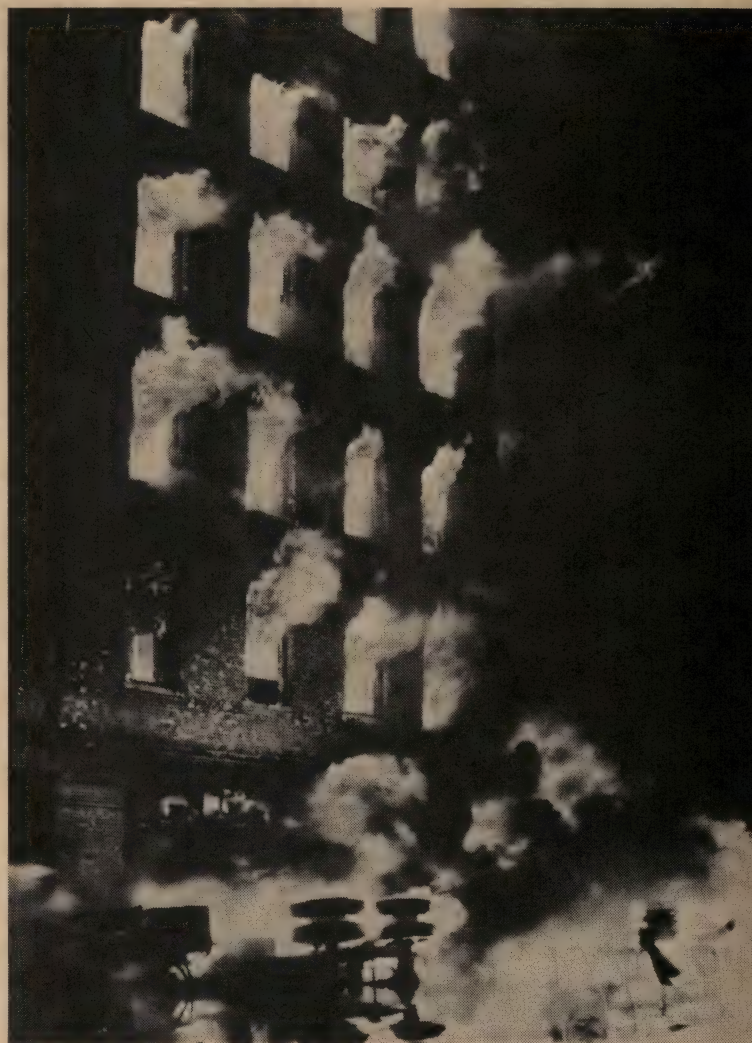
America's foremost Folk-Rock singer—Bob Dylan. Is he scheduled to die of his own hand in 1969?



I PREDICT that visits from the inhabitants of other planets will increase in frequency over the next 20 years. By 1988, there will be substantiated records of visits to earth from other planets.

And, from time to time, many earth people will leave this earth to return to alien planets with the visitors from outer space. And, in the long run, these will be the lucky ones. For they and their descendants will escape the doomsday that will come on August 18, 1999.

I PREDICT that before October, 1968, one of the leaders of the Negro Civil Rights Movement in the



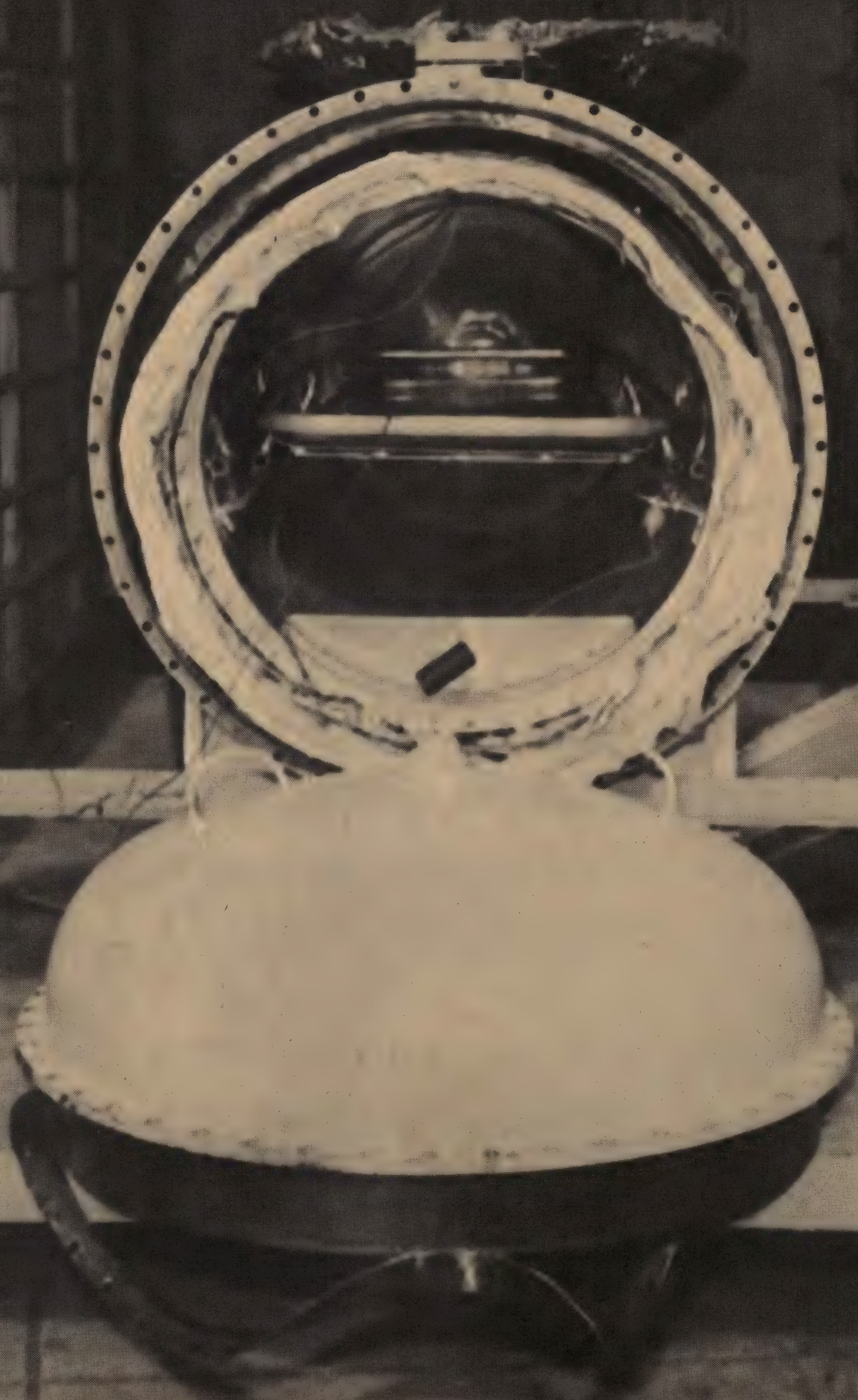
Worst earthquake in history of U.S. will hit Frisco, killing thousands of people, if the prophet is right.

United States will be assassinated. This will touch off one of the worst race riots to date and will mark the beginning of the four years of riot-hell that will last until 1973.

(Ed. note: Martin Luther King was shot on April 4, 1968.)

I PREDICT that America's foremost Rock-Folk Singer will commit suicide during Easter Week, 1969.

Were we meant to live forever? Bob Nelson, Ev Cooper, Professor Robert Ettinger, Ed Hope and others say they have found a way to pull it off.



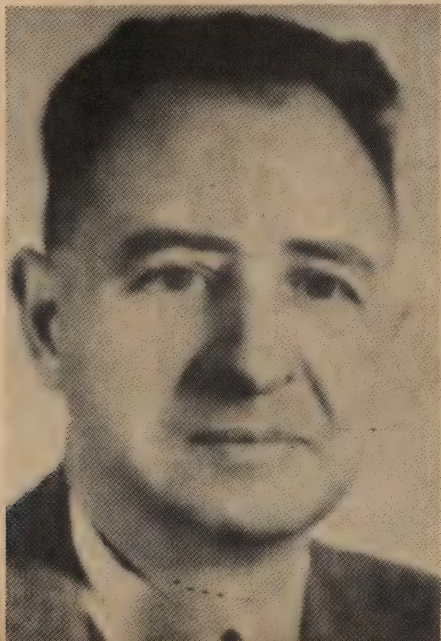
WE FROZE THE FIRST MAN

TRUE BOOK
BONUS



Ed Hope demonstrates the Cryogenic Capsule which he invented for freezing bodies after death (left and above).

At his own request this man became the first to be frozen after death.



by **ROBERT F. NELSON**

I GLANCED at the paper. It was a scandal sheet of some notoriety. *What the hell was this all about, I wondered, freezing people and bringing them back to life? Science fiction?*

At home, I read through it again, three or four times, before turning out the light. I couldn't sleep. The idea was at once preposterous and so entirely logical, I was incapable of making an evaluation. All I knew was that I had to read a book called *The Prospect of Immortality*, by a Professor Robert C. W. Ettinger. That night was the first of many sleepless nights I would spend.

Another man and I had just opened a large appliance outlet in the San Fernando Valley, and we had agreed to hold a sales meeting at 9:00 each morning. I hopefully checked three bookstores on the way in, but none of them opened until 9:00 or later. As soon as I could get out of the store, I took off to continue the search. I hit every bookstore from Topanga Plaza to Santa Monica to Van Nuys to Northridge, until I finally located a copy at a little bookstore on the corner of Reseda Boulevard and Sherman Way in the Valley. The clerk immediately knew the book. He had one copy left and I nearly grabbed it out (*Continued on page 78*)

From *WE FROZE THE FIRST MAN* by Robert F. Nelson as told to Sandra Stanley, published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Copyright (c) 1968 by Robert F. Nelson and Sandra Stanley. Used by permission.



Why is the State Department Afraid to Act?

INNOCENT AMERICANS

TIJUANA, MEXICO: JANUARY 12, 1968.

Ian Baldwin, a 21-year-old basketball star at the University of California, rose on his elbow from the bed to improve his view of the naked, copper-skinned girl across the room. Wearing only a pair of sandals, her body shiny with the perspiration of previous exertion, she approached the reclining young man. "You must be tired after making love for two hours," she said in heavily accented English. "Try some of this to relax."

Baldwin eyed with suspicion the joint of marijuana, wrapped tightly in brown cigarette paper. "I'm not a pothead," he replied, holding up his hand refusingly. His trips from his home in San Diego to this world famous border town were occasioned by a need for

sex, not drugs.

"Don't be a prig," the girl said smiling. Striking a match against the brass bedpost, she lit the joint and sucked deeply. Then, she handed it deftly to the reluctant American.

What the hell? thought Baldwin. *Anything once.*

The girl's fingertips traveled over his entire body coaxingly as the acrid smoke filled his lungs and nostrils, and caused his eyes to smart . . .

It was dark when Baldwin awoke, uncertain for a moment where he was. "Rose," he whispered, searching with his hand for her in the darkness. "Where are you?"

An instant later, he was out of bed and standing by the door. A flick of the

(Continued on page 70)

With a war raging overseas and problems here at home, it seems that Uncle Sam has lost track of some of his citizens.



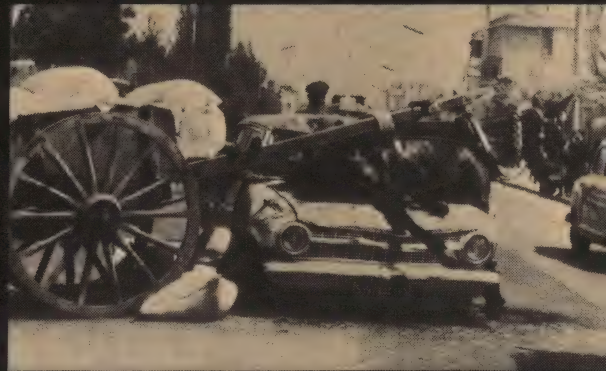
Americans are often treated brutally (far left) when taken under arrest in foreign countries. Miserable prison conditions (center) are usually part of the deal. Two Americans (above) in Soviet court.

ARE ROTTING IN FOREIGN JAILS

by STEPHEN JAMISON

Last Minute Memo for Men

(Continued from page 11)



ANY OBJECT coming up at velocities faster than 600 ft/sec....In French highway SPEED TRAPS they put drivers out of business immediately. They lift licenses and IMPOUND CARS so offenders can't even drive home....

Some California JUDGES have been throwing out MARIJUANA CHARGES because of flimsy evidence, but also have been CHEWING OUT defendants for smoking ordinary cigarettes that may cause cancer....

Shrewd NYC single girls keep second hand POLICEMEN'S UNIFORMS hanging in their closets in plain sight as a PROWLER DETERRENT. Reasoning is, no intruder's going to hang around when a COP'S LIABLE TO COME HOME any minute....

MEMO: WHERE THE MONEY'S AT

Predictions stating the U.S. ECONOMY is in for TROUBLE should the war end suddenly are wrong, wrong, wrong. Indications are, the dollars being shoveled into Vietnam would go right into CIRCULATION here at home, helping out everybody....

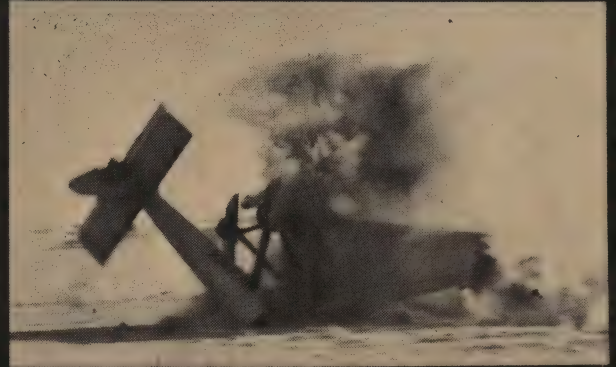
Feel free to slam the door on the foot of any ENCYCLOPEDIA SALESMAN passing himself off as a school official and hinting darkly your kid won't graduate unless you buy his books. It's the newest HOUSE-TO-HOUSE racket which successfully panics many parents into signing up....Oil BILLIONAIRE J. Paul Getty saves a penny here and there by using old OIL COMPANY ENVELOPES for his personal correspondence....

A quiet nationwide survey is troubling the chairmen of boards everywhere because it finds MERE MONEY DOES NOT MOTIVATE employees. Annual raises are expected and seldom appreciated....Same survey found one eyeball-to-eyeball discussion of TECHNICAL PROBLEMS with a company president or engineer makes a worker feel so appreciated and useful, there's no stopping him afterward....

MEMO: WOMEN ON THE MOVE

Harvard's put the screws on an ambitious UNDERGRAD BOOKING AGENCY which was putting snooty RADCLIFFE COLLEGE COEDS into low Boston nightclubs as go-go girls and TOPLESS waitresses. Harvard told them to choose between earning and learning and stop bad-naming the school by flesh peddling....More often than anyone admits, RAPE VICTIMS are later divorced by husbands who eat themselves alive with doubt that IT WASN'T REALLY RAPE and come to believe wives really liked being attacked.... NYC office girls call those English Mary Quant designs "the MINISKIRTS for the woman who shops during the day for what she wants to take home at night...."

The West Coast movie crowd sickos are still blowing their minds over the STAR WITH AN ENORMOUS REPUTATION who made dinner guests promise to take a bite of everything served them, then appeared on a huge platter herself as the MAIN COURSE, wearing nothing but



parsely....Kissing may be a cause of certain types of CANCER....

ACTION MAN'S MEMO:

Children raised in households crazy on the subject of EVILS OF ALCOHOL are the ones most likely to become alcoholicsOn the other hand, the psych men who treat alcoholics most say again and again that kids who DRINK NOW AND THEN WITH PARENTS at home will never become DRUNKS....If you find your OUTBOARD'S cutting shear pin after shear pin after the summer's use, WITHOUT STRIKING ANY UNDERWATER OBJECTS, chances are there's a worn shear-pin hole in your shaft. There's NOTHING you can do but keep replacing them....

TOTEM POLE carving contests, only tool permitted being a CHAIN SAW, are sucking in spectators by the thousands, many betting weekly paychecks on WHO'LL FINISH FIRST....

MAN'S NEW PRODUCT MEMO:

In the lineup of useless nonsense this month: PAPER NEHRU JACKETS....Authentic Spanish CAVALRY SWORDS, some more than 100 years old, forgotten till now in some Spanish armory....A device from Italy with which you can BLOW THE TUBES of a neighbor's TV if he won't turn down the volume....

Worth every penny: A wild new CIRCULAR SAW BLADE which cuts glass, brick, concrete, wire cable, tool steel, stone,

etc., never DULLING OR NEEDING SHARPENING. Price: \$6.95....

Coming up: Rubber foam TIRE FILLING, replaces air and forever does away with FLATS FROM ANY CAUSE (bullets, blow-outs, nails)....Dazzling bright rescue BALLOON MARKER for lost woodsmen. Fills from built-in helium bottle, floats above treetops on string for THREE WEEKS before growing soft....

MEMO: MAN ON THE ROAD

Just how dismally SLOPPY Detroit really can be is shown by the number of 1967 model RECALLS so far: 1,600,000 or 15 per CENT of that year's TOTAL OUTPUT. Accounting for a whopping 592,000 of these: BRAKE DEFICIENCIES....

If a sensible new INSURANCE PAYMENT system now in pilot project in two Illinois counties proves workable, it may mean THE END to the whopping premiums and five-year court delays on ACCIDENT SETTLEMENTS....

MEMO: INSIDE RED BORDERS

The FIRST BATTLE of the Russian Revolution was comparatively bloodless. In the oft-exaggerated attack on the winter palace in what is now Leningrad in 1917, only SIX died....Eddie Rickenbacker, the U.S. WWI FIGHTER PLANE ACE was pampered by Russian girls who picked him strawberries and SWAM NUDE in a pool before him. It happened while Russian scientists tried to pick his brains during a 1943 visit....

"BODY EXCHANGE BARS"



(Continued from page 15)

Let me show you how trusting one of them was.

The place was crowded but not packed, as it is on some nights when they are lined up eight deep outside, waiting to get in. This night there was no line. I was standing at the bar not even drinking, about the only one there who wasn't talking to anyone. I saw her step out of the ladies' room and by the way she hesitated, put on a determined face and looked around, I knew that she was shy. She saw me then and, probably because I was alone, came up and asked if I minded if she sat down. I helped her onto the barstool.

When I said that I would like to buy her a drink she ordered ginger ale. She told me she was an airline stewardess and this was her first assignment, from New York to Atlanta. She seemed to be about 21 and had the trim look that all airline stewardesses have. But whenever I looked into her eyes she blushed. When we ran out of small talk and she had finished her ginger ale I asked if she wanted another and she said she would like to go out, and would I mind going with her?

We walked for a few minutes and I asked if she lived nearby. She answered yes but that she didn't want to go there. She had just moved in and didn't want the doorman to think she was fast by bringing a man up. I was going to drop the subject but after a slight hesitation she added, "why don't we go up to your place instead?"

In my apartment she refused to drink but didn't mind if I poured one for myself. When I sat down on the couch with my drink, she got up, walked a few feet away, lifted her skirt above her hips and asked if I liked her legs. I said without lying that I liked them very much.

She hesitated, lowered her skirt and said, "Close your eyes. Don't look."

I closed my eyes until she told me to open them. When I did I saw that she had taken off her blouse and was wearing the type of brassiere that holds the breasts up from the bottom and leaves most of the rest of them exposed. "Do you like them?" she asked. I said I liked them.

Then she sat down next to me, put her arms around my neck and whispered, "Which would you say is softer, the skin of my breasts or on my thighs?"

Afterwards she told me that though she wasn't a virgin she hadn't had much experience with sex. She said I could do what I wanted with her but that I had to promise to teach her as much as I could.

Later she told me she had heard about my bar from other stewardesses and that in training school it is what most of the girls talk about. She also said that is why most stewardesses put the New York run down as their first choice. When I took her home that night she made me promise that whenever she came into one of my bars I would introduce her to some nice young guy with an apartment nearby because she was shy.

I got started in this business by accident. When I first came to New York I was broke and my first night here I slept in a park. I was born in the Ozark region of Missouri and left when I was 15 to ship out as a seaman, first on non-union ships and then, when I learned the ropes, as a union member. From time to time, between ships, I got jobs as a bartender, either when I wanted to stay on the beach for some reason or because I couldn't get a ship. I've worked in bars in Los Angeles, Houston, New Orleans and Baltimore. It took me three days but I got a bartender's job in New York, in a pretty fancy kind of cocktail lounge.

I had been there about two weeks when I recognized one of the women sitting at the bar. In Baltimore I had saved her life from a couple of Mafia thugs who were beating her and hustling her into a car. At the time the mob was in the process of taking over all the prostitution in the city. Helen had refused to cooperate and the hoods were about to make an example out of her—when the papers reported the following morning that her body had been found floating in the harbor the girls would get the message. I had known her not as a customer but because she used to come into a certain bar that I worked in. She told me what was happening and was afraid to return to her apartment. I took her to the bus station, gave her everything I had in my wallet—about \$45—and put her on the first bus out. I think it was going to Philadelphia.

She looked like anything but a hustler that first time I saw her in New York. She saw and recognized me, too, but didn't make any move to show it. However, when her party got up to leave she caught my eye and shoved a book of matches forward. I picked them up when they were gone; inside she had jotted down a telephone number which I called the next afternoon. She was happy to hear from me, and told me that that was her husband she had been with the evening before at the bar, and that he was a big real estate speculator, as rich as they come. She said she would like to talk to me and named a certain bar on the West Side. We met in about an hour.

She paid back what I had given her and asked me if I needed any more. Although I hadn't planned it that way we ended up in bed before I went to work that evening. But the important thing about it all was that while we were in bed, smoking the "after" cigarette, she said that it was too bad there weren't places where good, decent people could go and meet the opposite sex, without all the hang-ups of introductions, inhibitions, rebuffs and professional whores. She said a place like that could probably make a fortune.

I thought about what she said all that night, watching single men and unescorted women, who came into the lounge, look longingly at one another and then leave without having met anyone. I realized that she had a great idea, and when we next met, a few days later, I told her that I liked it and that I would open such a place tomorrow if I could raise a loan.

She reacted like I'd hoped she would. She told me she'd finance the entire operation, suggested the bar be on the East Side where hundreds of new apartment buildings were crammed full of young swingers who would flip over such a place. She also had ideas about the design of the place, knew some newspaper columnists who would help publicize it. In six months I opened my first bar.

The first bar was an immediate success.

We had lines outside the door on our second weekend, the crowds outside drawing still more crowds and I immediately made plans to open another bar a few doors down.

Word about the operation spread like wildfire and not only the young swingers in the neighborhood came in but people from all over the metropolitan area. One Thursday night a woman about 35, good-looking but with suburbia written all over her, came in, told the bartender she wanted to speak with the manager and he sent her over to me. She asked if we could talk without being overheard and I took her to a corner table, asked if she wanted something to drink and we both had Scotch. She put it to me straight and without hesitation. She and three of her girlfriends, who lived in the same town in New Jersey, came into New York once a month on Thursday night. Usually they had dinner then went to the theater or a movie. They had been doing this for five years and were tired of it. They wanted something different. This evening they had rented a suite in a midtown hotel, and the three friends were there now. They had read about my bar in the newspaper columns and (here she blushed and hesitated) wondered if I could introduce her to four young men who might want to have a party? She hesitated again, then said, "Make it three and yourself."

It wasn't hard to round up three other guys; one was an iron worker, one sold insurance and one worked for the airlines, in maintenance. We took a cab to the hotel. The ladies had really rented the most expensive suite available. And like good suburban housewives they had a stack of sandwiches waiting for us. None were knockouts, but all were good-looking, and, though they were between the ages of 32 and 40, all had kept their figures.

At first they were very shy. First they mixed drinks for us, then they passed sandwiches around. All the while they kept looking at one another and giggling. Then one of them got up and put out all but two lights. You could actually hear them relax then. It was like a big sigh. Then one of them, a bleached blonde who had been sitting like a mummy on the couch with the iron worker suddenly unzipped his fly and plunged her hand inside. The other acted as if this was some kind of signal. One of them took off her dress, folded in neatly over a chair and began to strip. When she was naked she pulled the airline guy on top of her. One gal led the insurance man into the next room and Loretta, the one who had come into the bar to do the recruiting sat down on my lap, then took my hand and shoved it under her dress.

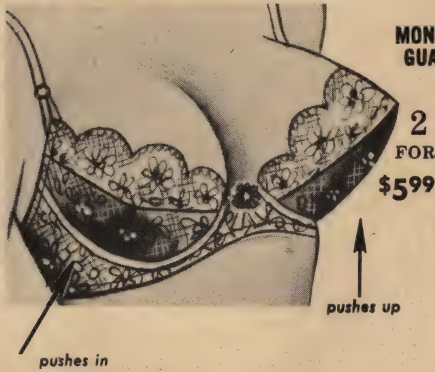
Before the party broke up at 2:30 in the morning, we had switched partners a couple of times and two of the gals had put on a show for us. Now I get a call from either Loretta or someone who says that she is a friend of Loretta, saying that they are in such and such a hotel, ready for a party, and would I send some guys down. Sometimes the call is for only one guy and I've had requests for as many as six.

But I want to stress that the vast majority of the sex that takes place in my bars is good, clean and honest. The kind that takes place without a story afterward. Now I realize that with this honest sex there's going to be a certain amount of weird stuff. Some of it has happened to my customers—and they may or may not tell me about it afterwards—and some

(Continued on page 48)



Mr. Frederick



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#3-4475 MIGHTY MITE
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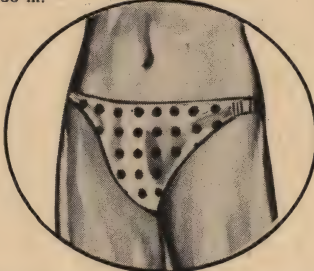
#3-4828 BEAUTY PLUNGE
Plungest plunge in dreamland! Bedtime Baby Doll . . . almost TOTALLY FRONTLESS . . . dives deeper than the waistline. Lavish Lace ruffles the neck and bottom. Baby-brief Bikini crotchless pants have wide front ruffles. In Black or Hot Pink, both with Black Lace trim. One size fits all **\$7.99**



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#6-1942 MEN'S BIKINI
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#3-4777 SWING SET
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zip closing from front to back

A **#3-4844 SEE! LOOK.**
Waist—low plunge front and back is ruffled with Lace. Lace flounces the ankles. NEW zipper closing starts front and center, runs down, under, and up the back! All-Nylon . . . what a fit! Lilac, Black with Black Lace. Small, Medium, Large. **\$9.99**

B **#3-4899 BLACK MAGIC**
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C **#3-4640 SLEEPING BEAUTY**
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WHAT A WORLD

Are you interested in headhunters, strippers, killers, rockets and riots? You'll find them here—and everything else that is wild, weird wacky in the world!



CASE OF THE NAKED HITCHHIKER—She said it was done in the name of science—the beautiful blonde who popped out of the bushes and onto the road wearing nothing but her shoes, hat and handbag. What she was after, claimed the bareskinned researcher, was to test the reactions of drivers who suddenly found themselves face to—er—face with a nude hitchhiker. All conversations were carefully recorded on a tape she had hidden in her pocketbook, to be used as the soundtrack for a candid movie to be titled, "The Fig Leaf". Some of the reactions of the drivers she braced went like this: "This cracking bird without a stitch on asked me the way to the nearest phone box. I was dumbfounded. I told her and drove on." "I ask you, a beautiful blonde, starkers. My wife wouldn't believe it, said I'd got a touch of the sun."

"PURPLE HEART" FARM—At last report, one of the wildest sights in Vietnam is a two-acre farm in the Mekong Delta run by an army captain and four enlisted men—all purple-heart veterans of the U.S. 9th Infantry Division. The place is crawling with animals and, in addition, the four GI-farmers are raising everything from rice to black-eyed peas. Set up out in the paddies near the frequently-shelled base camp at Dong Tam, the agricultural exhibit is drawing South Vietnamese farmers from as far away as 50 miles. The captain and his boys have been showing them the latest American techniques for raising animals and fowl and for planting their crops. Unfortunately for the captain, he's become so popular that the enemy has gotten into the act. For helping the South Viet farmers, a price has been put on the captain's head—25,000 piasters (\$225), if the officer is turned over to the Viet Cong—dead or alive.

SECRETARIES VETO "LOVE-NOT WAR"—They nearly had a new kind of demonstration at Stanford University. Secretaries working in the administration building threatened a mass walkout if an art exhibit, on display in full view of them, was not removed. Under the label of "Love-Not War," an artist had painted a whole series of pictures graphically depicting naked men and women making love to household appliances. Regardless of the fact that the school's art department had sanctioned the exhibition, the secretaries protested so vigorously at being forced to face what they termed "pornographic paintings" that the offending canvasses were removed to another building. Said one of the professors who defended the artwork, "I've seen more obscenities in an evening of watching TV."



THE VOICE FROM THE DEAD—For the men and women gathered in the chapel for the funeral of their 80-year-old pastor, it was a shock they

won't soon get over. As the services began, the voice that boomed out to them from the altar was the familiar one of the man whose memory they were honoring. The stunned congregation sat in absolute silence as the entire funeral ritual was recited by the dead man, who ended with a message for his widow, "We shall meet again. These are my last words to you." When it was all over, the explanation was made by one of the dead man's sons. It seemed that his father had wanted to be buried this way—conducting his own service. Swearing his son to secrecy, he recorded the whole ceremony five years before his death. Not even his wife or his other two sons knew what the pastor had planned, and they, like the congregation, sat hypnotized as the funeral recording droned on.



LEG WATCHERS, TAKE NOTE!—Instead of just ogling the legs of girls you pass on the street, you may soon be able to not only look—but tell quite a lot about her in a single glance. A research team is setting out to photograph at least a thousand pairs of women's legs with an idea of trying to determine if a girl's social background has anything to do with how her legs are shaped. It sounds as if this would be a dream assignment for any camera bug, but unfortunately all the photographing will be done by a woman.

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of it has happened to me, more than once.

One night I was approached by a tall, lanky blonde whom I had never seen before. Everything about her was perfect but there was a kind of hardness to her face that made me feel the moment I returned her smile that there was going to be something psycho about this deal. She was easy to talk to and once, when she leaned over to put her cigarette out in an ashtray, her breast landed in my hand. She remained in that position for several long seconds, looking into my eyes, and when she straightened up she asked if I wanted to go to her place.

Her place was not an apartment but a whole house just off Fifth Avenue. You've got to be really wealthy to live at an address like that. She opened the door with a key and we took an elevator to the fourth floor—there was no time wasted on preliminaries. We headed straight from the elevator to a large elegant bedroom covered with the whitest, deepest rug I had ever stepped into. She asked if I wanted a drink and I said I did. She pressed a button and what I thought was an antique French chest of drawers opened to show a bar. She didn't want anything so I poured only one. She turned on a record player then and, moving to one side of the room, asked me to come over and strip her, slowly. I did, while she moved in an undulating way to the music, as if this were on stage. I noticed that she acted as if she was playing to an audience. But I could see nothing but a wall.

I undressed next, and when we were both naked she maneuvered me to that wall and began to dance sensually, rubbing her magnificent body up and down against me. Then she had me stretch out on the rug where first she massaged me then kissed me all over, from the top of my head to the bottom of my soles. When we made love it was like plunging into a furnace.

But when it was over and I lay back exhausted on that rug she leaned over, kissed me and then said, "Would it shock you if I introduced you to my husband?"

"If it wouldn't shock your husband it wouldn't shock me," I answered.

She got up, pressed a button, and a few seconds later there was a knock on the door. She said come in, and not only did a man enter the room but also a dark-haired, well-built girl who was introduced as Noelle and had a French accent.

Still naked I shook hands with the two of them. The husband asked if I wanted a drink and poured one for himself as well. We both sat down, me still naked, while the blonde undressed the French girl, slowly, deliberately, kissing her each time she took off another article of clothes, and when she was completely nude the two fell into bed, kissing and feeling each other. I looked over at the husband then. He had put down his drink and was sweating heavily and moaning. From time to time he lifted his face to the ceiling and his eyes rolled back into his head. Suddenly, without any warning, he got up, rushed over to the bed, picked his wife up in his arms and rushed out of the room with her.

I looked over at Noelle who was still naked on the bed. She shrugged her shoulders, we both laughed, and then she slapped the bed alongside her. If the blonde was a furnace, Noelle was molten steel.

Afterward Noelle told me that she had been hired as a maid at an extremely good salary to do just what she was doing. She said that there was a peephole

in that wall and that the husband had watched while I made love to his wife. He has a psychological problem and can't get excited without first watching his wife made love to by another man, and then seeing a lesbian show.

The blonde has been in my bars several times since that episode, and I help her get a date for the evening. The only thing I insist on is that I be allowed to first tell the guy what he is letting himself in for. I also learned that when my customers go with the blonde, Noelle always gives them an envelope with ten \$10 bills in it as they leave the house.

There are probably as many experiences as there are people who come into my bars. These are some that have happened to me. My basic interest in the bars is money. When my first bar proved to be so successful I began opening others.

I opened two more my first year in business, adding others until there were five. At five I've stopped. I figured that any more would draw business away from the others. In the meanwhile other people have opened bars in the neighborhood, making my section of the East Side like a great big bed carnival. I get a minimum of 60% profit from each bar—with one or two I get as much as 70%. I run my bars well. I sell only the top brands of liquor and good, honest food—nothing fancy—just steak, chops and potatoes. I don't want to have to compete with the high class New York restaurants, which would put me at a disadvantage. Anyway, people don't come to my bars for food—they come for sex. I get the best possible wholesale prices on both my liquor and food because I buy in such quantities. On some items I'm able to get as much as a 20% discount.

Another thing I insist on is paying top money for bartenders. They are all young American types. I don't go for all this bowing and scraping nonsense that you sometimes get in fancy bars.

I've also made money by buying options on the properties where I am going to locate my bars. I know that if my bar does well the value of the property will increase, and the stores next to it will increase in value because there will be more traffic. You can take an option to buy for a year, and if you have a smart lawyer he can extend it for another year. And sometimes you can get an option for about ten thousand dollars. I haven't done worse than doubling what I paid for the option, and several times I have made more.

Another way I have made money is by going into partnership with people who want to open stores near my bars, stores which deal in merchandise that my bar customers are attracted to, like barber shops and clothing stores for both men and women. The only thing is that these stores open about two in the afternoon and stay open as long as my bars do. Right now I am a partner in a travel bureau, a furniture store, and a jewelry shop as well as several barber shops and men's and women's clothing stores. I'm also negotiating with several laundromats and may eventually tie up a bar with one.

Another thing about my bars is that there is no color line, or anything like that there. My customers come in all colors. I get a lot of people from the United Nations, lots of secretaries, and a good many political officers. I get a lot of trade from the foreign consulates and airlines, and one customer told me that he comes to my bars because it's the only place he can meet Japanese girls, for whom he has a passion.

I also get some well-known Hollywood people in my places, producers, directors,

actors and actresses. A lot of these are stars, but they have the awful habit of wanting to be made over and, though I don't throw them out, I pay as little attention to them as possible. My stock in trade is ordinary people who happen to be interested in sex. Too many celebrities could turn my bars into show places and ruin whatever I've built up.

Someone once asked me about the funniest sex partner I had ever had, or at least the one who made me laugh the most. That title, without hesitation, goes to a girl named Lillian who, though I've known her for about 5 years, is only about 23. Lillian is a debutante and has more money than she knows what to do with. Originally from Texas, she came to New York to study in one of the fashion schools with the idea of becoming a clothes designer. When I saw Lillian in one of my bars I went over to ask for some identification because she looked so young. If they're going to bust you in New York it's going to be just for that, selling booze to a minor. But even though I could swear that she was no more than 15 her license showed her to be 18, and in this state that's the legal drinking age.

We became sort of friendly though I didn't go out with her for about a year. Deep inside of me I thought she was still too young and had somehow managed to get the wrong birthdate put on her license. But one evening she came in and we began talking. She looked so good, she sort of started wheels and juices working inside of me. When she asked if I wanted to see her apartment I said yes.

Her apartment consisted of one half of the entire floor. But I'm not here to tell you about an apartment. We had the usual few drinks, Lillian starting to take off her clothes as she went along. When we were both naked and I was ready to make love she suddenly stopped me and asked if I would do her a favor.

"What kind of favor?" I asked, ready for anything.

"Put this on," she said, walking toward a closet. "I can't make love any other way."

She then handed me a gorilla skin, the kind you wear to parties when and if you're going as a gorilla. Only this one had a big hole cut out of the crotch. Well, it was too wild for me to resist, and so you can say you know a guy who once made love dressed as an ape.

Lillian told me that when she was a kid she wasn't allowed to play with other children, so she used to play with her toy gorilla. And this is how she made love.

I'd like to end this article by telling you first that I feel I've done something that I'm proud of. I am making sex decent. I've started to take it out of the whore house and brought it to places where everyone can enjoy it. You'll never meet a whore or a pimp or a gigolo at any of my bars. My bars are for decent people.

The second thing I'd like to tell you about is what two of my customers have said about my places. One, a well known psychologist—though he is only 35—said that my bars are as important to New York City as its theaters, its museums and its schools. The other, a guy named Barney, is a retired detective who likes to sit in one of my bars and watch young people. Barney remembers when beer was a nickel and you could fill up at a free lunch counter. One evening Barney looked me deep in the eyes and said, "Let me tell you, pal, what you've got here beats that free lunch." END

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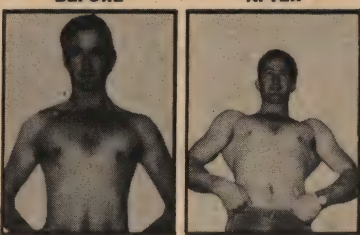
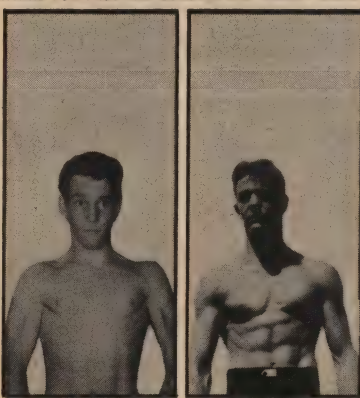
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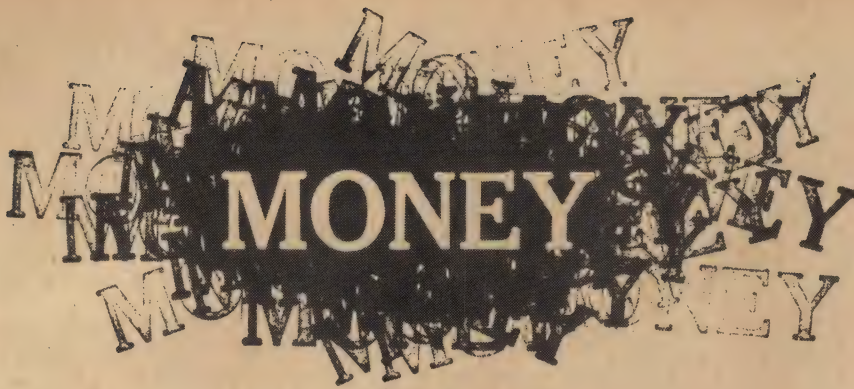
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HOW TO SPEND \$\$ ODD FACTS ABOUT \$\$ WHERE TO FIND \$\$ HOW TO SAVE \$\$

SNOOP SHOPS

They're still around. In the car salesmen's trade they're known as BCRs—or bugged closing rooms. The idea is for the salesman to listen in after leaving you "alone," while you discuss the deal. That way he can decide whether to bump you another few dollars a month. Or, if the deal shows an acceptable profit, wrap it up before you change your mind. Not that you'd get very far. Didn't he take your keys so he could have your car appraised? Some car salesmen insist only one agency in three uses BCRs—but you lose nothing by crying poor whenever you and your wife or friends are left alone.

BORROW BIG

A banker gave it to us confidentially: "You can't owe too much. But you can owe too little." A creditor to whom you owe an impressive sum of money is vitally interested in helping you work out a payment plan you can meet. But if you just owe him some small balance, he'll feel that if he presses you hard enough, you'll pay up rather than take the harassment. The banker cited the case of a man who owed a hotel \$40 on a lunch tab and \$2000 on a big wedding reception. The hotel hounded him on the \$40 bill and finally turned it over to a collection agency. The collector turned up at the man's office and would not leave until he got the money. The man couldn't resist ask-

ing why the hotel hadn't pressed on the \$2000 bill, and got this explanation: "It's possible for a gentleman to be short and not have two grand. But only a bum tries to duck a \$40 lunch tab." Remember, no creditor wants to bring in a bill collector. That costs him 30 to 50 percent of the amount collected. Three sure ways to keep your bill from going to a collection agency: 1. Make your creditor understand you're aware of the debt and are planning some definite action. 2. Keep doing business with the creditor so he regards you as a source of steady or at least future income. 3. Make sure you owe enough so that the collection agency's cut will be hefty—and on top of that let the creditor sweat that if he pressures too much, you just might give up and go into bankruptcy.

SKY'S THE LIMIT

Should any guy with recent Air Force experience look for any kind of job other than in commercial aviation? Only if he's not particularly interested in money. Pilots are one of country's hardest-to-fill job categories, which is amazing considering the potential pay a man can haul in. Jumbo-jet pay for pilots will match the huge size of the new Boeing 747. Captains flying the plane on international routes will grab off a dizzying \$57,000 a year.

BUYS OF THE MONTH

While the wife may be looking for back-to-school spe-

WHERE TO FIND \$\$

cials for the kids, September's the time for the male of the house to buy hardware and tools which are being offered at their lowest price of the year. Other great buys: home furnishings, china, glassware. If you're being stuck with keeping a fur-buying promise, hold off till October when prices drop.

HOUSING INFLATION

If you own a house now it may be a gold mine in another few years. According to the experts, "housing prices are going up faster than people's ability to pay." And says an economist of the Bank of America: "The demand for housing is on a collision course with rising costs." The result is booming prices for houses. Only a sucker would sell his house at today's prices—since they'll have to go higher yet. And if you are thinking of buying, don't wait. Number one reason for the housing runaway is zooming labor costs. Boston pipe fitters recently got a new 3-year contract calling for annual increases of 18 percent to \$7.54 an hour. In Detroit, carpenters went on strike looking for a boost in pay and fringes to \$8.07 an hour.

MONEY MAKING IDEA

"I was driving a regular hack in New York," says Mike Boxer, "when I got the idea to start a taxi service for pets. Now Boxer is N.Y. Pet Taxi, Inc., and hauls dogs and cats to vets, kennels, grooming salons, or anywhere their owners want them to go. Mike charges \$5 an hour or \$20 for a trip to or from an airport, one of his main runs. Besides making a handsome living, Mike avoids the biggest plague a regular cabbie has—wise-cracking customers.

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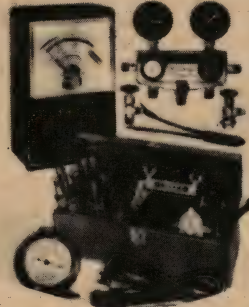
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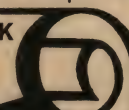
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THE AUTOMATION MENACE

(Continued from page 18)



work is dull, and vaguely unimportant.

In a year, he *could* be a policeman in a large city, and three years after that, he could earn some \$9,000 a year.

The 30-year-old longshoreman knows that one day in the near future he will probably hoist his last cargo. He has no basic skill and has fished around for correspondence courses to train himself. But he can't stand the thought of working inside, whether in an office or a factory.

In six months, he *could* be working on a tracking station on a small, sunny island, doing vital and exciting work, and receiving a government salary that is tax free.

The spectre of automation haunts millions of workers and has directly threatened thousands of others. There has been a massive scramble to highly-publicized jobs in the computer field.

But many men do not realize that in our highly mobile and largely unstructured society, they could become lawyers, airline pilots, policemen or government "explorers."

There are several fields that need new workers, and in many of these areas, the need is critical. Some offer high pay, some job security, some excitement, some great fringe benefits, but in each instance, a man can settle into the job and not have to worry about a machine looking over his shoulder.

PROFESSIONAL AND SOCIAL SERVICES:

Naturally, college training of some kind is usually required in professional and semi-professional fields. Yet, many men who are not using the G.I. Bill to take technical and business school courses that will only qualify them for jobs that will soon be threatened by automation can change to college courses and land themselves in important, interesting and high-paying professions that have nothing to fear from the encroaching machines.

Despite advances in medical technology, no machine is ever going to take the place of a doctor, and who would conceive of a machine doing a root canal? Medical associations constantly bemoan the lack of doctors, and in many areas, the shortages are acute.

Contrary to popular opinion, a lawyer in many states does not have to have a

formal law degree from a university. He must always pass the bar exam, which is tough. But there are dozens of schools which utilize correspondence courses and night classes to train a man for the bar exam.

And no machine has yet been invented that can replace a lawyer in a courtroom, whether he's arguing a complicated tax or real estate case, or defending a murder suspect.

Many men with college training can extend their education and become teachers. The pay may not be the highest, but there is complete job security, the satisfaction of doing an important job, and the fringe benefits—such as a summer free—are immeasurable. And one advantage of all that time off is the possibility of picking up extra money at some other job.

Many men might not care to be welfare workers, yet the jobs are there, and many city and private agencies are desperate, running ads in newspapers, and bending over backwards to induce people to become case workers.

For any man who gets satisfaction from helping others and who likes to be out on his own doing investigative work part of the time instead of being stuck in an office, this could be the field. Like teaching, there are many fringe benefits, including quite often a month's paid vacation the first year, many holidays, liberal hospitalization and sick leave.

And some large city welfare agencies will pay for further schooling, and even provide leave-with-pay for case workers attending graduate school. And there is no doubt about job security.

In New York City, the Department of Social Services will hire a college graduate with any major and any work background. After six months, salary is \$7,200 a year.

THE AIRLINES are so desperate for pilots that they send representatives to Europe and Vietnam to sign up Air Force men even before they leave the service. A few years ago, the airlines could call their own tune. But today there are fewer qualified pilots coming from the armed forces, because of the replacement of men by missiles.

By 1970, according to airlines spokesmen, the regularly scheduled airlines will carry 150 million passengers a year—and many pilots will be needed to fly the gigantic jets on order, jets that will carry from 250 to 490 passengers.

United Air Lines, for example, needed 1,600 new men last year. Like other lines, they are so concerned about the pilot shortage that they are going directly to colleges to persuade students with little or no flying experience to consider careers with airlines.

A man must first qualify for a commercial pilot's license on his own. The cost can be \$3,000 and it can take a year. But the applicant can usually get a bank loan arranged by the airline.

But this is some investment in the future! An Eastern Air Line pilot earns over \$6,000 his first year, and goes to nearly \$8,000 his second year. By the third year, his earnings can shoot as high as \$14,000. An average captain's pay is some \$26,000, although some men earn as much as \$40,000 a year.

In addition to pilots, the lines also desperately need flight engineers, who earn very good money, as well as many ground employees. For every passenger aboard a jet, for instance, there are 40 specialists on the ground.

One fringe benefit of working for an airline is that a man and his family can travel free—or for a fraction of the regular cost. And this applies whether he's a

senior captain or a man who fuels up the big jets.

The important factor in this professional and social service field is education. But many men are already taking one and two year courses, and it is not difficult to extend that training, and with a bit more work and investment secure a job that a machine will never be able to touch.

The worker who survives in the coming assault by computer and automation will be the man who is willing to hustle and study—and the man who has the imagination to consider fields he might have thought closed to him.

PUBLIC SERVICES:

With the continuing exodus from the farm and the explosive growth of cities and suburbs, urban planners predict a sharp increase in the demand for workers in the field of public service.

One regional planning commission in the Mid-West recently stated that within the next two decades there will be nearly a 75% rise in the employment of policemen, firemen, sanitation workers, ambulance drivers, bus drivers, hospital technicians and nurses.

Service workers of all types are expected to total some 12 million, and this field is wide open, often begging, for men with a diversity of backgrounds and training.

In New York City, there are plans to add some 3,000 men to the police force, and in addition, the city has a transit police force and policemen in the public housing units.

This is a tough job in any city, but in New York, a policeman can earn \$9,000 after three years, including uniform allowance.

The salary for firemen and bus drivers will never sky-rocket. But no machine is going to drive the bus, fight fires or keep the streets clean. There is incredible job security and increasingly strong and militant unions which protect the rights of city and state employees.

There are no layoffs in slack seasons, no cutback in staffs because of relocation, and the public service worker enjoys liberal sick-leave, vacation, and retirement.

Most public service workers are hired on the basis of impartial, competitive civil service examinations. The man with the highest score goes to work first. And many promotions are made on the basis of competitive tests. So this is another field in which success can often depend on education and training.

There are two other ripe fields related to service, though not of the public service variety.

For a job that allows a man to be his own boss most of the day, many men turn to truck driving, particularly the huge cross-country vans. There is a certain romance to the job, and no robot will be able to sit in the cab of one of the gigantic trucks.

Train freight is on the decline, and airplane freight hasn't made a dent in the tonnage hauled by the trailer-trucks. In addition, it is still the truckdriver who takes the freight to the airplane, and hauls it away on arrival.

In the next decade, the Department of Commerce predicts an increase of over 20% in the number of driving jobs available.

The job can be tough, of course, but improved engineering on the trailer-trucks and the construction of superhighway networks make the driving much easier than ten years ago.

The trucker can earn a minimum of \$150 a week, but there is a great deal of overtime and a number of fringe bene-

(Continued on page 58)

Which of These Success Stories Will Come True for YOU?

"I love my Hotel Hostess Job"

Catherine McBrayer, Though Inexperienced in Hotel Work Succeeds as Hotel Hostess



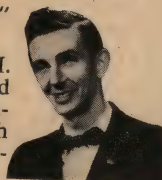
"I want to thank the Lewis School for their wonderful assistance in helping me secure this fascinating summertime position. I so enjoy spending my summers in interesting places, meeting interesting people.

What a delightful way to gain experience in the field that offers ever-increasing opportunities to women of all ages."

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Even Though I Have No Previous Experience?"

"Yes," says Mr. E. H. Buck, Who Succeeded as Manager of a Beautiful Motel, Though Without Previous Experience.



"From truck driver to manager of this beautiful motel! What a difference! My wife and I and our four small children live in luxury — wall-to-wall carpeting, big kitchen, garage, free utilities . . . all this and a fine salary too! We'll always be thankful for Lewis training and the good life it lets us enjoy."

"Can You Succeed as a Hotel-Motel Executive"

Even Though I have No Previous Experience?"

"Yes," says Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Tomczak, Husband-Wife Motel Managers as a Result of Lewis Training.



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Did you ever sit in a beautiful hotel or motel lobby and say to yourself, "It certainly must be a joy to be an executive here!"

Did you ever watch (perhaps envy a bit) the hotel or motel manager as he went about his thrilling duties?

Did you ever notice the importance — and prestige — of the hotel or motel manager and wonder, "What would I

have to do to enjoy a position like his?"

In short — did you ever consider what it could mean to you in happiness as well as good pay, if you could qualify for one of the glamorous, excitingly different executive positions in a luxurious hotel or motel, fashionable resort, smart town or country club, apartment house project, or humanity-serving institution, school or hospital?

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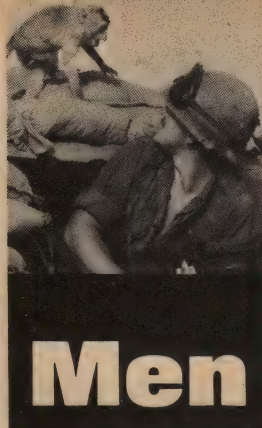
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Answers For



Men Only

Q: In two months, I'll be mustering out of the Marines and I've been getting all sorts of advice on what to do in the outside. My C.O. wants to line up a job for me in a die factory. The thing is that now I have other ideas after doing a little acting off the base. I know it sounds crazy, but I've got this ambition to make a career out of acting or at least to give it a try. Maybe I don't have the background for it. What are the odds of a fighting man making it in this field? Sgt. Ed O'Brien, West Germany.

A: Acting is a tough business for anyone to crack but it might just be easier for a rugged guy these days than the toothpaste smile type. The stars these days—Steve McQueen, Lee Marvin, Brian Keith—are almost as ugly as they are cute. The man who won an Oscar for a supporting role this year was George Kennedy, who caught the acting bug while serving as technical adviser—he was a lieutenant at the time—to the "Sgt. Bilko" TV show. As for McQueen, Marvin and Keith, they were all genuine Marines themselves.

Q: With dissent growing across the nation, with folksingers leading every gang of pickets, with pornography on every bookstand, I do believe that there has been a breakdown in morality in this nation. And one of the main causes that bring young people into this sort of turmoil are the songs that are played over the airwaves, tunes heavy with leering, suggestive lyrics or criticism

against our form of government. The Federal Communications Commission should be empowered to act against this sort of subversion, while local groups form committees to act in their areas. How can we do this, though, without being attacked as vicious censors? Carl Fabermeier, Delphi, Ind.

A: What do you care, you are a censor. We're just lucky you're not a very influential one or a very discriminating one. (What songs in particular are you talking about? Is "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" about a trip on LSD?) It's the same mentality shown by the Moscow newspaper *Sovetskaya Roosiya*, which denounces Viktor Vysotsky for making up what it calls "Slangy and dirty songs." According to the apopleptic editor, "these songs were his own compositions and were usually sung to small groups of friends—not in public, but such songs spread rapidly and can often be heard in parks . . . where youths with guitars can gather big crowds with the latest ditty." One such song concerned an arrested drunk. "People who listen to this song might feel compassion for criminals on the assumption that they are also human beings," *Roosiya* says. "But first you listen to jokes about the police and next you feel displeasure with the law. Vysotsky is singing the wrong songs." Let's hope that in America we always have the freedom to hear "the wrong songs."

Q: What is your opinion of

a football coach who bets? Before you answer, I'd like to state that the man in question has an unsullied reputation at one of the Midwest's largest universities, though not in my home-state. He never bets on his home team and imposes the strictest of moral codes on the team. There are no smokers or drinkers on that eleven. I only discovered what may be an innocent fact through meeting the man at supper with my wife's brother, a nasty bookmaker who has been moving into the bigger circle of layoff bets. Should I inform the school or its alumni association? B.E., St. Paul, Minn.

A: Before you do anything, get all your facts straight because you're dealing with someone's life. If you are 1000 per cent sure of where you stand, then you will have to act according to your conscience, because your coach is certainly not acting with the strictest of moral codes. He has information that very few other men in the country have when it comes to the multi-million dollar business of sports betting. Films, scouting reports, the very inside information that makes him a coach also gives him what gamblers call "the edge." And they know it and put their money where he does, robbing the hundreds of thousands of suckers who bet on Saturday games. Even the idea of not betting on his own team is phoney because his action encourages other coaches to bet — on or against his team. If he goes into the red, he's hooked and

(Continued on page 56)

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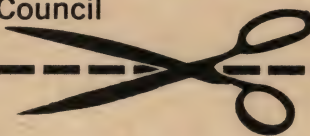
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Answers For Men Only

(Continued from page 54)

he'll be dishing out info on his eleven whether he wants to or not. He's just another member of the Mafia and should be treated as such.

Q: Just wanted to know if there was any truth to the rumor that the French student uprisings were actually led by the Paris Underworld in a drive for power. Do you have a correspondent there? Paul Bidaux, White River Junction, N.H.

A: It was not inspired or led by the Underworld, but by the end of the seige of the Sorbonne, Paris' great university, it was certainly threatened by it. First infiltrating as supporters, the thugs took over the vast cavelike passages that spread under the school all the way to the Eiffel Tower. Armed with submachine guns were "Les Katangais," mercenaries from the Congo's Katanga Province; "Les Malabars," ex-officers from the Algerian uprising; and "Les Banlieusards," hoods who had been officially banished from the city of Paris. These all formed a guerrilla front which bullied the students themselves with beatings and sexual degradation. Asked what they wanted, they replied, "Complete annihilation of everything."

Q: If Hanoi's diplomats keep at the lie that they are not involved in the South Vietnamese war and demand proof, and we can only offer captured bodies and deserters and can't take photographs of the foe marching south, how can we ever make our point? They keep pre-

varicating and we keep fuming. Ben Pasherman, Golden, Col.

A: Only we can and do photograph them just as they're doing that. Our top secret SR-71 surveillance plane has been fitted with a new camera that can take your portrait from more than 19 miles up. It's supposed to be classified information, but we operate this spy plane out of Thailand's Takhli fighter base and Okinawa's Kadena Air Force Base. The only thing the CIA forgets to do is say, "Smile, you're on Candid Camera."

Q: As I was driving my family across the Southwest on our vacation, we went through an Indian reservation. It's incredible, but they operate the place entirely with their own police and their own routes. How much independence do the Indians have on reservations? John Knox, Devon, Pa.

A: It depends fairly much upon the particular reservation and their ability to run their own affairs. The Navajos of New Mexico, for example, are almost another nation and a surprisingly well organized one at that. Recently, they decided to go on Daylight Saving Time, despite the fact that their headquarters is in paleface Arizona, which stays on Standard Time. Now you can not only speak with forked tongue but forked watch, too.

Q: A short while ago, I had reason to be in the company of a very hip and expensive call girl. I won't go into detail, but this woman satisfied me as I've never been before, doing things I'd always dreamed about but never dared doing with another woman. Later, I asked her how it was that she could tell, immediately, as soon as we were in bed, what it was that I wanted. She said that she could tell by the way I am built and the way I moved my hips that there was something more suited to my tastes, in her own words. All I can tell you is that there were no limits on what we did, but I will say that I am a tall, lanky guy, not too much on the

muscle side. Now what that told her I don't know but maybe you do. What gives? P.A., Chicago, Ill.

A: A guess is the best you can get from us, but from your description you have what is termed an ectomorphic body structure. And it is true that this build is sometimes characteristic of an oral personality, especially if you also have the traits of poor coordination, poor arches and a certain lock-kneed stance. If this correlation holds true for you, then we have a fair idea of what particular acts you found exciting — namely, those involving oral contact. As for the validity of the body constitution to sexual desires, your female friend is right where the latest sexology experimenters are headed.

Q: Men with three arms. Cats with wings. Humans with computer brains. It's a little crazy, I admit, but that's the stuff we've been fed for the past dozen years in movies and magazines. What I'd like to know is if these wild warnings about radiation and strange mutations have any basis. I know that it is possible, but is there enough radiation in the world to cause it? And if there were, wouldn't we all be dead? John Tabor, Dothan, Ala.

A: There is mutation going on right now as it always has as the result of radiation from the sun and the universe. This is not to scare you from sunbathing but so you'll realize that mutation is a normal part of our life. It is the excessive and aberrant mutations that would result from nuclear war that we should spend time fearing — if we should survive such a war. If we do and live to about the year 3,500 A.D., there will be other goodies in store for us. At that time the earth's magnetic fields will begin perceptibly shifting and switching our north to south and vice versa. It is the magnetic fields that protect us in good measure from the solar and cosmic radiation and these fields will disappear until the switch is almost complete.

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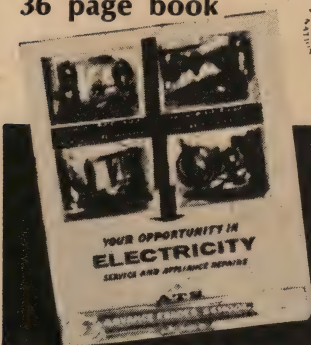
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fits. And for several hours a day, a man doesn't have to worry about the boss or foreman.

Many men would never think of a career as a cook, yet most of the famous chefs are men. As long as the population increases and many more people have to eat, one of the brightest fields for good pay with solid job security will be in a kitchen—in a hash-house, a fancy restaurant, a mammoth corporation which prepares canned and frozen food, a hospital, school, government institution, club or ship.

More and more people eat out, and there is a flourish in the prepackaging of food, and it all has to be cooked. A chef is not threatened by peace or war, and he can find work anywhere in the world.

Not every man can be top chef in a lavish big-city restaurant and earn upwards of \$20,000 a year, but thousands of men can make \$150-\$200 a week, and know that so long as the population explosion continues, they will always be in demand.

ELECTRONIC-TYPE WORKERS THAT CAN'T BE AUTOMATED:

A machine may shove a worker off the assembly line, but a broken machine must be repaired by a man, and with electrical appliances in some 95% of American homes, this is a field that seems safe from automation.

The increase of electrically powered machines in our society has been staggering, and every vacuum cleaner, dishwasher and air-conditioner that comes off an assembly line is a potential source of income for a man with training as an electrical technician and repairman.

The schooling demanded for this field is less extensive and of an entirely different nature than for professional and social service work. But again, the key to really getting ahead is education—in the service, in technical schools or through correspondence courses.

A man who repairs phonographs, radios, and TV sets can make \$65 to \$90 a week on a standard 40-hour week with no overtime. But a man with some background in math circuitry, with a technical or vocational school background, can make up to \$175 a week, straight time.

These skilled repairmen are always in demand anywhere in the country, and over a third are self-employed.

Repairmen for air-conditioning and refrigeration equipment are also in demand, and two to three year courses in this field are available in an increasing number of technical and vocational schools. The jobs are with dealers and contractors who install and maintain the equipment.

Top workers in this area pull down more than \$3 an hour, before overtime, and the best-trained men can earn \$4.50 an hour.

The business machines that are replacing many office workers, bookkeepers and bank clerks must be repaired, and since they all run on electricity, this is another area for the electrical expert.

The armed forces give valuable training in this field, and so do many vocational schools. In addition, many manufacturers have their own two to four year schools.

The boom in construction means more work for the electrical technician. Within the next decade, experts predict a general increase in all areas of construction, and there will be a corresponding demand from both government agencies and private contractors. There are also possibilities for self-employment.

Standards here are high, with math and physics aptitudes necessary, and it is often

mandatory to pass an aptitude test, then train through an apprenticeship program. Just one more example of the advantages of pushing ahead for a better education.

And finally, the electrical field becomes expanded by the electronics boom in the gigantic defense budget that totals billions of dollars.

Missile control, radar systems, rockets, guidance systems and the entire range of space exploration equipment all need qualified technicians and engineers to repair and maintain this fantastically expensive hardware.

A man can choose his own field, and after appropriate training can open his own shop, or let himself be tracked down—and he will be—by the Army, Navy or Air Force, manufacturers with government contracts, appliance dealers or the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

With all that demand and job security, how high can a man climb on the income scale? One example is typical: Construction electricians on the journeyman level earn up to \$5.50 an hour before overtime in Southern California, and each new union contract shoves up the base rate.

CERTAIN FACTORY-TYPE WORKERS AND MISCELLANEOUS FIELDS OF SKILLED WORKERS:

The assembly line is a hazardous place for the man who wants to keep his job. But only if he persists in a form of self-destruction by not training himself in a highly skilled speciality that automation will not touch.

How about factory work that pays up to nearly \$4 an hour straight time and has a bright future as far as job security?

Try instrument making—but only if you are willing to train yourself in such subjects are geometry, algebra and science. There is a four-year apprenticeship program, and heaviest employment demand comes from the federal government and from research-and-development firms located mainly in the largest cities. Washington, D.C., New York City, Chicago and Los Angeles are particularly good bets.

Tool and die manufacturers also need workers, and there is a steady demand for sheet metal workers, a demand not threatened by automation. There is an apprenticeship program, and journeymen in heating, refrigeration and air-conditioning plants, as well as railroad, shipbuilding and aircraft industries, can earn up to \$5 an hour straight time, and sometimes even higher in the larger cities.

The booming construction industry needs many workers in addition to electrical technicians. The Labor Department estimates that within ten years, four and a half million workers will be taking home paychecks from this type of work.

Concrete and cement masons not only pull down high hourly wages, but there is often unlimited overtime. Asbestos and insulating experts hit the \$5 an hour lever, and frequent overtime shoots up their earnings.

Contractors need glaziers and lathers, and workers with these specialties can also find ample employment in non-construction areas such as door and window plants.

The men who operate those huge power shovels, derricks and cranes need manual dexterity, and at least a high school diploma, as well as the ability to read blueprints. Before a man is turned loose on one of the big machines, he must undergo a three-year apprenticeship program, and he must have a basic knowledge of subjects ranging from electricity to physics.

But those paychecks make the training worth it. Specialty and location determine the exact rate, but \$5 an hour isn't uncommon, and some men earn up to \$6.20 an hour.

The ambitious worker should avoid the average job on the line constructing automobiles. But with the aid of automation, America's automobile population is growing by 18,000 a week, and these cars need constant repair work.

The American Automobile Association estimates that there are over 97,000,000 motor vehicles on America's roads. This is an increase of 32% since 1960.

Yet, the number of working mechanics has only risen by 15%, to 964,000 men. The shortage is often critical, and so long as America remains a car-oriented culture, the need will accelerate.

Since automobiles are becoming more complicated each year, with power extras, for example, a good mechanic must be sharp and well-trained.

This is strictly a field where a man can earn as much or as little as his ability allows, and specialization is essential for the man who really wants the big money.

If a man hustles and studies constantly to keep abreast of the newest automotive advances, he can earn up to \$13,000 a year.

Most automobile mechanics don't go that high, but they make good money and their future is assured. And though a mechanic in Texas may make only a little over \$3 an hour, in some large cities the hourly rate can touch \$4.75.

OUTDOOR WORK:

This type of employment may not be for the average worker, particularly the man with a wife and children.

But if a man likes working outside, and likes to take his daily work with a dash of romance and excitement, then perhaps he'd like to be a member of a tracking-station team in Antarctica, or a group constructing radio-finding beacons on a sun-washed island.

The government constantly needs men for such rugged outdoor work, and a man who qualifies can expect to start at \$10,000 a year. In addition, there are cost-of-living bonuses and hardship extras. And it's usually tax-free.

For men who want outdoor work of a more mundane, but still interesting and well-paying nature, the government also needs geologists, forestry workers and experts in oceanography.

This is an education-conscious world, and the more a man studies and trains himself, the more money he will earn and the faster he will advance, whether he's a lawyer, teacher, cop on the beat or automobile mechanic.

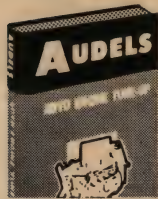
So the key to most all of these job opportunities is extra education, in college, vocational school or technical school. **END**

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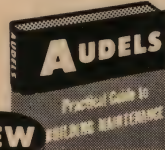
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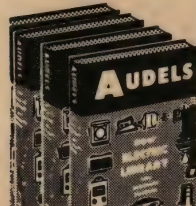
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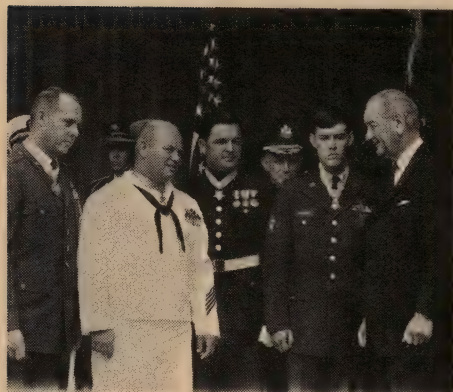
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THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY TO THE MEDAL



(Continued from page 17)

other survivors that might be in the area had a chance, he tried to lead the Reds away from the burning chopper. Pausing a moment to cover his more serious wounds with *survival maps*, the only material he had left, he noticed the enemy setting up a "flak trap" for the next rescue party that might come along. Despite the fact that he was in severe, almost unbelievable, pain, he used his radio to warn Yank choppers not to attempt a rescue.

They pleaded with him to change his mind. "Forget it," he said, his voice contorted with pain, "we're not going to throw anymore American lives away. I'll get in touch when it's safe." With that he signed off.

The enemy was looking for him now. He kept moving ahead of them. Every now and then he stopped and watched them. After walking and crawling a mile or two he began to have periods when he'd drift into shock. The pain was getting hard to take now.

He found himself in a clump of bushes and took a moment to catch his breath. The events of the past few hours drifted through his mind. He had heard a report that a group of soldiers had been surrounded by the Vietnamese Reds and were almost sure to be killed or captured. A few attempts had been made to rescue them, but the enemy fire was so accurate that they had all failed. Two Yank choppers had already been lost.

Captain Young volunteered to fly his helicopter as escort on a night rescue mission to make one more attempt to save the GI's. The rescue chopper picked up three of the men but was then so severely damaged that it had to pull out. Young decided to try to get the others. He was told that the supporting helicopter gunships were low on fuel and ammunition and might be forced to withdraw at any moment. Knowing full well that the odds were a thousand-to-one against him, with his supporting firepower withdrawn, heavy artillery being directed against him, and the difficulty of a night rescue in a mountainous terrain, he insisted on giving it a try, anyway. *It almost worked*, he thought to himself, just before lapsing into shock again.

He was lying on his back when he be-

gan to come out of it. A dozen thoughts and images drifted through his painclouded mind. Thoughts of his wife, his parents, his children and his childhood back in Chicago. A mellow nostalgia, warm and pleasant, enveloped him, but it soon turned to bitter disappointment when he came to his senses completely. He wasn't a kid in Chicago. His parents, wife and kids were thousands of miles away. He was an Air Force captain, alone in a Vietnamese jungle, covered with excruciating burns and with little chance of being saved. The odds were 100-to-1 that if the Reds didn't catch up with him and finish him off quickly or hold him for questioning, which would have been worse, then he would most probably die slowly out in the jungle, from a combination of thirst, starvation, fever, exposure, and his untended wounds.

Captain Young managed to get back on his feet. Moving very quietly and keeping his eyes and ears alert for his Red stalkers, he started to walk again. About 17 hours later, after walking and crawling through six miles of jungle stench he came upon a clearing.

Taking the risk that choppers were out looking for him and would be quicker to spot him than the Reds were, he started signalling for help. After a considerable amount of time and false alarms, such as crackling in the bushes behind him, he was rescued by Air Force and Marine aircraft.

The men at Da Nang were glad to see him. He had already become something of a legend to them after they heard what he had dared to do and how he had refused to accept help for more than seventeen hours so as not to risk losing more men. Men like that were special—in any war, anywhere, anytime.

They treated Young for his wounds at Da Nang and then flew him to the U.S. for more treatment and skin grafts. Before long, as all his friends expected, he was back on active duty.

The men who went down on the chopper when it was hit, his crew, didn't make it. They were Captain Ralph W. Brower, his co-pilot; Staff Sergeant Eugene L. Clay, his flight engineer; and Sergeant Larry W. Maysey, a rescue specialist. They were all posthumously awarded the Air Force Cross, the nation's second highest award for valor.

Sergeant Pittman heard the Marines in the front of his company calling for help. It was I Company, Third Battalion, Fifth Marines, 1st Marine Division. The unit had been moving up a narrow jungle path deep in enemy-controlled territory near the Demilitarized Zone. Heavy fire had suddenly opened up on the lead elements of the company. It was coming from both sides of the trail.

"Here. I'll trade you," Pittman said quickly to a machine gunner, giving him his rifle. He grabbed the machine gun and rushed off in the direction of the noise.

As soon as he had gone about 50 yards a bunch of North Vietnamese hiding in the bushes thought they'd use him for an easy, direct target. They opened up on him.

Falling to the ground and rolling in a zig-zag manner to upset their aim for a second or two he used his machine gun to spray the bushes all around him. There was silence for a moment. Then one after another, the bodies of the Red snipers fell out of the brush and onto the road.

Pittman charged ahead again, only to find himself again under fire, this time from two automatic weapons. And once

again he sprayed them both, wiping them out. He heard that there were wounded Marines about 50 yards ahead, so he continued moving, even though heavy mortar and small arms fire was exploding all around him.

He reached the wounded Marines and knelt beside one of them, getting ready to pick him up. Then he stopped.

"What's up?" the wounded man on the ground asked him. Then he followed the direction of the stare in Pittman's widened eyes and saw for himself. About 30 or 40 enemy soldiers were charging boldly right up the front of the trail, about to overrun the wounded Marines.

Pittman snapped quickly into action. He leaped right into the middle of the trail, making himself the perfect target for any one of them. But there was nothing else to be done. The way things were set up, if he didn't do just that at just that moment, his whole company might have been massacred. When he had been back in the rear of the company where it was nice and safe, he had decided that it was worth risking his life, no matter what the odds, if he could save the lives of those Marines around him. That's when he grabbed the machine gun. Ever since that moment, he hadn't given a thought to his own safety. Everything he was doing was almost as if by reflex.

He was kneeling in the middle of the road now. His eyes were trained on the advancing enemy soldiers. His teeth were clenched tight, as were his fingers on the machine gun. His breath came slowly and his nostrils flared as he inhaled.

When the Reds were as close as Pittman wanted them to be, he opened fire. One of them was flung into the air throwing his rifle far away from him, as he was hit with a barrage of machine gun bullets. The others kept coming, right into the line of Pittman's fire.

The wounded Marines couldn't believe their eyes as they watched one after another of the enemy going down. And it was one man who was doing it all. One of the observers later had this to say about Pittman: "He didn't take his finger off the trigger. He just kept shooting, moving the gun from side to side hitting everything that moved. He was like a machine. I'd never seen anything like it before in my life."

About half of the enemy were killed because of Pittman's machine gun spray. The rest withdrew hurriedly. While Pittman was trying to clear his jammed machine gun, another enemy force of about 11 men attacked him with automatic weapons. Pittman's machine gun was still jammed.

To the Marines who saw this it was a sad sight. After all they had seen this man do, it was a shame that he was to finish it off by being massacred. But it wasn't all over for Sergeant Pittman. He raced, bobbing and weaving, over to one of the dead North Vietnamese and picked up his submachine gun. Whirling around like a whip he let go with a round of fire that killed 3 of the enemy. When the gun was empty he picked up a .45 caliber pistol that had belonged to a dead Marine and killed another Red.

They were stopped now. The North Vietnamese who had just a few minutes ago been assured an easy massacre over the Marines had been stopped, almost miraculously, by one man, and they were withdrawing now. Pittman grabbed a grenade, his last available weapon, and hurled it at the retreating Reds. Then he dove off the trail into the brush and rejoined his unit.

(Continued on page 62)

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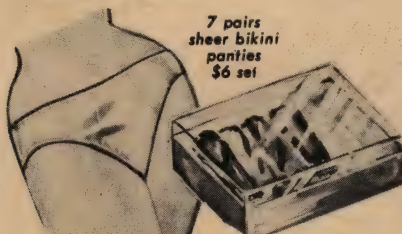
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The highest award for bravery in military action that this country gives is the Medal of Honor. Each branch of the service has its own requirements for the earning of the award. The act of heroism which becomes the criterion for the award must be seen by two eyewitnesses and must be so outstanding that it ranks clearly above and beyond the forms of bravery that are rewarded by lesser medals. Also, in all cases it must involve the risk of the potential winner's life.

It was during the Civil War, over a hundred years ago, that the Medal of Honor was born. The only military decoration up to that time was the Purple Heart, originated by George Washington in 1782 to honor brave soldiers, sailors and marines. The Medal of Honor for the Navy and Marine Corps was authorized by Congress and approved by President Lincoln on December 21, 1861. The Medal of Honor for the Army and Voluntary Forces was authorized and approved on July 12, 1862.

The custom of the President of the United States personally awarding the Medal of Honor in Washington amidst great ceremony was originated by an Executive Order to that effect signed by Theodore Roosevelt on September 20, 1905. Since the award is made in the name of Congress, it is called the Congressional Medal of Honor.

As every American knows, winning the Congressional Medal of Honor gives an individual tremendous prestige. But that is not all. There are also certain privileges which accompany the award. Free military air transportation and a special pension of \$100 a month are among them.

Petty Officer James E. Williams stood by the rail and watched the calm, clear waters. He was acting as Boat Captain and Patrol Officer aboard River Patrol Boat (PBR) 105. Another patrol boat accompanied him. The peaceful drifting of the current and the light breeze exercised a tranquilizing effect on him that was restful, pleasant. Williams appreciated

moments like these. They were few and far between for him these days. He had seen a considerable amount of action in his 20 years of Navy service. Not that he had anything against action, but sometimes a man in combat situations all day long for days on end can get into the sort of rut that makes him feel like this is what life's all about—fighting, fighting and more fighting. If it weren't for moments like these, things would be hard to take out here.

The silent tranquility was suddenly shattered by the ear-splitting sound of heavy fire coming from two enemy sampans. Williams, jolted out of his reverie and angry about it, ordered the fire returned immediately. Inside of a minute the entire crew of one of the sampans was killed. The other one began to hustle out of the area, trying to hide in a river inlet. Williams ordered his patrol boats to catch it.

Now small arms fire began to rain on Williams and his crew. It was coming from well-concealed positions along the river bank, and it was from close range. The U.S. crew managed to maneuver through this deadly fire. As soon as they did, however, they ran into an enemy force aboard two junks and eight sampans. The battle that followed was savage.

Williams, although everyone thought it was insanely suicidal of him, directed the counter-fire of his patrol by exposing himself to the hail of bullets and other weapons that were assaulting his two boats.

Finally, the message sunk in. He was vastly outnumbered by the enemy. He would have to wait for the armed helicopters to come and give him a hand. While he was waiting he moved his boats around, trying to keep the enemy interested but not letting them get as close as they wanted. Then he noticed that the ten boats he thought made such a formidable opponent had turned into almost a hundred!

He decided not to wait for the helicopters. There was no time for that. Tightening his lips, he ordered his patrol boats tear into the enemy. His men

thought it was a suicide mission, but they also sensed something. Something solid, something they could trust, something they respected about Williams. And somehow they were not afraid.

Petty Officer Williams led his patrol through the intense fire from the enemy boats and from the nearby shore, shooting in all directions, trying to hit anything that moved, since anything around them that moved would be the enemy.

By the time the helicopters arrived Williams had already been responsible for the sinking of at least 50 Red sampans and seven junks. Then Williams, together with the armed choppers, great friends but deadly enemies for anyone else, bore down into the remainder of the enemy force.

It was dark by now, and although Williams knew that he might be committing suicide, ordered the patrol boats' search lights turned on to illuminate the area. This made his boats perfect targets. The Reds couldn't ask for anything more, except, perhaps, that the patrol boats move closer to shore—which is exactly what they did.

Williams' boats were running out of ammunition, but they kept up the battle with the Reds on shore, until they had completely wiped them out. At the end of the three-hour battle, in which it was later said that Williams showed phenomenal skill and courage, the patrol boats were responsible for the destruction or loss of 65 enemy boats and innumerable enemy casualties.

On May 14, 1968, President Johnson made history. He awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor to a man from each of the four branches of the services at once. This had never occurred before. The four men were Captain Gerald O. Young of the Air Force, Sgt. Richard A. Pittman of the Marines, Petty Officer James E. Williams of the Marines, and Spec. 5 Charles C. Hagemeister of the Army.

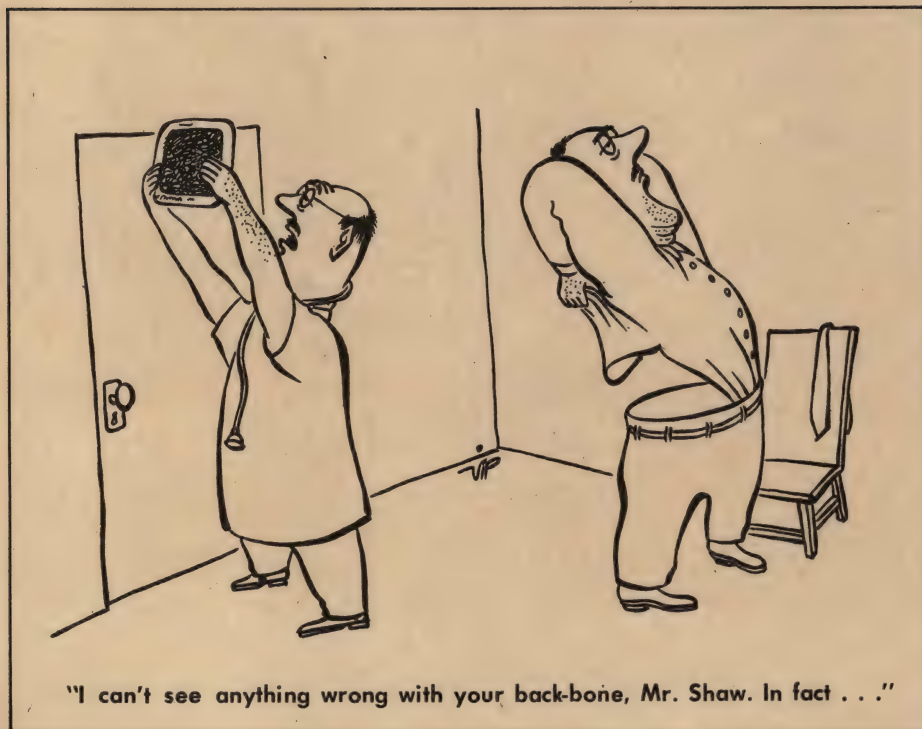
Hagemeister won his Medal of Honor for tending the wounded while under enemy fire. In the same action he also seized a rifle from a friend of his who had been hit and killed four enemy soldiers.

After dedicating the Pentagon's new "Hall of Heroes," President Johnson hung the Medal of Honor, suspended by a pale blue moire ribbon on the four men.

It takes a while from the time a serviceman does something worthy of The Medal and the time he finally receives it and a lot can happen in the meantime. In April of 1968, for instance, Sgt. Pittman was discharged from active duty and went home to his wife and parents in Stockton, California. Captain Young was assigned as a helicopter instructor pilot at Sheppard Air Force Base, Texas.

They say that the pomp and ceremony of a single day, no matter what the occasion, eventually passes. It's doubtful, though, that any of these four men, Young, Pittman, Williams, or Hagemeister will ever forget May 14, 1968 in Washington. It is also said that the good that people do is usually forgotten after a while. It is also doubtful that anyone who knows any of these men will forget what they have done and for good reason. It takes character—a special kind and a lot of it—to do what it takes to win the Medal of Honor. This sort of thing doesn't just turn on and off. It is an inherent part of a man's make-up. Wherever any of these men go, whatever they do in the future, it is certain that they will display the same character and heroism that resulted in their being given the nation's highest award that sunlit day in May.

END



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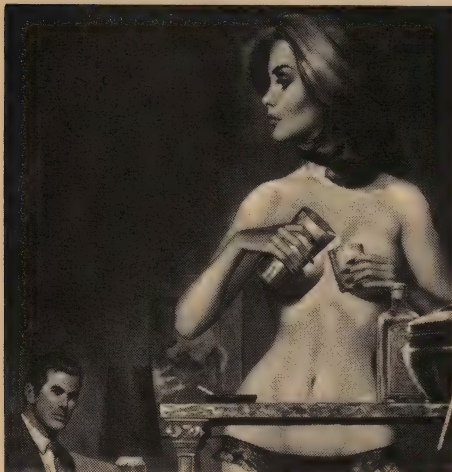
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LAURA'S NAKED SURPRISE



(Continued from page 21)

struck by the unusual, the unique, beauty of a girl with rosy cheeks, deep brown eyes and wearing a semi-transparent plastic weatherproof garment tight as skin around the trimmest of figures.

And now the girl, in the gloom of the grog-shop, gazed at Burns, smiled and approached him. Perhaps she was lost and wanted information. No, she took the stool next to him and turned to Muldoon. She asked for a martini and dry. Not an uncommon drink, but in Muldoon's? Suds and whiskey for the likes of his customers, but the girl got her martini. "Awful day," she said, turning and smiling at Burns again.

"Terrible." But nice that you dropped in, he thought. A lovely, lovely thing.

One martini, then another, and both consumed almost in the blink of an eye and yet with no haste or trembling indicative hand. Then the demand for another, and Muldoon obliged, but now the girl stirred on her stool and made a face.

"Little uncomfortable. Rather sit in a booth," she said. "Will you sit with me?"

Sit with her? He wanted to carry her in his arms to the booth. Instead, he toted his half-filled glass of beer. In the privacy of the booth, facing each other, the girl nodded and said, "You're not really going to drink that awful stuff, are you?"

She meant the beer in his glass and beer was his taste, as good as anything. "Something wrong with it?" he meekly asked.

"Have a martini with me. I'll stand for it."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," he countered gallantly and waved to Muldoon. "One martini for me."

Ah, got her horns in him already, Muldoon grumbled to himself and fixed another. Reluctantly he brought it to the booth and went back behind the bar.

"Cheers!" said the girl.

"To a nice rainy day," said Burns, and they drank, the girl studying him over the brim of her glass. *The brownest of eyes, he thought, and sitting with the likes of me.*

The girl smiled. "I should think introductions are in order and we do have names. I'm Laura Ruth Parsons."

"Ah, a lovely name, but I'm just going to call you Ruth. Jimmy Burns is the monicker I go by."

The formalities over and the ice broken, light conversation and a few more mar-

tinis came next. Marvel of a girl, this Ruth. The weaker sex? Not when it came to martinis. The gin swirled in Burns' head. Blue Monday? He no longer knew the month, much less the day of the week.

More light conversation and then, abruptly, the end. Ruth had to leave. A dismal announcement. Burns' face dropped, but then he was relieved. She invited him to take her home. A bit of a shock. She didn't appear that sort of girl, and wasn't, he decided. He'd fly her to her door.

Muldoon scratched his head as the pair went out. It was still raining, but the sun was shining for Burns. "Under the awning and out of the wet," he commanded Ruth. "A taxi for you."

"Taxi?" She laughed and pointed a finger. "There's our taxi."

A small red car waited across the gutter. It was a sleek lined, foreign job. He blinked. "That's yours?"

"Of course. Come on." She took his hand and across the gutter they went. Burns had difficulty at the side of the car. Ruth slid behind the wheel and said, "Get in before you drown."

"How?" he wanted to know, looking down at his long legs.

"Fold yourself in half," Ruth laughed, which was practically what he did. And under the shed he said, "What kind of car?"

"A Buggatti, and fast."

Another ten minutes and they were at her door. A look at the house and he knew he was off-limits. Not that the house was a mansion, but it looked like one to him. "Well, we're here," Ruth announced, sliding out from behind the wheel.

And the end of the road for him, he thought, taking her to the door and wondering how he'd get back to Muldoon's. "You're the master. Open please. It's chilly out here." Ruth handed him the key. He unlocked the door, handed back the key and stood aside while she stepped in.

And so now, the "nice meeting you" stuff, the finish to a pleasant and innocent afternoon fantasy. It was hard to find the proper words, but Burns didn't have to. "What are you standing there for?" said Ruth. "Come in and close the door."

HE OBEYED like one in a coma, and then the real shock. Ruth reached up, pulled down his head and planted a kiss that shook him to his soles. "Um, good," she said, and led him into a spacious living room, the likes of which he'd seen only in magazines. Then off came Ruth's raincoat and he had more to look at than fancy furniture and more than he'd imagined existed under that tight-fitting plastic.

"A drink, Jimmy?" Off she went to do the honors while he followed her marvelous form with his eyes.

It was after the second round that Ruth changed to a robe which revealed more of her than it concealed—a clinging dazzling thing that took his breath away. But in spite of these new and generous revelations, it was the look in her eyes that held him. "Something wrong?" he asked.

"Wrong? Goodness, no. If you knew how long I looked, how many places I searched."

"Searched for what?"

"But for you, of course."

"I don't think I understand."

"You don't have to darling. All you have to know is that I found you."

The drinks, he thought. But nice to hear. He smiled and said, "You should have looked in Muldoon's sooner."

"Ah, I know." She was still staring, as if about to consume him. "Yes, you're just the type."

"And what type is that, may I ask?" he said.

"Rather show you," she murmured and, before he knew it, she was on him like a tigress. Kisses, kisses and more kisses and, at last, she came up panting for breath. As for Burns, he was totally dazed. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before. *Heaven, Oh, Heaven,* he thought, and saw the tigress staring as if at her prey, which he was more than happy to be, but for all of her passion, there was calculation in her gaze. It was well to be warned, but he was beyond his depth, and the tigress moved again, measuring her timing now. In a slow and taunting descent, her gown slipped from her.

Never had he seen such beauty. This was Eve in the Garden, this was Paradise, this . . . "My lover." The tigress sprang again, and this time Burns displayed his own claws.

Panting when it was over, staring at the ceiling, he smiled to himself. A job well done? He wasn't one for bragging, but . . . Footsteps. Ruth was coming back, robe on now, a smile of satisfaction on her face. Not ready for more, as much as he'd like another go, but . . . "Jimmy, dear." His brows arched. The tigress ready to spring again. "You were wonderful, marvelous, the greatest, Jimmy." He beamed and then came the fatal words, "You'll have to leave. I've work to do."

His face fell, and she laughed. "It's not the last time, you know."

Better. There would be more like this. He'd better save his energy now. Can't be all play and no work. "All right, Ruth." He smiled and got up, tipsy and weak, dressed and somewhat belatedly remarked, "I better run before the folks walk in."

"There's no one to walk in, Jimmy."

"You mean you live all alone here?"

"Strictly alone."

"In this big house?"

"Yes, in this big house, Jimmy. I can afford it."

"Something. You must be rich."

"No, but I expect to be." Instead of explaining, she took him to the door. "Want to use the Buggatti? You'll get home faster."

"Too fast," he said, and she kissed him, not perfunctorily, either, and then let go. "You're free tomorrow afternoon?"

"Every and all afternoons. It's evening work I do."

"Every afternoon. How wonderful. Pick you up the same time tomorrow at Muldoon's?"

Pick him up? It was a reversed order of things but a pleasant idea at that. "I'll be at Muldoon's," he said and went out the door.

Rain pelting down, but he was barely aware of it, thinking of his luck. A rich one on the string, frisky as a colt and with all the lovely makings. "Oh, the luck of Jimmy Burns," he hummed. A grand afternoon if he'd ever spent one. Not a single complaint, not a jarring note to it all, though the commands, for that's what they'd seemed like, the "Do this," and "Do that," and all the what-not she'd demanded of him, had been a bit of a strain, and that unaccountable whirring in the room had been somewhat disturbing. "It's only the air-conditioner," she explained when he'd asked what it was.

Young, beautiful, wealthy and all mine," Burns said over his martini a week later. Muldoon eyed him skeptically.

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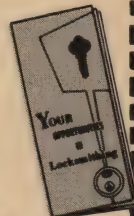
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tically, and shook his head. "High in the saddle and riding for a fall," he rasped. "Now don't be jealous, Muldoon."

"Jealous? Don't be a jay. There's something wrong, I tell you. An ugly plug like you without any assets, and a girl like that, it's got to come to no good."

"Ah, but so far, so good. As for assets, I have them. I mean I have 'em beyond what I thought, and it took her to show me. All praise to her for that."

"Delusion," said Muldoon. "From listening to a woman and too many of them martinis. A deadly drink."

"Wonderful drink," Burns replied, rolling the olive in his empty glass.

"And that's the deadly part of it," Muldoon said of the olive. "That bit of poisoned green."

"Deadly? What's deadly about it?"

"That's the bit that blows the top off your skull when you drink that drink. Aye, the bomb in the martini."

"Talk of bloody superstitions," said Burns. "Where'd you pick that one up?"

"Never mind, wisenheimer. Here's your pet dove coming for you."

Another lift in the flying Buggatti, another love-bout at Ruth's, strenuous action, no holds barred, the brown-eyed tigress telling him how to, when to directives he willingly and joyously followed, and everything perfect but for the insistent whirring of the ill-conditioned air-conditioner. Then at the door again, a hug and kiss from Ruth, a strange smile on her face and stranger remark. "The lover," she said and opened the door. The whirring sound followed him out and stopped when the door closed behind him.

"Ah, now, didn't I tell you?" said Muldoon.

It was a month later, and thirty days

since Burns had set eyes on Ruth. She'd vanished completely, left him high and dry with no explanation whatsoever. A dirty, low-down trick, he thought, swirling the flat beer in his glass, and Muldoon rubbed it in again.

"Didn't I tell you, Burnsey. She used you and tossed you aside like an old mop."

"Well, it was good while it lasted," Burns answered weakly.

"Aarr—but it didn't last, and what's good that doesn't last? But last or not, the fact remains, you lowered yourself to the gutter and you let her do it."

"How's that?" said Burns, missing the point.

"Oh, ho, how's that says he. Well, if you don't know, she used you as a stud, kicked her hooves in your face and made you think it was the real thing."

"All right, you win," said Burns. "I was taken."

"Sure, you were, and do you know who she was, what she does for a living?"

"Do you?" said Burns.

Muldoon grinned and spread out a newspaper he took from under the bar. "Take a gander at that. There's your Ruth Parsons, only her name is Dolores Holm and she's an actress. Now listen to this. It says she's the star of the new "underground," whatever that means, movie, THE LOVER, the most daring film ever done and which will no doubt net the beautiful Miss Holm several million dollars in cold cash. Did you hear that, Burnsey?"

Burns not only heard, but understood. The air-conditioner whirring? Oh, no, a deftly hidden camera had made that sound, eyed him in all his antics, on bed, floor, chandelier, or wherever, eyed him and filmed him for the delight of uncounted

millions of avid movie-goers. And would anyone, especially a judge, believe he'd neighed and cavorted raw through all those scenes in total innocence of the perfidious camera? Take Ruth—Dolores to court? It would only mean more publicity for her epic of love, and nothing but embarrassment for himself.

"A double-whiskey," he said to Muldoon.

"Aye, you need it, man. The best way to forget your troubles."

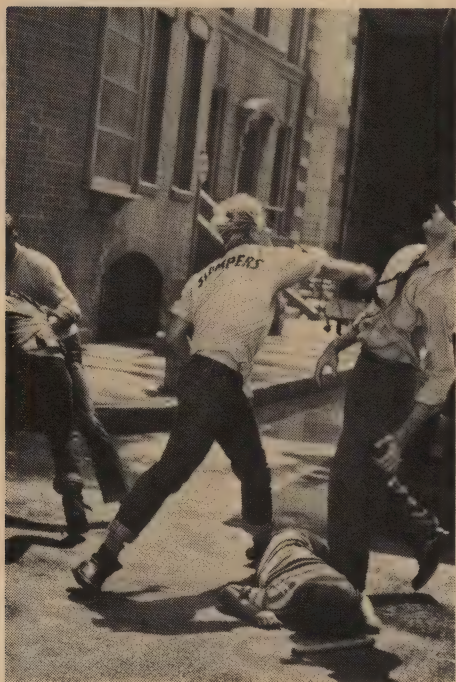
Four doubles and Burns went home to bed in hope that THE LOVER would fold at opening and no one would recognize him.

Hope dies hard, but it dies. Over-night THE LOVER became a staggering success. Ruth—Dolores was made, and the anonymous star, Jimmy Burns? The cloak of anonymity was quickly torn asunder. The curious and the inquisitive in the female accomplished that easily.

First thing the morning after THE LOVER's premier, the phone rang and Burns picked it up. An old girl-friend who'd dropped him like a hot brick, slyly, but not too slyly, suggested they renew their acquaintanceship. Two minutes later a neighbor's wife rang and came right to the raw point. And that was only the beginning; from then on and all through the day, from teen-agers, college girls, matrons, elderly spinsters, divorcees, widows, the married and single, came the calls; from all the various states of the union, pleas, offerings, passionate moans and desperate cries, and at last, but not finally, in a momentary lull amidst this frantic avalanche of passion, the purring, seductive voice of the long-distance operator, putting in a red-hot plug for herself.

END

CHICAGO CRIME WAR



(Continued from page 25)

who try to channel the gangs' intensity into worthwhile pursuits and the police who heed a rising public outcry and constantly hover over the gangs' areas, make arrests at the slightest provocation, infiltrate the ranks of the gangs, and confiscate weapons.

Police claim their intelligence officers have already infiltrated many gangs, enabling officials to name some of the killers. And they have seized several caches of arms on the South Side.

The guns are being confiscated under a tough new city law which requires that all weapons in the city be registered, and prohibits ownership of guns by anyone under 18. The police infiltrators have provided extensive lists of hiding places for the illicit weapons, they claim.

Some of the worst violence in the city's slums this spring followed the assassination of the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King. Rioting during the April 5-7 period got out of control, and when police could no longer control the situation, the National Guard was ordered in.

Many of the slum streets where the gangs flourish looked like smoldering scenes from a war movie.

During this period, Chicago Mayor Daly made a much-publicized statement about ordering the police to shoot looters on sight.

He was widely criticized, particularly by people outside Chicago. But many in the city backed his tough stand.

There seems little doubt that the police in Chicago have been tough on the gangs, and that some of the searches and arrests have been of hazy, even doubtful, legality.

There have been cries of anguish over police tactics by civil rights groups and anti-poverty workers, as well as church officials.

These people concede the violence, but claim that the police tactics are not harnessing the violence, but only inflaming the slum youths. They point out that police make blanket arrests and searches under shadowy authority, and that ultimately, many cases are dropped, and few

of the arrested are ever actually convicted.

Since most of the youths are Negro, this also adds a lethal element, and adds to bitterness on both sides.

It is common for the arrest record of a gang leader to show a couple dozen arrests, but only a minor conviction. One of the best-known gang leaders in the city has been arrested 20 times, yet only convicted once for disorderly conduct.

With much publicity, he was arrested for murder last fall. Then, with little fanfare, the charges were quietly dropped for lack of evidence.

And gang members and officials of the First Presbyterian Church dispute the police version of last January's raid on the church.

Church officials say the raid was just one of many in which the building was literally torn apart, and that the cache of arms the police found consisted of some shells and an old rifle which had been there for years, and did not even work. They add that the "bomb" was nothing but a pipe used in constructing the building.

This is a situation that is not likely to be resolved soon, and many people on both sides of the controversy concede that the pattern of violence, tough police work and charges of police brutality are likely to continue, particularly during the summer.

The gang leader who was arrested so many times by the police was a member of the Blackstone Rangers, the largest, best-known and most influential of the Chicago street gangs, and the group that adds an additional dash of flavor to gangland, Chicago, 1968.

Police say the Rangers are trying indeed to become a youth-based Mafia. In addition to their participation in violence between gangs, police state, the Rangers have regularly extorted everyone on their "turf," from schoolchildren to businessmen.

And police add that the gang enforces such a strict discipline that some members have been shot for disobeying orders.

Naturally, the Rangers deny these charges. And even the police admit that the thrust of their energies is not all toward violence and seems to be changing.

The Rangers have as many as 5,000 members and do seem to enforce a rigid discipline on their members. This kind of discipline, and the dedication and loyalty of the members recently enabled them to turn out a 70% vote for alderman in their wards.

The group, which numbered some 20 members only a few years ago, definitely seems interested in becoming a political force by keeping their members active and loyal past the age of 21.

In addition to their bent for politics, the gang has funneled its efforts into some other non-violent areas, and the publicity these efforts have received have made the Blackstone Rangers the most famous street gang in the country.

They have been running a neighborhood youth program, as well as a job-training center, and have elaborate plans for setting up small businesses in the slums. At least one foundation has awarded the Rangers a grant for a leadership training program.

The Rangers presented a well-received musical review called "Opportunity Please Knock" and a singing group appeared on national television.

And in a more spectacular, and for the present more important, vein, they helped keep the explosive West Side neighborhood relatively cool during the 1966 riots in Chicago.

In this immediate future you will be faced with a very confusing situation at your local newsstand. You will discover several new magazines displayed that are clever imitations of your steady favorites. To make certain you are buying the ones you really want—the magazines that contain the greatest in NEW Adventure Reading—look for the Sign of the Diamond found only on the magazines listed below:

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They not only cooperated with police and youth agencies to curb violence, but held a dance for their members every night to make sure they stayed out of trouble. And attendance at the dance was mandatory.

Again, in the summer of 1967, the Rangers helped keep their neighborhood under wraps. And at least once, after a young girl was shot by a policeman, the police credited a Ranger leader with keeping a bitter crowd from rioting.

And during the worst of the rioting, the assassination of Dr. King, the Rangers again tried to cool their area.

Some Chicago officials believe that the outbreak of deadly gang warfare this year is actually the result of the Rangers' turning their intensity into other areas than enforcing their authority on the streets with violence.

When the Rangers began to withdraw, it seems to have created something of a power vacuum among the huge youth population of the worst slum areas, youth who belonged to gangs that previously were less significant.

There are many of these groups, with such exotic names as the Raven King Cobras and the Double Six Kings. For a brief time the two merged to form the Mongolian Cobras. But then there was an internal dispute which no one outside the gangs has been able to understand.

What is clearly understood is the carnage as the gang warfare accelerated.

At one time, the youth and welfare agencies were able to get the gangs to form truces, particularly with the Rangers. But though there has been a frantic effort on the part of city, church and private organizations to set up truces, they have seldom worked in the past few months, and the shootings have continued.

Any study of the present-day gangs must be considered against the violent back-

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ground of the city's history, and its police department.

Chicago has been called the crime capital of the world. It is a city with a tradition of Al Capone and the St. Valentine's Day massacre, a city that has already "celebrated" gang killing number 1,001.

Police say the 26 youth-gang murders this year indicate the worst outbreak of gang killings in several years. But this is a city which recorded 40 murders in the first 40 days of 1960.

In 1960, a burglar started talking in the open one day and his tales were not only about payoffs and shakedowns between criminals and policemen, but also about a crime syndicate that was operating right within the police department.

Many of Chicago's cops were actually burglarizing warehouses at night, holding up bars and liquor stores, and mugging people.

The Chicago police force, in short, was a mess, even a joke, to a population that considered itself pretty cynical about such matters.

But also in 1960, when the situation hit bottom, Chicago decided to do something drastic. The city hired O.W. Wilson, a former Wichita, Kansas police chief, and then Dean of the School of Criminology of the University of California.

There was resistance and there were problems and there was hesitation, but in a short time, Wilson made some far-reaching changes. He re-organized the precincts to break the tradition of local politicians having undue influence over the police stations, and he modernized the antiquated communications system.

Above all, Wilson tried to enforce rigid honesty among his men. Of course, not every cop on the force was perfect, but by 1965, while crime in the rest of the

country was increasing by 18%, Chicago's rate of crime actually fell 12%.

By the time he announced his retirement a little later, Chicago had a police force that could hold its own with any big-city department in the country.

Wilson's reorganized and highly modernized department had been particularly effective in reducing incidents of robbery, muggings and assaults—the kinds of crime that most stir up the citizens of a city.

But even Wilson conceded that his ef-

forts had not eliminated the vast organized crime. A more sophisticated Chicago Mafia was thought to run a \$2-billion-dollar-a-year business.

"We're far from winning the battle against organized crime," Wilson said.

But the Mafia isn't getting the kind of publicity that the youth gangs are, and some critics of the Chicago police tactics claim it's a lot easier to bust teenage kids than tackle other police problems.

Ultimately, there are two factors that are ugly but must be faced. The first is that despite all claims against the police and their tactics, there have been 26 people murdered, and those cars do screech out of the darkness, and gunmen do ambush in the night.

The second is that this is essentially a problem in a black ghetto, a slice of hell in which to be a teen-ager. And much of the resentment toward the police by the youths seems to be a manifestation of bitterness toward a system that many teenagers feel put them in the squalid slums, and in many ways condemns them to live there. And perhaps like their relatives, to never get out.

During the summer, in addition to the usual elements that cause riots and death in a city's slums, the Democratic Convention will be held in Chicago.

Militant groups have vowed to picket, influence, even disrupt the convention if it does not respond to their demands. The city officials are determined not to be embarrassed by such tactics, and have vowed to use whatever force is necessary to prevent them.

Chicago is a tough, proud city but with gangland, youth-style, 1968, it faces one of its toughest problems. **END**



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"BOOBY-TRAP" RAILROADS



(Continued from page 29)

Persons for two miles around the derailment had to evacuate.

Shocking? Appalling? It is. And it's going to get a lot worse before it gets better. These were accidents that typify, both in cause and in deadly consequences, the nation's increasingly poor record for railway safety.

There were 7,089 train accidents in 1967, an increase of 71 percent over 1961.

Poor track conditions, largely the result of poor maintenance, is a growing cause. Accidents caused by track defects increased 140 percent from 1961 to 1966.

Moreover, trains are getting faster, heavier and longer, all of which puts greater pressure on tracks. And there are no Federal controls on the length of trains. An example of this is a recent freight train which, in an experiment in a Southern state, stretched almost five miles across the countryside.

What's especially frightening is the rising risk of full-blown catastrophe. With more and more gasoline and deadly chemicals being shipped by rail, the probabilities for a tragically lethal release of materials on populated areas are greatly increased.

The Federal Railroad Administration has limited authority to impose more stringent safety standards. It investigates accidents and inspects brakes and couplers on rolling stock and tests signals and other safety devices. But it has no jurisdiction over tracks and right-of-way structures.

Joseph J. O'Connell, Jr., chairman of the National Transportation Safety Board, in April of this year urged the Federal Railroad Administration to be more aggressive in investigating and reporting on rail accidents in light of the "disquieting picture." Such factors as the quality of maintenance and inspection performed by the railroads, and the performance of employees, should be made a part of accident reports, he said. He said if railroad management and labor cannot reduce the accident statistics, there should be legislation giving the Federal Government more power over rail-safety standards.

The railroads question some of the statistics but don't deny that a problem exists. Thomas M. Goodfellow, president

of the Association of American Railroads, says the statistics compiled by the National Transportation Safety Board fail to take into account the increased volume of business that railroads have been handling. But he adds: "We're not satisfied with our present safety record."

In preparing statistics, the safety board computed the derailments per million train-miles to support its view that accidents are increasing and poor tracks are a major cause. Derailments caused by poor tracks, for example, were .99 per million train-miles in 1961 and 2.31 in 1966, an increase of 133 percent.

The Federal officials say that the use of longer trains is part of the problem—the longer trains impose more wear on the tracks in proportion to the amount of maintenance.

Mr. O'Connell, whose comments on rail safety were contained in a letter he sent to the Federal Railroad Administration, said that the basic responsibility for improving rail safety should rest with railroad management and labor. Mr. Goodfellow agrees. "We're confident that we'll have labor's full support in reversing this trend," he says.

But labor believes that the Federal Government should take charge of enforcing rail safety. Donald S. Beattie, executive secretary of the Railway Labor Executives Association, said the unfavorable statistics "prove anew the crying public need for a strong railroad-safety law." He asserted that "the railroads pinch pennies on safety, and their employees and the public pay the price in deaths and injuries."

Behind this management-labor sparring is a new effort to establish strong Federal regulation over maintenance and inspection of tracks and all other railway equipment.

Meanwhile, the slaughter goes on.

March, 1962. Athol, Idaho. The crack Northern Pacific Mainliner, bound from Chicago to Portland, ran off the tracks on a sweeping curve as it approached a 200-foot-high trestle during the night. The engine plunged down a snow-covered bank and into a lake and passenger cars were hurled around "like jackstraws."

The engineer and fireman on the three-unit Diesel engine drowned in the deep north Idaho lake. At least 78 of the 100 passengers aboard the 12-car train were treated in area hospitals. Four persons were seriously injured.

Cause: unknown.

June, 1962. Missoula, Mont. A Northern Pacific passenger train, eastbound from Seattle to Chicago, derailed at a speed of more than 75 mph after rounding a curve and starting down a canyon grade. A child was killed and more than 243 other passengers were injured. An official spokesman gave the train's speed at "more than 70 mph" in an area where the recommended speed is 30 mph.

Cause: Drunkenness on the part of the engineer.

July, 1962. Steelton, Pa. A Pennsylvania Railroad train carrying fans to a National League baseball game between the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Philadelphia Phillies derailed into the shallow Susquehanna River at a speed of nearly 70 mph. Nineteen persons were killed and 116 injured when three cars of the nine-car train to Philadelphia left the tracks.

Cause: a section of track out of alignment.

September, 1964. Montgomery, Illinois. A Chicago, Burlington & Quincy passenger train crashed head-on with a Rock Island Line passenger train standing still on a siding about 40 miles west of Chicago. Four persons died and 24 were injured

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in the midnight accident.

Cause: brake failure and human error.
September, 1967. Carroll, New Hampshire. An open switch was responsible for the derailling of a train on Mt. Washington's famed cog railway, which killed eight and injured 73.

A member of the rescue party said that a switch was open about a mile from the summit of the 6,288-foot mountain. "Whether it was thrown by a climber or the brakeman forgot it, it was definitely open," said the man, who asked not to be identified.

The tragedy occurred as a passenger car and steam engine started the 3-1/2-mile descent of the steep mountainside on the train's last trip of the day. The train was crawling down the steep slope on its trestled tracks when the engine began to shake, apparently at the switching point. The engine then pitched off the track.

The passenger car, with one wheel broken, sped down the incline like a roller coaster at 40 to 50 mph, tearing up 500 feet of tracks while brakemen battled to stop it. It finally lurched off the tracks, plunged down a six-foot embankment and flipped over on its side, crushing some of the passengers.

Cause: negligence.

January, 1968. Snydersville, Ohio. Ten cars of an 72-car New York Central freight train derailed, causing \$15,000 worth of damage to the railroad's property. One of the runaway boxcars smashed into a nearby house, killing an off-duty track worker and injuring his wife and three children.

Cause: a broken wheel.

As indicated in some of the accidents reported above, and in others to numerous to detail here, human error can

be a major causative factor in railside tragedies. Too many times investigating officials, searching for the cause of a train mishap, have found this to be true.

Drunkenness is not rare among trainmen; they are notorious guzzlers. And while the majority of them confine their imbibing to off-duty hours, some do not. There have been many railroad accidents caused by an engineer "under the influence" dozing at the helm, as was the case in the Missoula, Mont., tragedy.

Other human errors resulting in rail-side horrors can be directly attributed to outright stupidity, or incompetence, or apathy, or just plain laziness.

Another aspect of rail tragedies is a game called "rail-crossing roulette." Rail-crossing accidents are killing 1,800 people a year in 4,000 train-car accidents, and the toll has been steadily climbing for years.

The U.S. Department of Transportation, alarmed by the growing number of accidents, has begun a national study of grade-crossing safety. One reason for the department's concern: The development of high-speed passenger-train service, using equipment capable of traveling at speeds of up to 150 mph, will put even more pressure on already outmoded signal devices. In fact, inadequate crossings posed one of the big problems in starting a pilot high-speed train service between Washington, D.C. and New York City, which is scheduled to begin operations this fall—a year late.

The dimensions of the crossing problem are growing even as government and industry try to decide what to do about it. More than 1,000 new crossings are created each year by urban growth. There already are 213,000—one to about every mile of train-line track in the nation.

One way to eliminate grade-crossing hazards would be to eliminate the crossings by building overpasses and underpasses. But this would hardly be practical—because one grade-separation structure can cost up to \$250,000. Building enough to eliminate all crossings would cost a whopping \$100 billion—which happens to be twice the total of all Federal money spent on highways since World War I!

So it comes down to selecting the crossings that are so hazardous that something should be done about them. The obviously deficient ones are easy to find, but sorting out the hazardous crossings from the thousands that have only one or two sets of tracks is another matter. Mere accident history is misleading because a crossing may carry great potential hazard yet be accident free. Then some day a car full of children will happen along at precisely the wrong time and suddenly the crossing's death toll is very bad indeed.

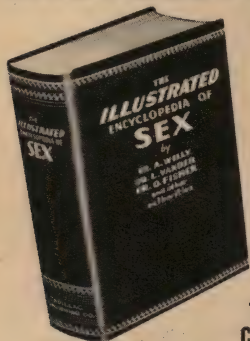
The present low state of crossing safety can be attributed in part to a lack of co-operation between state and local governments and railroads. The governments have contended that grade-crossing safety is a railroad problem, and the railroads have argued that it's a highway problem.

Neither has been aggressive in initiating improvements. One result is that most existing warning systems were designed and installed for the automobiles and driving habits of the 1930s. Improvements tend to follow tragedy, rather than to prevent it.

A change in the attitudes of government and industry has been taking place. In December of 1967, representatives of railroads, governments, labor unions and education met for a grade-crossing symposium at Texas A&M.

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Said one person who attended: "To get everybody to agree that this is a problem for everyone was quite an accomplishment. In the past, they often preferred to blame it on one another."

Railroad spokesmen say that with rare exceptions no motorist would ever have an accident at a grade crossing if he used reasonable caution and paid attention to the crossing signal or sign. Even the most remote public crossing bears at least some sign, and 20 percent of all crossings have flashing-light warning systems.

The problem is, motorists often do not use caution when they approach crossings, and sometimes they pay no attention to the signal. Says Dr. Charles Wooten, associate director of Texas S&M's Transportation Institute:

"People run into trains with warning lights flashing and bells ringing. It's obvious that existing signals are not doing the job of alerting the driver. Warning signals have not kept pace with auto design, the speed of the car or the road design."

Motorists driving down highways at 50 mph often don't receive any advance warning that they are approaching a crossing, sometimes around a blind curve, where a train may be approaching at 60 or 70 mph. At such speeds, a driver may not have time to stop even if he does see a train coming.

Neon signs in commercial areas around some warning systems may be confusing. According to Dr. Wooten: "People are used to high-intensity lights and other distracting visual images while they are driving. We're going to evaluate the possibility of bright-flashing strobelight to see if it has more impact than the low-intensity lights on traditional signals. We're also thinking of evaluating different colors than red—shocking orange, for example."

Flashing lights and ringing bells may suffer still another failing—what experts call "immunity." Last year a man in Sacramento, Calif., drove his car around two vehicles that had stopped for a flashing light at a crossing and proceeded across. An instant later a train hit the car, killing him, his wife and seven children.

The National Transportation Safety Board, which investigated the accident, noted in its report that the man obviously had been aware that the warning signal was flashing: He had gone to the trouble of driving around stopped vehicles. But, the board surmised, the driver probably thought he was perfectly safe, since he had driven over the same crossing dozens of times when the light was flashing and no train was in sight. The light often flashed when there was no train because a switch engine that frequently worked nearby activated the signal. The driver had become immune to the signal's warning.

Says a Federal railroad official: "There just is at present no cheap, sophisticated way of telling a driver that in three seconds a train is going to come roaring past the grade crossing in front of him. It's just like finding a better mousetrap. The man who can come up with a really effective low-cost device would make the crossing problem a thing of the past."

Until Congress acts and passes a bill that will initiate strong Federal regulation over maintenance and inspection of tracks and all other railway equipment, until the railroad industry and state and local governments can solve the problem of finding a more effective grade-crossing device, the slaughter on our rails will continue.

And the next victim could be you . . .

END

AMERICANS IN FOREIGN PRISONS



(Continued from page 40)

switch flooded the room with light. The bed was empty. Across a wicker chair, Baldwin's once neatly folded slacks hung disheveled. The pockets, white against blue, were inside out.

"Damn, damn, damn," Baldwin swore. *The oldest trick in whoredom, only she had substituted pot for a mickey. If I catch that bitch, he thought, I'll break her legs for her.*

The young American had just finished dressing and was combing his hair over the filthy basin in a corner of the room when he was interrupted by a pounding on the door. *The desk clerk, Baldwin said to himself, expecting to be paid for the room. Let the bastard wait.* Although the knocking persisted, Baldwin finished combing his hair before he finally opened the door and peered outside into the dingy hallway.

"Meester Smith?" the police commandant asked.

Baldwin's face betrayed his bewilderment. Then he remembered he had used "Smith" when he signed the register. "The name is Baldwin," he corrected the officer. "I want to report a robbery."

The police commandant ignored Baldwin's last remark. "There was a telephone call to my office reporting an American using drugs in this room. Do you mind if I search the place?"

Brushing past the startled Baldwin, the officer walked directly toward the bed and extracted the unfinished joint from an ashtray on the nighttable. "I'll need this for evidence," he commented pleasantly.

"Are you out of your damn mind?" Baldwin finally exploded. "I've been rolled and you're screwing around looking for pot. Tijuana's full of the crap."

"True, Meester Baldwin," the police commandant retorted, "but that makes it no less legal?"

"Forget the shakedown," Baldwin said bitterly. "Let's cut out this farce. That whore took my last peso."

"I hope you can wire for some, senior," the officer said softly. "There's a five-year sentence in Mexico for using marijuana. Did you know that?"

Baldwin just shook his head numbly as the police commandant extracted a snub-nosed .32 from his holster, ordered the American to put his hands behind him, then handcuffed him and led him to a

waiting car. "Another damn drug addict," the officer said to the driver. "Mexico is becoming filled with this garbage."

The young American laughed at the policeman's last remark. "You've been watching too many Hollywood movies," he suggested just a second before the Mexican slammed him in the mouth and split his lip wide open.

It was morning in the completely boarded town when Baldwin took the phone from the commandant's hand and called his father in San Diego. A night strapped to a prison cot with rats swarming over his body, not to mention some well placed kicks in his genitals by a grinning guard, had convinced him that further resistance was useless. "You had better bring \$1,000 in cash," the young American told his father before hanging up.

The police commandant smiled, and offered his prisoner a cigarette. "Here, amigo," he said. "There's no law against cigarettes." Then he placed the butt in Baldwin's mouth, taking care to avoid the blood caulked area on his lip, and unlocked the handcuffs.

"When the circulation returns," the police commandant added, "I want you to sign this paper." He offered his prisoner a pen. "It's your sworn statement indicating how well you were treated after we discovered you beaten up and robbed in an alley near a whorehouse."

Baldwin didn't bother to read it; he simply scratched his signature at the bottom of the page. If his father had left the house and was on the San Diego Freeway, he would arrive in about an hour.

PARIS, FRANCE: APRIL 23, 1968.

"And you can shove your Vice President, too," shouted the irate Frenchman, downing his third Pernod in less than fifteen minutes. The American G.I., on furlough from his base in Germany, ignored the insult. He had spent the evening touring the Left Bank bistros for something else than a political argument.

His refusal to debate, however, served as a spur rather than a deterrent to his bellicose barroom companion. "You bastards think you own the whole world," he continued.

"Why don't we drop the subject?" the G.I. said in surprisingly good French. Before graduating from high school in Ames, Iowa, he had taken the language for four years. Another six months at the Army Language School in Monterey, California, had perfected his accent.

"Don't try to avoid the issue, you damn American *merde*," the Frenchman blurted out.

"Why don't we drop it?" the American asked evenly, trying unsuccessfully to keep the angry edge out of his voice.

A crowd of drinking spectators gathered around the American and the Frenchman. At first hostile to the stranger in their midst, many now came to his defense. "We've got enough trouble in Paris as it is, Claude," suggested one sardonic Frenchman to his comrade: the allusion to the student and worker strikes and the precarious position of the de Gaulle government were not lost on the bar's denizens.

"Mind your own business," Claude said bitterly. He was outraged that his comrades had not supported him in his anti-American stance.

The new argument between Frenchmen provided the G.I. with the diversion he needed to finish his drink, and slip quietly out of the bistro. Standing on the Rue de Sevres, he breathed a sigh of relief and looked up and down the street until he spied a parked cab. The young American had just opened the door and was about to give directions when the hand on his

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shoulder jerked him rudely around.

"You American bastards never finish what you start," said Claude.

The American G.I. slowly disengaged the Frenchman's hand from his shoulder. "Get the hell away from me," he warned softly.

The Frenchman spat in the face of the young man, then slapped him several times before receiving a vicious hook in his solar plexus that sent him sprawling face down to the cobblestones. . . .

French police arrested the American G.I. that evening as he boarded a train at the Gare Montparnasse for Frankfurt. "What's the charge?" the American managed to ask.

"Assault with intent to kill," replied one of the cops, not bothering to remove a cigarette that dangled from his lips as he spoke.

An hour later, the American G.I. found himself in the Palais on the Ile de la Cite, bewildered by the black mass of lawyers swarming through the rooms and chambers.

"Seibert Adams," the judge addressed him, "you are accused of mercilessly assaulting Claude Dumas. Qu'avez-vous a repondre? (How do you plea?)"

"Monsieur le Juge," the American began, "I have no lawyer. . . ."

"That gentleman beside you is your attorney," the judge said irritably.

"But he doesn't know about my case," Seibert Adams protested.

The judge regarded him coldly. There was a trace of boredom in his voice as he explained that he believed the defendant's charge, that there were no mitigating circumstances, that the testimony of the taxi cab driver in the defendant's behalf was unnecessary, and that he was sick of brutal Americans assaulting innocent Parisians. "Three months," the judge concluded, and as a new prisoner was brought before him, the guards bundled Seibert Adams out and took him to prison, where he sat for two months of his sentence until American military authorities finally tracked him down and obtained his release.

THE SHOCKING SCANDAL of American citizens being shaken down, sent to jail on trumped-up charges, paying blackmail to petty officials, and serving time in some of the world's grimmest, disease ridden jails gets worse not better every day. Seldom a day goes by when an American newspaper does not carry some item about an American citizen caught up in the maw of foreign justice—and injustice. Just last year, an American tourist visiting the Soviet Union was given two years in a Siberian work camp for "stealing a national art treasure" from his room at Moscow's Metropole Hotel. The "art treasure" referred to in the indictment turned out to be a cheap, gilded statue of a bear, easily obtainable in every department store in the country. Nevertheless, the young American was held in a Soviet prison under maximum security for over a year before he was released in an exchange for a Russian spy. One can just hear the outraged howls from our friendly rivals if one of their citizens were incarcerated for pilfering a Gideon Bible from an American motel. One can also see State Department officials scurrying hastily to have the unfortunate fellow released and to soothe all ruffled feelings.

There are many reasons why these barbarous, illegal acts of blackmail and false arrest are on the upsurge. First, foreign governments and their officials find quasi-legal harassment of Americans an ex-

cellent method of venting their essential anti-Americanism against our country. It is not surprising that under de Gaulle, for example, chances of an American receiving a fair trial in France all but diminished. The *flics*, too, once courteous to American tourists, are showing an alarming tendency to use their nightsticks rather than their mouths on our citizens.

In the Iron Curtain countries, the anti-Americanism takes an overt political rather than an emotional bent. Every American arrested on a trumped-up charge is held up as an example of holliganism and moral decay. If a Russian girl is sexually interested in an American and refuses to believe the reams of government propaganda, the act becomes a criminal one.

The second major reason that Americans are made the targets of foreign cops is financial. Let's face it: Americans have more money than anyone else, and our foreign friends know it. A buddy of mine, visiting Yugoslavia, told me that Yugo officials often made a point of accusing Americans of damaging property and forcing them to pay for it rather than go to jail. When my friend refused to be shaken down for a new toilet in an Immigration Building that an official ridiculously suggested he broke, his passport was taken away. My friend howled that he wanted to call the American Consulate. He was told that people without passports could not prove they were American citizens, and it was therefore impossible to call the American Consulate. My friend got the message.

Reaching into his wallet, he extracted \$50 in traveller's checks, and was told that the sum was the precise amount needed to replace the broken toilet. To this day, my friend gets the receipt he received from the Yugo official out of his desk any time he is tempted to spend American dollars in countries unfriendly to his own.

As was indicated in the third of the dramatized scenes at the beginning of this article, U.S. vessels are regularly harassed and captured by foreign nations—often those nations whose economies would collapse if we withdrew our aid. A recent U.S. Senate document which matter-of-factly reports the adventures of American sea captains attempting to fish in the Gulf of Mexico reminds one of Hollywood movies set in the 1800s and starring Gregory Peck. Yet, it is 1968 and American captains still find

themselves buying licenses for the open sea from government bureaucrats, port authorities and patrol boat officers.

One American ship was boarded off Peru recently, and, even though it had a "license" it had paid for, it was fined \$8,000 for not "showing" the license when it left port. The ship's name, ironically, was the *Chicken of the Sea*.

"What does one expect, though?" asked James Fusca, a newspaperman from Newark, New Jersey, who has written considerable books and articles on these outrages. "If a nation can simply hijack the *Pueblo* while the entire American military force does nothing at all, why shouldn't a peanut country take an American fishing boat or two? They know damn well that no one is going to do a thing.

They also know that America is so interested in maintaining excellent diplomatic and economic relations with certain countries that they won't lift a finger to get some poor bastard out of a dreary jail even though he's 100% innocent."

The fact that Americans often suffer terrible privation and even torture at the hands of sadistic jailors while imprisoned does little to arouse the conscience and concern of our country's officials. Among the biggest patsies along this line are our American servicemen. Because compliant government officials and military officers were all too glad to agree to the Status of Forces agreement between the U.S. and its Allies, American servicemen accused of committing crimes on foreign soil come under local laws and legal machinery.

Resented for their money and their attractiveness to women, these soldiers and sailors often are subject to every sadistic whim their Yankee-hating captors can think of.

A particularly brutal case that occurred in Turkey in 1967 illustrates this tragic situation. In December of that year, the parents of Corporal Brian Heald of Flushing, New York, received word from their son that he was being held in custody in Izmir, Turkey, on a trumped up charge of illegal currency transactions. The letter, American authorities determined later, had been smuggled out of jail by a sympathetic fellow prisoner upon his release.

American military officials were naturally concerned. Turkey, a NATO ally, has an unfortunate but well founded reputation of turning out musclebound cops who are not averse to torture. Corporal Heald's insistence on his innocence might provoke their fury. Their fears, as events proved, were well founded.

At first all inquiries concerning the American soldier's fate met with stoney silence. Finally, after heated discussions on top government levels, American military authorities received official notification that Corporal Heald had indeed been arrested, but later died from injuries received at the hands of a fellow prisoner over food rations. An offer by a top police officer in Izmir to return the American's body was accepted. A subsequent autopsy confirmed Heald had died of blows received.

The matter may have rested there had it not been for the persistent efforts of a free-lance British newspaperman, 32-year-old Walter Brownfield, whose articles have appeared in *Overseas Weekly* on injustices perpetrated on American soldiers stationed on foreign soil. The reporter viewed the Turkish government's report with all the suspicion such reports of prisoners' deaths usually engender.

Discreet inquiries in Ankara and Istanbul produced neither leads nor



evidence, and Brownfield was due to leave the day he received a phone call at the fashionable Hilton in that city. The caller identified himself as a former prisoner who knew the later Corporal Heald. He was, he also explained, in desperate need of money. If Brownfield were willing to pay \$1,000, he would tell him of the circumstances surrounding the young soldier's death.

Following are quotes from the unnamed Turkish companion of Heald as they appeared in an English magazine entitled *London: Night and Day*. "When they brought Heald into the cell, it was obvious the cops had already worked him over. Heald, himself, says he was kicked, beaten with clubs and rubber hoses, and rabbit punched for a full hour, all the time protesting that they had arrested the wrong man. Although he had lapsed into unconsciousness several times, the cops had revived him with bucketfuls of ice water.

"Heald's misery, though, only started with his arrest. A day later, they used the *bastinado* on him. This middle-age torture is very popular with our defenders of law and order in Turkey. Anyway, they beat him unmercifully. They had a pole with a rope fixed around it which they put his feet through. Then, two cops tightened the rope and lifted his feet off the ground so that just his head and shoulders were touching the ground. With a whip, they proceeded to beat the soles of his feet until blood poured from his mouth and anus.

"The next morning, Heald was dead. "And the ironic thing about it is two hours later, they arrested an American serviceman, a look-alike for Heald, who immediately confessed to black market activities and illegal money transactions."

The third reason why abuses against American citizens abroad are increasing has already been suggested. Government officials have not as yet done everything possible to back up innocent Americans accused and convicted of crimes. This is not to say that we ought to return to the Teddy Roosevelt concept of the Big Stick every time an American is imprisoned. Those days are gone for good. America can, though, use her considerable economic and diplomatic leverage to get things done. A simple statement that we intended to withhold military assistance to Chile if she persisted on hijacking our ships and imprisoning our seamen would get results. The Banana Republic admiral who dared board an American ship to blackmail it would find himself on the wrong end of a firing squad.

But, governments, like people, don't always get off their butts unless prodded. It's about time people got sore enough about what's going on around the world to put the heat on Congressmen and White House officials. They have enough pull to get those diplomatic dandys out of the cocktail parties and over to the jails where Americans are being held.

And, if that fails, there's one last resort. To hell with any country where you have to carry money for bribes, where your rights are violated, and law and justice are just shams. There are more than enough spots on this earth where Americans get a fair shake so that you do not have to vacation among the outstretched palms of government officials or spend your time in jail. Hitting them in the pocketbook is a surefire way of achieving the goals of fair play abroad. Hell, you wouldn't go willingly into a den of thieves in your own country. Why do it in foreign countries? END

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SOUTH SEA KINGDOM



(Continued from page 35)

and had nightly shared his sleeping mat. At least, I know that these two are always in season, he said to himself, always ready for a little lovemaking. He reached out to caress Muana, but the girl wriggled out of his grasp.

"It is time for us to place our eyes in the ground. It is time to look into the earth," the old chief said, reluctantly.

"Well it isn't time for me to put my eyes anyplace but where I've been putting them, on the little ladies of your island."

"It is not a time for love games, Tara-Ru," the old man said. "Still, it is best that you go to the women now, but not for love. Now is the time to put your eyes to the earth. The Killing Season has begun and you should await it with them. Go now, Tara-Ru. Leave me."

"I'll go," the American said. "At least maybe they'll tell me more than you have." He walked over to the hut that he'd seen the four women enter. Inside, they were kneeling on the ground, their heads pressed against the hut's clay floor, their hips high and inviting. He gave each one a quick clap on the hips.

"Tara-Ru is here," he said. "Lucky girls, you've got me all to yourself." But the women weren't having any. They didn't even look up. Muana, of the perfect body, spoke, her voice solemn and hollow. "Put your eyes to the ground, Tara-Ru. Quickly, the Season of Killing has begun."

From outside the hut he heard the hoarse reverberating blast of a giant sea-shell horn. Feeling sheepish at having started to kneel at all, the American went over to the window and looked out. Running into the village he saw four men, their bodies elaborately marked with white paint and wearing grotesquely carved wooden masks. They all clutched war axes in their hands. He saw one rush up to a row of kneeling natives.

He stood there, surveying the debris of death. What a goddamned, puzzling mess, he thought. I've seen death before, but I've never watched people have their lights turned out and not put up the least fight. Just kneel there and take it. It was the most nightmarish sight the American had ever witnessed and the vision of it failed to shake loose from his mind. Why?

Who was this raucous, straw-haired Yankee who walked among the maimed corpses and the stink of death on Tononga Island that day in 1953?

To tell this story ideally one must go back to the Pacific War of 1944. It has to be remembered that the Americans were then on the offensive, step by step, rolling back the Japanese from the islands of the Pacific. It was on one such newly recaptured Yank's island that a small boat appeared one day filled with tattered natives, paddling ashore. Their story was simple and grave. A strange malady that the natives could only refer to as *koptagea kea* had attacked their people. Their wives' breasts were dry, their men brought up wet evil from their stomachs and their

babies dropped from their cradles in the trees to breathe no more. Would the white man who made such great gun noise and had such powers help them drive away this evil?"

"Hell, no," said the army commander after he had heard their story. "I'm afraid I have a little thing like a war to fight," he'd said. But he did tell his men that if anyone wanted to look into this thing on his own he'd allow it.

That was when Sgt. Matt Ryan, medical technician, U.S. Army, volunteered. It would be nice to report that he did this out of some large feeling for the human race, out of a basic sweetness and purity toward his fellow man. But such was not the case. Put simply, Ryan was sick to his craw with seeing the same sweaty GI faces over a period of seven months. Any change of scenery would be an improvement. It must also be reported that deep in a corner of his mind, there lay a notion that perhaps several stray Polynesian ladies had managed to retain their charms despite the scourge that was sweeping the island.

At Tononga, Ryan saw at a glance that the malady was only simple cefaloid fever; it could be cleared up within a few hours by a single injection of a serum developed years before by the French. Luckily, his outfit had plenty of it and when the Army commander got Ryan's report, he shipped over enough serum to vaccinate the entire population in one day. Then, a rather amazing thing happened. Although it might seem too complex for the natives to understand, somehow, in their primitive wisdom, they did understand. It came home to them that Ryan had not been ordered to come to Tononga, but had done all this on his own. His real motivations were beside the point. He had volunteered.

As Aroto, the old chief said, looking at Ryan with overpowering sincerity, "From this time on, we shall call you Tara-Ru—second chief. I know that now you must go off to fight along with your people. I know also that you may never return to this island. Yet I tell you, that if ever trouble visits your life, come back to us, I will understand, and welcome you."

Well, nine years later, it came—not big trouble, just a wild complex of petty aggravations that most men would simply have taken on the chin and then just kept plodding along in quiet misery. A wildcat oil scheme that flopped badly (known as the JELLERT-FLOOD FIASCO in Montana) and some peculiar coincidences that saw two jealous husbands out to put bullets in his head at the same time. The nation's readers saw the details of one in the scandal section of Southwest tabloids under the headline, BISTRO OWNER FINDS DANCER-WIFE IN BED WITH OILCATTER, the oilcatter in this case being Matthew Ryan. In clear danger of losing his life to the nightclub operator, a power in Southwest gambling, and deep in bankruptcy proceedings over his oil business, Ryan, no stranger to outrageous schemes, decided, in the space of a few hours of brooding, to fill in the blank check that had been given to him years before on Tononga Island. Without allowing himself time to ponder the wildness of the scheme, Ryan flew immediately to Hawaii; oddly, as soon as the plane settled down at high altitude, Ryan, too, settled down and felt strangely at peace with the whole idea.

From Hawaii, Ryan took passage on a freighter to Tuamotu in the Polynesians. In the freighter's hold was a new helicopter Ryan, using the last of his funds, had bought to fly to Tononga, and in his cabin was a box of over a hundred

hypodermic needles that Ryan had taken along on a wild spur-of-the-moment idea. He knew an eggbeater would knock old Aroto for the count, besides it was the best way he could think of reaching Tononga. The hypodermic needles he planned to give away as souvenirs. After all, the vaccination had been almost 10 years before; he could use a few new props to keep his prestige high for those who had forgotten Tara-Ru.

With a chart he got from the freighter's captain, Ryan had no trouble finding Tononga.

Hovering over the beach, he saw no sign of life at first. Then he spotted a cluster of huts and set the 'copter down. Stepping out of the 'copter, he watched a group of Tononga men clamber toward him. He figured they were coming to greet him—Tara-Ru, the second chief, returned to the island after so many years. Then a *donga* arrow narrowly missed his arm and ricocheted off the side of the 'copter. He jumped back inside the cockpit, closing the glass canopy. The men swarmed around and over the 'copter, with Ryan yelling, "Tara-Ru. Tara-Ru is back." Then he bellowed, "Friend, friend," as he pointed to himself. He held up a hypodermic needle and waved it. The natives looked at him a minute, then went back to pounding down the 'copter's props.

Ryan could see now they didn't mean to rush him. They were just carrying on in boyish Tononga high spirits, but it was hardly the welcome he expected. He lurched back in the seat as the 'copter was hoisted into the air. Looking down, Ryan saw that over 20 Tonongans had simply lifted the light craft on their shoulders. They carried it down the beach and Ryan pitched back and forth in the seat as he rode along in this strange procession.

Ahead, he could see a thatch-roofed long house. Women and children ran around it, chattering excitedly. The door of the long house opened, and Aroto, in chief's yellow robe and white headdress, strode toward a ceremonial chair set in the clearing. Aroto looked to Ryan as he did that day ten years before, straight, strong and regal. Ryan felt vastly relieved.

The warriors set the craft down at the chief's side, Ryan pulling back the glass cockpit, jumping out, and walking toward Aroto's chair, with one hand aloft.

"Tara-Ru greets his brother, Aroto," Ryan said.

"Come closer," Aroto said as he rose.

"Does my brother forget Tara-Ru so easily," said Ryan. "Does he forget Tara-Ru who drove away death with his needle of fire? Is this how Aroto repays his blood pledge, by damaging my air canoe, by not breaking the sacred *gurani* root with Tara-Ru?"

The chief took Ryan's shoulders in his hands, searching the American's face slowly. Then the chief's face relaxed.

"Tara-Ru must forgive his brother," said the chief. "For four seasons of sacred fishing in the waters of Mua Loa, my eyes have grown more dim. My house is your house."

The chief signaled and a young, moist-lipped girl in a tiny *sepi* sash came forward with a *gurani* root. Solemnly, the old chief broke it in two and handed one piece to Ryan.

Ryan was led away to rest from his journey, and as he lay back against a mat pallet in the chief's number one hut, Ryan could hear the excited talk of the Tonongans as they prepared a feast of welcome for the American. As he dropped off to sleep his spirits were high. True, the Tonongans had damaged the 'copter's

blades, but the talk Ryan had had with the old chief had convinced the Yank that he wouldn't want to leave Tononga soon. Aroto had toasted him with that marvelous *juagaroo* the Tonongans made: "Aroto will be honored to have his brother Tara-Ru stay as many fishing seasons as he desires to forget the sickness that has overtaken him in his own land."

The American must have dozed several hours when he was awakened by several young girls laughing and touching him. Ryan looked up groggily. One girl, more bold than the rest, reached over and undid two buttons on his white sports shirt. A tiny-waisted, blossom-hipped item, she had long black hair down to her waist.

"I am Muana," she said. "We have come to prepare Tara-Ru for the feast." Ryan saw the other girls nodding and smiling. Then, she reached over and began to tug at his shirt.

"Hold it," Ryan said. He held Muana's hands. "Just what does it mean to get prepared for the feast?"

"As is the custom," the girl said, "we shall first wash your body. Then we shall oil it with the perfume of the *oani* flower. Finally we shall dress you in a chieftain's *lavalava*."

"No, girls," Ryan said. "Here's what you will do. You will get me some more *juagaroo* and wake me again when the feast begins."

The girls conferred excitedly. Clearly this had never happened before. Then they came back and despite Ryan's first sputtered protests started to disrobe him.

"Stop! I command you," Ryan finally managed to get out. "You forget that I am Tara-Ru. It is my command that you do not touch me."

The girls stopped. Well at least the god stuff has kept me from losing my pants to a gang of teenage girls, Ryan thought. One girl came back with a jar of *juagaroo* and Ryan took a long drink. He looked over at the girls. One, a little thing with a pixie-like face, but full surprisingly rounded bosoms looked so sad that Ryan couldn't help laughing. But even then he couldn't decide which girl he liked the looks of best. The tight-hipped Muana, or this pixie-faced beauty.

"Listen," he said. "It isn't as bad as all that. I'll look all right at the feast. A *lavalava* isn't my style and besides I've never gotten used to having five girl valets."

The girls looked at him dumbly, still pouting. What the devil, Ryan thought. "Listen, Muana," he said. "You can fix me up for the feast, but these trousers stay on, see? They have much magic."

The girls talked together again. Then they took off Ryan's shirt. First they bathed his upper body in cool spring water. After that, they took turns anointing his arms, chest and back with oil. Ryan leaned back and relaxed, feeling very far away from America and any thought of jealous husbands. Once, he started as he felt the side of his trousers being pulled by the pixie-faced young girl.

He pushed her hand away. "What's the matter with her?" Ryan asked Muana. "Didn't she hear Tara-Ru's orders?"

Muana placed a necklace of white flowers around the American's neck. "That is Liani," she said. "She only wonders if the white god is different under his magic trousers than the men of Tononga. You must forgive her. She is very young and very curious."

When Ryan went outside he was immediately struck by the delightfully pungent odors in the air. Aroto and Tononga Island were going all out. Ryan could

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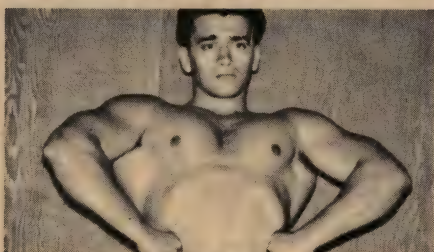
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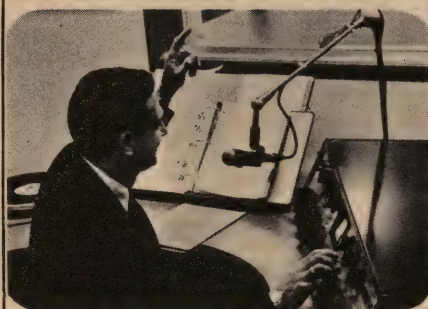
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see several pigs roasting on spits, a long banquet table of *pandanu* mats spread out on the grass, piled high with fruit and individual gourds filled with *juagaroo*. The women were busy at the large open ovens in the ground where they were baking fish and game by covering them on the hot coals with piles of clay. Aroto hailed Ryan and led him to the head of the long feast spread out on the ground.

"Tara-Ru will sit on my right hand," he said. "This night we feast in his honor. On my left hand sits Tuala." He motioned toward a tall, muscular man with a wide flat nose, a large bone hoop in his right ear lobe.

As the feast got under way, Ryan occasionally reached over and took an especially choice piece of meat from Aroto's outstretched palm as befitted his position of honored guest. As all the food tasted good, Ryan had no qualms. Pulling at the *juagaroo*, the American felt happy.

Twice, Ryan tried to get Tuala into a conversation but the man with the bone in his ear only answered curtly, then remained quiet. Once Ryan caught Tuala glaring as the old chief passed the American a bit of broiled fish. This guy will be a good fellow to stay away from, Ryan thought. He's obviously number two man around here and thinks I'm out for his job.

It was near dawn, when Aroto led the now nearly potted Ryan to a large open field. The American looked down to see an amazing sight. Inside small slit trenches in the ground sat, or rather crouched, creamy, cocoa-skinned, delightfully formed Tononga girls. The trenches were made soft and comfortable for the girls with a special Tononga *kirkra* lining. The girl-filled slit trenches were roughly ten feet away from each other and littered about the Tononga game grounds very much in the manner of an obstacle course. As a matter of fact, in some weird sense, it was an obstacle course.

"Now Tara-Ru," the aged man said, placing a wrinkled brown hand on the American's shoulder, "you must run the Tononga Race of Love. As you run down the path, each maiden will try to pull you inside her nest. If she succeeds, you must remain with her until you have given her proof of your manhood. Great honor goes to the man who can pass the greatest number of nests. You, as second chief, are greatly prized and the girls will be even more strong of arm to catch you."

"Drink, Tara-Ru," the chief said. He drained it in a few seconds, and realized it was even stronger than the other Tononga liquor he'd been drinking. He ran down the path toward the nests, but his rubbery legs weren't answering the call of his brain. He was gloriously, riotously cockeyed. In the first nest he saw a young native girl, her teeth and bare breasts both gleaming in the pale moonlight. He skipped in the air and scissored his legs as he passed. The girl's hands slipped off his ankles. Dimly in the background he heard the crowd roar their approval. Then, almost at one, he was passing by another girl's nest. A slim, small-breasted beauty, she wrapped her arms around his legs with a clasp of amazing strength. He spun and slipped away, but he'd lost his balance. Ahead, a small figure swung her body out of her nest into him and the American went down inside the mat-covered hollow. In the half-light, he could see her curious pixie-like face, her young full bosoms. It was Liani, the girl who had helped bathe him. As she fitted her body against him, the American heard her whispering, "Now Liani will know about Tara-Ru."

And she was breathing rapidly like some tiny animal that has been running. The American pulled her small, exquisitely formed body to him tighter.

The rest of the night race was a blur of willing women, lurching, running. Then brief, incredibly violent tumbling about with Tononga women. As the *juagaroo* numbed his mind, the American finally blanked out. But the next morning the old chieftain was all smiles as he greeted the American down by the beach. As near as Ryan could make out, everybody was proud of Tara-Ru, who had been going great guns till he passed out in his fourth nest.

It was after five weeks of this idyllic, fun-filled life that Ryan saw the masked men dash into the village and calmly begin to butcher the natives in the weird Killing Season. After Ryan had buried the victims he began to turn over the strange happenings in his mind. Had he really heard a motorboat engine roaring away after the killing orgy? And what did the whole thing mean?

Ryan questioned an old man cautiously. "And how many times a year do the evil spirits from the mountains make their visits of death?"

The old man held up four bent, skin-cracked fingers. So there were four Killing Seasons. Ryan questioned the old man further and found out the killing seasons occurred regularly. That meant he had three months before the next one. Then because he didn't want to blow the whole thing with the half-mad old fool, Ryan said, "And yet, no one fights back the evil spirits. Are the men of Tononga like little children, to await their head-crushing without struggle?"

The old man flipped another grass hoop on his toe and wheezed delightedly.

"Surely such a warrior as you would not fear the evil spirits of the running-sored ones?" Ryan asked. "Obo, warrior of warriors, would help Tara-Ru to battle them."

The old man pulled himself up proudly. Some echo of past glory must have gotten through to him. "Obo fears nothing," he croaked.

"Then you will stand with Tara-Ru, next Killing Season?" Ryan asked. "You will join Tara-Ru to battle the evil spirit of the Running Sores?"

"Obo will stand and fight," the old man agreed.

The next few days, Ryan tended to his wounds, but never for a second did he abandon his idea of forming a group to resist the "spirits" who recklessly did such damage at Killing Season. In some way he could not really reason out himself, he connected the big Tonongan, Tuala, the one who had spit upon him, with the insane Killing Season. One day, he decided to trail Tuala and, sure enough, he saw him slip out of the village. Ryan stayed behind him.

The big Tonongan shot through the bush like a leopard and Ryan had difficulty staying on his heels. But suddenly there appeared a dilapidated hut with five men present to greet Tuala. Four were natives, but the fifth was a lumpy white man with a wretched beard. Tuala paid his respects to them and then reached down into a breech cloth to produce a small cloth bag. Then he poured some objects into his hand. They were golden when the sun caught them and they plucked at Ryan's cluttered memory.

For one thing, they were the Kissing Stones the girls had thrown at Ryan when he first reached the island. For another, they seemed to resemble a similar stone a wartime buddy of Ryan's had purchased

in New Guinea. They were called golden cats' eyes. It all fit—the peculiar sparkle, the gray streak down the middle. Ryan's friend had talked about a purchase price of \$1500.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Among the most valuable of the semi-precious stones, the cat's-eye, with a jeweler's capochin cut, sells for as much as \$2,000.)

As Tuala held the little stones so that they could catch the light, it occurred to Ryan that he had seen a carpet of the gems lying around before the Killing Raid, but hadn't seen any afterward. After a while, the huge-bellied white man produced a small cash register. He dropped the cats' eyes inside them and closed the drawer. This was getting awfully weirdball, Ryan thought. A man with a cash register in the middle of nowhere.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: What Ryan could not know at the time, of course, was that he had crossed the patch of the notorious Herman Swento, a man about whom the New Guinea Clarion had once reported: "He is the most rapacious criminal in the Pacific islands." Swento during this period, was known from Port Moresby to Honolulu for his massive girth and also for his ever-present cash register.)

Flushed with excitement over his new information, Ryan beat his way immediately to the chief. He told his story, but as he might have predicted, it fell upon deaf ears.

"Talk no more," said Aroto. "The sun has beat too hard on the golden hair. It shall be as if I have not heard your nonsense." Ryan knew he was going to have to go it alone. There'd be help from no one except for his two dizzy dames and the demented old Obo.

He needed a scheme, and in the remaining days before Killing Season, he came up with one, a cockeyed scheme, but a scheme nevertheless.

It relaxed him a trifle. In the days that followed, he allowed Muana and Liani to play lightly upon his body. They teased him with their tongues and actually ran with bare feet over his chest and belly, and when he pulled them to him, two at once, they bit him until he felt he would explode before they sank down next to him suppliantly, yieldingly.

It was late one afternoon when Ryan heard the hollow sound of the shell horn reverberate through the village. Like clockwork, the people became hollow-eyed and walked in half-time. They were sleep-walkers now, softly padding forward to kneel down before their huts and shut their eyes. Ryan knew the time was short before the quartet of masked natives would be racing through the village. He herded together his small band, Liani, Muana and old Obo, gave them an unconvincing pep talk and then went forward to inspect his slit trenches, the very ones of the Tononga Love Race, only deeper now, and filled with kasavada roots.

Then Ryan heard the whoops of the masked warriors as they ran into the village, war axes raised high. One reached down and buried his weapon into the unresisting face of a middle-aged island woman. Ryan winced as the axe-wielder tugged twice to pull it out.

"This way," he screamed at the top of his lungs, darting out into a clearing.

The masked men stopped for a minute, stunned at the first resistance they'd ever met. Then three of the warriors took off after Ryan. He led them a zigzag course, ending up a little past the second straw-covered slit trench. They gained on him, their bare feet digging up the earth. Ryan stopped, suddenly, hands on hips,

as though he'd given up the ghost, just a little to the side of the slit trench. The three men, almost as one, stepped on the treacherous straw, then disappeared in a mass of flailing arms and legs into the vine-covered trench below. It worked, Ryan felt like screaming, for God's sake it worked. He looked down, saw the vines meshing around the thoroughly imprisoned natives.

Old Obo and the two girls, all of whom had been concealing themselves, looked on, astonished, still unable to get used to the fact that the evil spirits were really men. One other masked man and Swento himself remained in the village, both scooping up cats'-eyes from the huts. They spotted Ryan's band, seemed puzzled for a moment, then decided to pursue the group. Swento's cash register shook against his big belly, sending the girls off into paroxysms of fear, but their slender legs finally began to pump and they dashed off toward the trenches. Swento and the final native plunged after them, Swento running with amazing speed considering his enormous girth. The girls, their thighs flashing with speed, vaulted the trench and their pursuers, several steps behind, fell right into it.

As Ryan neared the chief's hut, he spotted the bone-eared turncoat Tuala, the color somewhat drained from his face. What Ryan did can be described briefly. He hit the man twice, once at the joint of the shoulder to paralyze his arm and once again in the nerve center of his stomach. He then carried Tuala to the trenches and tossed him into the vines with the others. Returning to the chief's hut, Ryan said to the old man what he had said before. "The Killing Season is at an end. There is, however, a further thing to do. I have found six men who have been stricken with an illness by the visit of the evil spirits. Tuala, sadly, is one of them. Do you remember how I once injected your people with the needle of fire to draw the color from their bodies? Right? Then now it is necessary that I do the same with these men to save them."

"It will be done," said the old chief. Then, as if to reassert his authority, he added, "It is the only way to save men who have such illness."

Ryan returned to his hut to get several of the hypodermic needles he had brought as souvenirs when he came back to Tononga. He filled them with a thick, syrupy liquid and then walked back toward the slit trenches.

The subsequent events on Tononga during this period have never been recorded officially. The French Government, which has jurisdiction over Tononga, did report that in October of 1953, the body of a criminal known as Herman Swento was found by two Maritime Inspectors in a small power-driven boat on the beach of Roratooba Atoll which is roughly a mile and a half due east of Tononga. The natives of Tononga, who had often complained of a mysterious Killing Season (and been ignored by the French) failed to file their traditional complaint in 1954. It might be inferred from these facts that the entwined natives and Swento were given a lethal dose of some sort by Ryan, Swento's body being considered too vile for burial on Tononga and consequently moved to Roratooba. Most of the basic information for this story was supplied to writer Patrick by Gordon Letroquer, a French maritime inspector who interviewed Ryan briefly on another matter. Ryan, as near as can be ascertained, has changed his name and is living in Puerto Rico. END



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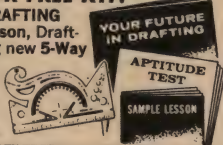
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WE FROZE THE FIRST MAN



(Continued from page 39)

of his hand, opening it before I went out the door and reading it all the way to the car.

I immediately drove down Sunset Boulevard to the beach. Grabbing a blanket from the back of the car, I picked an isolated spot and settled down to read; spellbound, I lost all track of time. I read until there was no more light, completely forgetting about the business.

I envisioned the Russians, who had challenged us to a race to the moon, challenging us to a new race—to break the "biological ice barrier."

For the next several months, I waited for the next development. I talked with everyone I knew about Ettinger's concept, and although a few had heard of it, no one knew much about it.

On May 1, 1966, I was driving home from the store, listening to *Xtra News*. In between the number of dead in Vietnam and the number of people killed in a collision between a train and an automobile came the following item: "Ev Cooper, President of the Life Extension Society in Washington, D. C., today announced that a Phoenix, Arizona, businessman, Edward Francis Hope, manufacturer of cryogenic equipment, had produced the first time capsule and frozen the body of a woman, claimed to be the first in history."

WHAMMO!! I raced home like a fiend and wrote a letter to Ev Cooper—the letter that would change my life.

I had no idea what kind of an organization this was—perhaps only doctors were involved, but I decided to take my chances.

Four or five days later, I received a letter from Ev Cooper, along with the Life Extension Society brochure. Mr. Cooper said in the letter that he'd sent some newsletters and I'd receive them shortly. They arrived the next day, and on page three of the April 1966 issue of the newsletter was the following notice:

**LES MEETING IN LOS ANGELES,
FRIDAY MAY 13TH, 8 P.M.**

I pulled up in front of the two-story, old-fashioned house five minutes before the meeting was scheduled to begin. Nobody else had arrived. Miss Kline, the hostess, and I introduced ourselves to each other, and I immediately began asking her questions. She had heard of the program somehow and had written to Ev Cooper for the Life Extension Society brochure. Dennis Guyley, who was then listed as the LES coordinator in Los Angeles, got her name from Ev Cooper and had called her to ask if they could have a meeting at her house. This was the extent of her information.

Dennis arrived a few minutes later. He was a young, intellectual-looking student with bushy brown hair and horn-rimmed spectacles. A young couple came with him.

Next to arrive were Russ Stanley and his nephew, Bob Johnson. I was pleased to meet Russ. He was very well-informed on the program and had corresponded

regularly with Ev. Russ' files abound with probably everything that's ever been written on the subject.

No one else arrived. We began the meeting with Russ' playing a tape of Professor Ettinger's appearance on the Johnny Carson show with Zsa Zsa Gabor. This was the first time I'd heard him speak, and I was thoroughly impressed with his persuasive reasoning.

After hearing the tape, we began a discussion of the concept and its exciting implications. During the conversation, I began to understand that nothing was actually being done actively to promote the idea—at least not in Los Angeles. We all agreed that the program should be supported, but how, who, where and when? At this point I started asking all the questions. Why hasn't anyone tried to get a Life Extension Society Chapter going, to hold regular meetings and to stimulate some public interest? No one disputed that this should, in fact, must, be done. All that remained was for someone to volunteer. So I volunteered.

I decided that the first thing to do would be to expose as many people as possible to the idea, and that the ideal medium for this would be television. The Louis Lomax show had just been put on the air twice a week rather than once, and because of the caliber of Mr. Lomax and his guests, I figured this would be the ideal place to begin. I picked up the phone and called Dan Bostany, producer of the Lomax show. I introduced myself as the Chairman of the Life Extension Society, picking the title out of the air, and delivered the brief speech I'd prepared.

The next day he called and said he'd like to have me and anyone else I could think of who would make an interesting show. Before I'd even called Dan Bostany, I made a call to Mr. Hope to feel him out about the possibility of coming to Los Angeles and appearing on a television show, should such an occasion arise. He was willing, even anxious, and I was able to assure Dan of an interesting show.

I made arrangements to fly to Phoenix, meet with Ed Hope, look at his facilities and perhaps even see the woman he claimed to have frozen.

Ed met me at the airport at 9:00 in the morning a few days later. It was about 120° in the shade in Phoenix. What a place to store frozen bodies—right in the middle of the desert.

The minute we got into the car, Ed began telling me about himself. He had long been interested in freezing and its effect on biological matter. When he was a young boy, he remembered bringing rabbits into the house during the cold winters in the desert. The rabbits, he said, would be almost frozen solid, and simply by wrapping them in warm blankets and placing them in the oven, more often than not he could revive them. He had read Ettinger's book and agreed that his proposals were reasonable. He felt that as a businessman, engineer and a bit of a gambler, he had all the right ingredients to make this work. And I agreed with him.

Through his vast network of business connections, he'd located two fine mechanical engineers. The three of them had entered into a corporate agreement and formed the Cryo-Care Equipment Corporation. They had got right into action, built the first capsule almost overnight, and immediately sold it to a New York businessman.

We went to examine the temporary quarters of the Cryo-Care Equipment Corporation, where the woman patient was stored.

Ed showed me around and let me take pictures of the capsule. He explained some of the problems involved, and I was impressed with his knowledge, the extent of his investment and his dedication.

Then he told me about the woman who had been frozen and how confused everything had become. To begin with, the freezing had not been carried out with the intention of ever reviving the woman. She had requested cryogenic interment, but her son, frustrated by relatives' objections, gave in at the last minute and his mother had been embalmed, had been given a funeral and had been stored for several days. Her son felt so guilty about not carrying out her last wishes that the son's own doctor asked Ed to please go ahead and freeze the woman anyway, if only for cosmetic reasons, to protect the boy's emotional health.

We left the temporary facilities and went over to take a look at the new Cryo-Care building under construction. While we were there, a man came in who, Ed later told me, was one of the most skilled welders in Arizona. One of the problems in producing these vessels is the caliber of the weld. The slightest variance could produce minute leaks, and it takes an expert to do a proper job. Ed was thinking of incorporating a welding school into his new building in order to teach the technique to others and was looking for a man who could function as an instructor.

Ed showed the man around the new facility, outlined the problems, and then we all drove back to the temporary quarters. I wasn't sure whether Ed was aware of it, but it had become obvious to me that this man had no idea what these capsules were for, and I was curious about his reaction. Ed showed him some capsules in different stages of development, and when they passed the one that was functioning, the welder only glanced at it.

Then the phone rang, and Ed became involved in a long conversation. I was standing by the capsule containing the woman's body, and the young man came over and asked me what the purpose of the cryogenic vessels was. When I told him that they were for storing deceased human beings and that the one we were both leaning against contained the body of a woman, he appeared panic-stricken.

"In here?" he gasped. "Now? That woman's body? You mean the one I read about in the paper a few weeks ago? You mean that's what these capsules are for?"

Once we explained the concept to him, the tension eased somewhat, but the man never did go to work for Ed, although not for what seemed the obvious reason. They simply couldn't get together on salary.

I left Phoenix that evening. Ed had agreed to appear on the Lomax show and bring a capsule with him. All in all, the trip was a huge success.

AT THE NEXT meeting of the Life Extension Society, on the first Friday night in July, we elected officers. I was elected Chairman, Russ Stanley, Secretary, Helen Kline, Treasurer, and Bob Johnson, Coordinator.

I gave a report on Mr. Hope and his facilities, and announced the upcoming Lomax show. No one else seemed interested in appearing, so the task was left to me.

Ed Hope came into town in a blaze of glory, his blue trailer hitched to the back of his car. We were scheduled to start shooting the Lomax show at 6:30 that evening. On the way to the studio, the trailer broke down. After a frantic search for someone to repair it, we raced

to KTTV at 6:00, leaving us barely enough time to bring the capsule in and properly position it, sign the necessary legal papers and get made up for the show.

Then Ed disappeared. Lomax kept urging me, "Come on, come on," to get into position for the countdown. We were scheduled to be the first guests. I was nervous enough as it was, without having to face the prospect of going on alone. Where is Hope? I wondered.

Before I had a chance to protest, I was shoved into what is known as the "hot seat," a microphone was strapped around my neck, and the ordeal began, Lomax sliding in next to me. He gave a rundown of that night's guests, and through a haze of stark fear, my mouth tasting as though I'd just eaten a cotton sandwich, I heard his introduction.

"And now," he began, "for my first guest—a man who wants to freeze you and bring you back in a hundred years—chairman of the Life Extension Society, who claims that if you get your body frozen by the best scientific means at the moment of death, you may be revived one day in the future whenever science can fix whatever killed you. Now, Mr. Nelson, tell us all about it."

I was on. My secretary summed it up later when she told me that at first I had looked as though I had to go to the bathroom very badly.

Lomax asked all the basic questions, which, at that stage of my involvement, I found difficult to answer. Sometime during the proceedings, Ed Hope returned, and they slipped him into a chair on the other side of the stage.

I breathed a sigh of relief when Lomax said, "And now, we're going to go to the other half of this team." He introduced Ed, and they walked over to where the capsule was sitting, Ed explaining its functions.

Lomax then went to the audience for questions and reactions. Lowell Duke and his wife, Sheila, and my secretary's husband were sitting in the front row. As soon as Lomax began heading toward the audience, Sheila, afraid I might have told Lomax specifically to approach her, fled the studio, petrified at the thought of being on camera. The audience reaction was almost 100 percent favorable, which, I admit, surprised even me.

We were originally scheduled for only half an hour to 45 minutes, but everyone was so interested, particularly Mr. Lomax, that we ran on for an hour and a quarter. Several hundred letters and phone calls were received in the next couple of weeks as a result of this appearance.

THIS WAS when I first began entertaining the idea of working at this full time. The question was how. I had a wife and three children to support, my own business, which occupied more of my time than if I were employed by someone else, and only a vague idea of how to proceed. At the LES meetings following the Lomax show, the discussions were more or less general, based on future possibilities rather than present actions. Several ideas presented themselves, but I was forced to consider each in turn and then reject it, since everything required more time than I had available.

I didn't know it yet, but the solution was just around the corner.

Ed called me from Phoenix. Curtis Henderson and Saul Kent, President and Secretary of the Cryonics Society of New York, had just purchased a capsule from him and were anxious to meet with me in Los Angeles to discuss the program.

Saul, I later found out, is a highly re-

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spected engineer and a fine writer. Curtis flies his own plane.

The Vice-President of the Cryonics Society of New York, Karl Werner, wasn't along for this trip. Werner is the man responsible for the coining of the word "cryonics."

Saul and Curtis arrived on Thursday, October 13, and we met at the plush Hamburger Hamlet in Woodland Hills. On this trip they were checking on everyone who had anything at all to do with the program. They were well organized and felt that their group could serve as an example for others who had had an equal amount of difficulty making progress as LES affiliates. Saul recommended that we incorporate ourselves as they had done, and try to get some kind of emergency facility going.

To my surprise, a new and welcome face appeared at our next meeting. Dr. Satini, an M.D., biophysicist, member of the staff of a large university, and director of research at a cancer-research institute had seen me on the Louis Lomax show and felt that what we were doing was scientifically valid.

Saul and Curtis talked at length with our group and advanced very convincing arguments for the formation of our own Cryonics Society. I offered to speak with Mrs. Gramer, my attorney, and report back at the next meeting.

The next day, Saul and Curtis made a call to Donald Bickerson, an author and scientist who had published an article on human hibernation in the April 1966 issue of a popular magazine. I had heard of Mr. Bickerson from time to time throughout my association with the program, and he was classified as opposed at that juncture; however, he was willing to discuss it with us and invited us to his home.

Don had been associated with the space program since its inception and had published numerous articles on earth, orbital, lunar and planetary exploration, when I met him.

One of his fellow researchers was at this meeting. They were both opposed to freezing now, but said they would be happy to participate in a program designed to stimulate and promote research, provided it was presented on the proper basis, which meant that references to the freezing of patients was taboo.

During the next few weeks, I was busy setting up the Cryonics Society of California. I had originally assumed we would proceed with the same slate of officers we had had as an LES affiliate, but problems presented themselves. Russ Stanley, who works for a railroad, discovered that company policy strongly opposed employees holding positions with outside corporations. Then, Helen Kline became ill and was unable to hold meetings at her house any longer. I would have to find other officers.

Just before Saul and Curtis came out, I received a call from a Dick Jones. Dick is one half of the successful comedy team of Dick Clair (his stage name) and Jenna McMahon. Dick had been interested in the program for a long time and was extremely well informed. He had spent the past year traveling around the country, had met Professor Ettinger, and had proposed the program as an investment to several bank and industry executives, without success. When Russ and Helen couldn't act as corporation officers, I immediately thought of Dick, and he agreed to become Secretary of the Cryonics Society of California—soon to be Inc.

Another gentleman, Eric North, had been involved with us more or less behind the scenes. Eric had just lost his wife and wasn't able to attend many

meetings, but he wanted to support us and subsequently agreed to act as Vice-President.

Then, an interested member offered us the use of a suite of offices in Westwood, near the UCLA campus, and we were ready to go.

The corporation was approved by the Corporation Commission of the State of California, and on December 16, 1966, we were officially incorporated as the Cryonics Society of California, Inc.

We still held meetings during this period of negotiations, and at one of these meetings we decided to invite Professor Ettinger out to address our group. We raised the plane fare, and he graciously accepted our invitation.

Bob Ettinger flew in on Friday, November 11, and Mario Satini, Dick Jones and I met him at the airport. Dick was the only one of us who had ever seen him; I hadn't even seen a picture of him myself, and I was glad Dick came along.

Mario was very anxious to meet Professor Ettinger. As soon as Dick had spotted him and waved, Mario ran up to him and immediately launched into a discussion.

"Professor Ettinger," he began, "there are no miraculosos enzymes active below minus eighty degrees centigrade, and therefore, I do not see the necessity for going to colder temperatures right now."

I'm not too familiar with the various forms of Italian greetings, but I'm certain that this isn't one of the more conventional!

There were more people at the meeting that night than had ever attended before. After an introduction by Helen Kline, which she must have worked on for weeks before the meeting, Bob gave a stimulating talk, and when he was finished, everyone was one hundred percent behind the program.

The next evening, Bob and I made a 45-minute appearance on the Lomax show, with Dr. Satini appearing from the audience. This was Mario's first television appearance, and he was so nervous you can almost hear his voice trembling on the sound track. He tried to explain some of the scientific theories of cryogenic suspension and related it to his work at the cancer-research institute, repeating the name of the institute at least three times in each sentence. When we broke for a commercial, Bill Walker, the show's new producer, instructed Mario to cut out the plugs for the institute, but once we were on camera again, Mario proceeded as though he hadn't heard a word Bill had said. It was really amusing, and poor Mario almost wept when he viewed the tape.

The next morning, Bob Ettinger, Dr. Satini, and I addressed the California College of Mortuary Science.

Before leaving for the airport, Bob said good-bye to my wife, Elaine, and thanked her for her hospitality.

"I'll see you again," he remarked to her, "if not in a year—well, maybe in a thousand years."

During the next few hectic weeks, we got out our first newsletter, and on December 16, 1966, we received official notification of the acceptance of our bid for incorporation.

Now we would wait—for the call that would summon us to participate in the freezing of the first man.

On December 15, 1966, I drove to the Knickerbocker Hotel, where a press conference was being held to announce the formation and incorporation of the Cryonics Society of California and the opening of its Westwood offices near the University of California at Los Angeles.

The press conference went very well with a representative of a large metropolitan daily paper asking the first question and dominating the exchange from then on.

Our next meeting with the press came on January 3, 1967, the first working day of the year and the official opening of the offices of the Cryonics Society of California. Alex Drier, of KTTV News in Los Angeles, brought his cameras into the offices and filmed them for later showing on his 10:00 P.M. broadcast. Had I been able to foretell the future, I could have provided Mr. Drier with news of such significant implications that never again would man look on death in the same way. The news was less than two hours away when the last member of Mr. Drier's crew left the office.

Don Bickerson and I were just leaving for lunch at 3:10 P.M. when the telephone rang. The caller announced himself as the owner of a local mortuary.

"Mr. Nelson," he said, "we have a young fellow here driving us out of our minds. His father is dying of cancer and wants to be cryogenically interred." He went on to express his ignorance of the subject and asked if we would be willing to help. He offered his full facilities and the assistance of his staff.

I didn't know what to say. There was Don Bickerson sitting across from me. I had worked on him for months, slowly formulating the compromise—agreeing to eliminate all references to freezing people today in stating our objectives—which had finally convinced him to join our program. My success was measured in the strength of the men he had gathered to support us. A thousand things ran through my mind as the mortician waited for my answer.

"Have the young man call me in 15 minutes," I finally told him. I now had 15 minutes to accomplish something I had failed to do for several months—convince Don Bickerson of the legitimacy of freezing a human being today, perhaps staking his reputation on an untried, unproven experiment, definitely losing the support of our scientific board and perhaps incurring the enmity of the world scientific community, on which he depended for his livelihood.

I am as naive as the next man when it comes to explaining why some scientists should feel as they do about cryogenic interment. Certainly if a person is ill but in no danger of losing his life, it would be unethical as well as immoral to subject him to a dangerous, unproved treatment; but when a man is dying, when all hope is gone, when his only choice is between burial and cremation, and he has the desire to live and the money to pay for cryogenic interment, then he cannot wait for an obscure biologist to freeze and revive an animal in order to test the process. Freezing offers the only hope that exists today.

Don was thoughtful but still unconvinced when Harold Greene, Jr., phoned. We made an appointment for 1:00 the next afternoon in our offices. This gave me another day to try and convince Don, but I had already made up my mind. If Harold Green's father wanted to be frozen, he would be frozen. I would see to it.

Harold Greene, Jr., arrived at exactly 1:00 P.M. the next day, January 4, 1967. I liked the tall, intelligent, soft-spoken young man immediately. His unsuccessful efforts to enlist the cooperation of the Glendale Memorial Hospital, where his father was a patient, had almost resulted in a fist fight with a hospital official, and he appeared extremely grateful for our willingness to help.

I explained to him what we would be sacrificing if we froze his father and that his full cooperation was vital if we were to pull this thing off.

Now we had to find an agreeable physician. I called Dr. Alden Fox, a general practitioner, who had attended several Life Extension Society meetings. We talked for a long while, and he tentatively agreed to join us.

The time had come at last. We would freeze the first man.

After meeting Greene's father, Bickerson, Fox, Satini and I talked things over. Dr. Fox spoke first. In the clipped tones of his European accent, he appeared willing to cooperate, but was very nervous and cautious. He felt the patient had two to four weeks to live. Again, I must sympathize with a medical doctor facing such a crucial decision.

Dr. Satini, being concerned primarily with research, didn't have so much to lose and, as he had the night before, agreed immediately.

What I hadn't anticipated was the reaction of Don Bickerson. Obviously he'd given this much thought and, by the tone of his conversation, I saw that he envisioned himself as becoming a part of history, which, indeed, he now is.

That first joint meeting ended with Dr. Fox commenting, "Excuse me if I appear negative, but I am willing and anxious to help in any way I can." He agreed to see the patient the next day and said he would get back to me.

We had decided earlier not to make the patient's name public. Adverse publicity could possibly have killed the entire venture and influenced the family negatively, despite their determination to proceed. We planned to discuss this further with Junior at Bickerson's house the next afternoon.

Dr. Satini and I pulled up to Don's house at 3:45 P.M. the next day, 15 minutes before the scheduled meeting. I had just gotten out of the car when one of the members of our scientific advisory board, a prominent doctor, drove into the driveway. Up to this point, the board had not been informed of our plans, or so I thought, and my immediate reaction was shock, with Greene's son due to arrive in a few minutes. Of all the eminent members of the advisory group, this man was the most outspoken against our going ahead right away with the plan to freeze people, and I had visions of our whole plan falling apart.

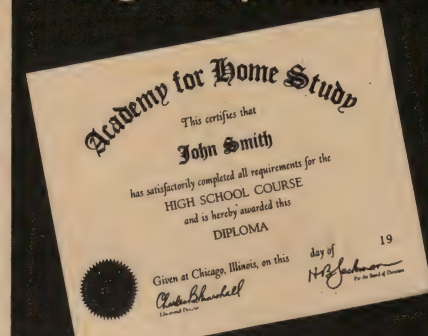
I should have known something was wrong when he refused to shake my hand, but I couldn't imagine Don Bickerson's telling him of our plan when Don had even more to lose than the rest of us. Don assured me he hadn't known this man was coming and said that, as far as he knew, the doctor hadn't any idea of what was going on.

We finally broke the news to him, and as expected, he immediately withdrew his support from the Cryonics Society and ventured the opinion that the other two advisors would do the same. We assured him that we had fully expected his reaction and there were no hard feelings. With this decided, he agreed to stay and talk to Junior Green with us.

Once young Greene arrived, the opposing doctor started to work on him.

"I want you to know," he began, "that I am no longer connected with the Cryonics Society in any way, and speaking as a scientist, I think that what you're doing has little chance of success. As a matter of fact," he continued, "in my opinion, the chances are a million or more to one against your father ever being revived."

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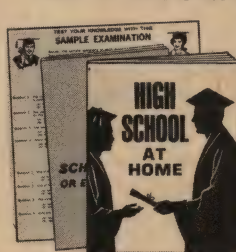
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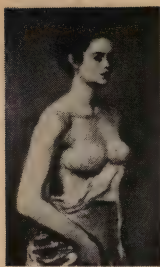
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Junior never flinched. He had done his homework well and was able to argue intelligently every negative point the man made. This scientist was forced to concede that his opinion of Dr. Greene's chances for revival were just that—opinion, and that no mathematical studies had ever been undertaken to back this up.

"Eve if the chances are a million—or a billion—to one," Junior went on, "if a man wants it and can afford it and is willing to wait, this million-to-one shot becomes a much different story as time goes on. There's no chance at all if he's cremated or buried." And finally, "Remember, whether this works or not, this is my father's dying wish and I am obligated to carry it out."

Once he was satisfied that we had not influenced young Greene one way or the other and that his decision had been his own, based on his father's wishes, the good doctor sat down with us and intelligently discussed some of the procedures we might follow. He made a suggestion that Dr. Satini had not considered—to perfuse the patient via the pituitary gland, insuring excellent protection of the optic and circulatory systems.

Only time will tell how accurate his predictions of Dr. Greene's chances were, but he was 100 percent correct in assessing the reactions of the other two doctors. They withdrew their support immediately.

The pressure increased when we discovered that the mortuary had reneged on its promise of cooperation.

Robert Ettinger, in his book, *The Prospect of Immortality*, makes repeated references to the ultimate role of the mortician and funeral director in providing cryogenic interment facilities.

Because of their familiarity with the procedures involved in caring for the dead, these future "Doctors of Cryogenic Storage" will find the change-over from embalming to perfusion a simple one.

Once we were assured that the mortuary would not assist us, Dr. Satini began working on the method in earnest. On January 10, I spoke to Junior Greene and he assured me he would be in the next day with a check to cover the cost of the chemicals and other equipment. Bob Ettinger had sent us the Westinghouse "Iron Heart," a cardiac compression machine which would be attached to the patient at the moment of death to keep the supply of oxygen flowing to the brain as the body temperature was lowered. Junior didn't show up that day and I couldn't locate him anywhere.

The next afternoon, Dr. Fox visited the patient and that evening phoned me with a report. He still felt that Dr. Greene had at least two weeks to live. When I called Dr. Satini with this report, he had good news. The method was finished, the list was complete and an order for chemicals had been placed with The Matheson Company. I would meet him at 11:00 the next morning and together we would pick up the chemicals.

It was Thursday, January 12, 1967, in Los Angeles, California. I parked my car and watched the surfers for a while. No need to hurry now. Dr. Greene's condition was good. The equipment was ready. It had only to be picked up and delivered to the nursing home. I still hadn't located Junior, but I would give The Matheson Company my own check. We had time.

I drove down a small alley between Broadway and Hill Street to meet Dr. Satini at his favorite hangout, a small Italian espresso shop. He was on time, as always. While we were drinking our coffee, Mario explained the method to me and we both expressed our relief that we were finally

going to be prepared in the event of an emergency. The Matheson Company was short two catheters, which Mario would pick up while I got the chemicals. We paid the check and agreed to meet back at the espresso shop at 2:00 P.M.

In keeping with the day, I took the long way to Matheson, driving slowly there and back, stopping for a cup of American coffee on the way. At five minutes after 2:00, I pulled up to the espresso shop and Mario was standing where I had left him. He walked over to the car.

"Bob-a-Nelson," he said. "The patient died."

"The patient died?" I was stunned. I examined Mario's face to see if he was joking. No, he wouldn't joke about something this serious. How could he have died? How could we have come so close? How could Dr. Fox have been so wrong?

I don't know how long I sat there, parked in front of that ridiculous coffee shop, Mario's words echoing in my mind. "The patient died... the patient died."

I asked Mario what time he had died. "One-fifteen."

I looked at my watch. It was a little after 2:00. I asked if Dr. Fox has been contacted.

"Yes," Mario answered, "Dr. Fox was at the patient's side when he died."

I exploded. "Goddammit, didn't he do anything?"

"Now, Bob-a-Nelson," Dante said, "don't get excited. He did everything he could." Dante went on to explain that once Dr. Fox and Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin knew Dr. Greene was dying, they began packing ice around the patient's head a few minutes before his heart stopped. Then, taking turns packing the body and administering cardiac massage to keep oxygen moving to the brain, Dr. Fox and the Baldwins had accomplished the most important part of the process.

Dr. Fox had just left when I pulled up to the Baldwin home. I ran in to check on the patient and found Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin administering external cardiac massage and mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Dr. Greene was lying there, packed in ice but clearly visible. I noticed that someone had covered his private area with a white sheet and remember being touched by this decent gesture as I ran out to the car to start bringing in equipment.

The night before, Mrs. Baldwin later told me, she had looked in on Dr. Greene and found him short of breath and apparently about twelve hours away from death. Early the next morning she had phoned Dr. Fox, who had rushed right over and concurred. When the time had been imminent, Dr. Fox had instructed Mrs. Baldwin to bring him some ice and, as a nurse, she had followed his instructions without question. She had emptied their own freezer, then had run up and down the neighborhood, knocking on doors, borrowing ice trays and bringing them to Dr. Fox. Once the procedure had been begun, the Baldwins, who had had no prior knowledge of the circumstances, had assisted him as best they could.

Before he died, Dr. Greene talked at length with Dr. Fox. This highly intelligent man, lucid until the moment of death, left us a record for history, confiding to Dr. Fox the comfort he found knowing there was some hope for him. Actually, he felt his own chances for revival were slim, but by offering himself this way, as the first human being in history to embark on this venture, he would improve the conditions for others, members of his own family, perhaps, or a small child. He related his fears of leaving the security of the hospital, but felt this was a

small sacrifice in the light of the magnitude of the experiment. His exact dying words were, "Oh (sigh), I feel much better now."

Dr. Satini arrived a few minutes later and we immediately began hooking up the iron heart sent by Professor Ettinger. This simple but vital piece of equipment consists of a flat metal bar, for placement under the patient's back, and a double, L-shaped bar with a piston attached. The piston is placed over the patient's heart and the entire mechanism is hooked to an oxygen tank and a regulator. The oxygen propels the piston, which moves up and down on the chest, massaging the heart and keeping the blood circulating throughout the body.

Dr. Satini immediately began the perfusion process in the carotid artery of the neck. I continued to pack ice around the body as Bickerson took pictures. All the medical procedures were carried out by Dr. Satini, who was the only qualified member of the team.

Half an hour before the perfusion was completed, Junior Greene phoned. Ed Hope, of Phoenix, had sent us a container to ship the patient to his Cryo-Care Corporation, where it would be permanently stored. The container was at his son's home.

Now we had to decide where the body would be stored until the mortuary picked it up for shipment to Phoenix, three or four days later. The Baldwins didn't want it kept in their home. Junior, understandably, didn't want it at his house. Mrs. Greene was out of town until later the next day, so we decided to keep it at the Greene home overnight. Don and I would also spend the night there.

I brought the shipping container, a heavy plastic box resembling a coffin, to the Greenes' in the back of my pickup truck. Around 11:00 P.M., we removed Dr. Greene from the bed where he was lying and placed him on a large, heavy quilt, resembling those used by movers to protect furniture. This was done to protect the skin from dry-ice burns. Don Bickerson, the Baldwins and I each took a corner of the quilt the patient was wrapped in and carried him out to the pickup, placed him on the open bed and drove to the Greene home, a block away.

When we reached the Greenes', we made a bed of dry ice in the shipping container, placed the body on top, covered it with more dry ice and closed the lid.

Don Bickerson had busied himself making a bed on the couch. The moment I walked back in, Don looked at me rather mysteriously—he was still surprisingly nervous—and suggested we both get some sleep. Once the fire was going well, I sat down and relaxed for the first time in days, staring into the flames as the tension eased. Don became increasingly agitated as I refused to lie down and go to sleep.

I didn't know it yet, but the game had begun.

Don Bickerson kept insisting I try to sleep, but I was much too tense. The freezing of Dr. Harold Greene was a *fait accompli*. His mortal remains were resting across the room, but I knew that the next few days would determine the true extent of our success and that this was no time for rest.

"Come on, Bob," Bickerson was saying, "you've got to get some sleep. You lie down here and I'll stay up."

"Get off my back, Don," I told him. "If you want to sleep, damn it, then sleep, but quit nagging me." Resigned, he lay down and seemed to drift off right away.

I untangled the long extension cord from the phone and brought it into the room.

"Long distance," the operator announced.

"Operator," I said, "get me Professor Robert Ettinger in Oak Park, Michigan," I gave her the number.

Bob answered the phone with a thick, sleepy hello that quickly changed to elation when I told him everything had been done and the patient was only a few feet from me.

Professor Ettinger was delighted and full of congratulations. He would fly out the next day to assist with the announcement. Somehow the news media had gotten wind of the situation. The New York *World Journal Tribune* had called Ettinger and my answering service that day, wanting to know what was going on. To this day I don't know who tipped them off.

Curtis Henderson was the next to hear the news. Like Professor Ettinger, he was overjoyed and thought he would probably fly out the next day.

I made several more calls and when I finally hung up the phone, I was surprised to note it was after 4:00 A.M.

While calculating my next move, I looked over at Bickerson and saw him open one eye and close it immediately. He was obviously pretending to be asleep. This was the first indication I had that things were not as they seemed.

A few moments later he stirred, turned over and appeared to half awaken.

"For Christ sake," he muttered in an unusually stern voice, "why don't you get some sleep!"

Then I noticed that clutched in his arms was the camera containing the pictures of the freezing. I thought back. Even when we were carrying the patient's body from the nursing home to the car and from the car into the house, Don had somehow managed to hold the camera. I realized then that Mr. Bickerson was anxious to develop the film—so anxious, in fact, that he had completely forgotten about the money the Cryonics Society had already paid him for the pictures, and I was willing to place a sizable wager on the possibility that had I gone to sleep, he would have "forgotten" to leave the film with me if he awakened before I did, which, at the time, seemed highly likely.

It was just beginning to get light when Don jumped up, grabbed his jacket and announced, "Well, I'm going."

"O.K., Don." I was right behind him in every move. "Fine, see you later and I'll take those pictures now."

"Oh, God," he argued, "I'm much too tired to be fooling around with my camera at this hour of the morning. You can come by and pick them up later."

With that, he was through the door and taking long, giant steps to his car with me in full pursuit.

If he hadn't been forced to stop and open the car door, I might never have gotten hold of those pictures.

"Just hold on, Mr. Bickerson," I said. "Give me those pictures now—immediately. They are the property of the Cryonics Society and are going to be turned over to the Society's attorney."

He tried to get into the car without answering, and I pressed my hand against his shoulder roughly, startling him.

"I don't like violence," I informed him, "but you're not leaving with those pictures."

Don's face sagged. I felt his entire body droop. He handed me the camera. I had won that round of the game, but the next few weeks would present even greater challenges.

Don Bickerson and I went to the airport to pick up Professor Ettinger at 1:00



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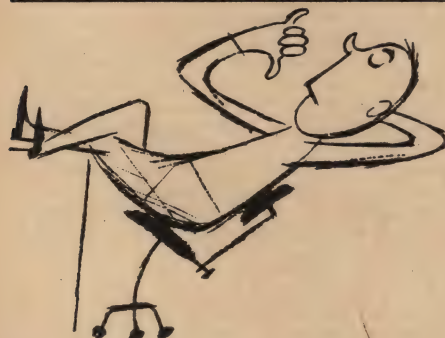
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This space contributed by the publisher

that afternoon. Curtis Henderson, who had left New York at a different time on a separate plane, arrived simultaneously with Bob and his brother, Dr. Alan Ettinger, the three of them walking out of different gates at the same time. We had hardly shaken hands when we were surrounded by reporters. Bickerson reacted violently, shoving a reporter or two and angrily demanding that they leave us alone. Professor Ettinger, who is the soul of dignity at all times, silenced Bickerson.

"Gentlemen," he apologized, "I'm very sorry that I cannot confirm anything at this time, but as soon as I have consulted with the principals involved, we'll have a statement."

I had arranged for young Greene to meet us at Bickerson's house later that afternoon to discuss our possible cooperation with the press. We were greeted by Audrey Bickerson, Don's wife. I couldn't figure her out. I remember phoning the house many times to talk to Don, and each time she would say, in a contrived childlike whine, "Oh, I thought you called to talk to me."

The meeting convened at 5:15, with Professor Ettinger, his brother Alan, Don Bickerson, Stella Gramer, the attorney for the Cryonics Society, Junior Greene, Curtis Henderson, Dr. Satini, myself and Jim Brooks, a friend of Junior's, in attendance. I opened the discussion.

"I asked Professor Ettinger to talk with you," I said to Junior, "and see if we can decide what to do now. All of us are concerned with cooperating with your family in every way, but somehow the newspapers have found out that someone was frozen, and we have to make some kind of a statement to them." I suggested that Bob Ettinger could answer any questions he may have had.

Professor Ettinger began, unperturbed. He congratulated everyone there on the excellent job we had done, and said he'd like to know what Junior's feelings were about giving the world the real story of what had happened. He emphasized the place in history his father now occupied and enumerated the tremendous potential benefits that would be derived from stimulating the public's interest in the possibilities of cryogenic suspension.

"Your father," he continued, "could be the very instrument to accomplish what he himself thought so much of if you will cooperate with us and allow the story to be released."

Junior finally admitted that he actually wished we would refuse any information whatsoever to the press, but conceded that some statement probably would have to be given out.

Stella Gramer, a lawyer, tried to explain to Junior that in all probability his father's name would come out despite any precautions we might take. The press knew that a man had been frozen. They knew he had been frozen in Glendale and that Dr. Fox had been in attendance. Any reporter worth his salt, she maintained, would simply make a quick check of the public records and find the information he wanted.

She urged him at least to let the story be told as it happened, whether or not the name was released, to avoid the possibility of misinformation reaching the press.

Junior held fast to his decision on the name, but reluctantly agreed that we could make the announcement that a patient had been frozen under controlled conditions and release the name of the doctors and the others who had been involved.

We went in to dinner and later I phoned the news services and informed

them that we would hold a news conference at our offices at 10:00 the next morning.

Immediately Don Bickerson volunteered the use of his garage and stated that he and his wife had already talked it over and she had agreed to let us store the patient there.

We left the Bickersons' around midnight. Professor Ettinger, Dr. Alan Ettinger, Curtis Henderson, Bickerson and myself. We picked up 100 pounds of dry ice for the container and drove out to Glendale. Professor Ettinger hadn't seen the patient, so, before adding the ice, we carefully exposed the body. It was in a perfect state of preservation. After a brief look, we added the ice and gingerly loaded the container onto the back of the pickup truck. At no time did we lose sight of the fact that this was a human being, and we accorded him the greatest respect possible.

At 6:00 the next morning, I answered the phone to a shaky Don Bickerson, begging me to remove Dr. Greene from his garage at once. His wife was about to throw him out of the house, he said, and I thought, *What has man become when a 85-pound woman can put the fear of God into him like this?*

Alan, Don, Curtis and I arrived at the office at 9:30. There were already about ten radio and television men there, and we realized that our offices would be too small to conduct the conference. We set up a table downstairs in the lovely courtyard between our building and the one next door. The cameramen and reporters lined up in a circle around us. It was decided—or at least I thought it was—that Bob Ettinger would make the announcement. He had drafted an eloquent statement, and because of his book and his original conception of the entire theory, I felt that he was the natural choice. Besides, Bob is a much more qualified speaker than I, a recognized authority in the field.

We were sitting around the table, waiting for the count-down to begin. Professor Ettinger was seated at my left and I fully expected him to make the announcement.

One second before the cameras began rolling, Bob handed me a copy of the release and said, "No, it's only right that you make it," and with that, stepped away from the table, leaving me stunned, hardly able to get the first word out. I finally collected myself and read the statement.

Dr. Fox and Don Bickerson were at my side to assist me in answering questions. Dr. Satini had phoned that morning to say he wasn't feeling well.

The press shot questions at us without letup. Why did the family object to releasing the name? What are the prospects for revival? How old was the patient? What was the cause of death? How much did the process cost?

The final question was directed at Dr. Fox.

"As a medical doctor," the reporter queried, "do you think you made a contribution to humanity and scientific knowledge and do you think that this thing has possibilities?"

"Very definitely yes," Dr. Fox replied, concluding the press conference.

After dinner and several phone calls from a desperate Don Bickerson, I was forced to face our major problem—where was I going to move the patient? All efforts to locate Junior had failed, and I reluctantly decided to proceed with or without his permission. I picked up the phone and dialed my secretary.

She was delighted to hear from me



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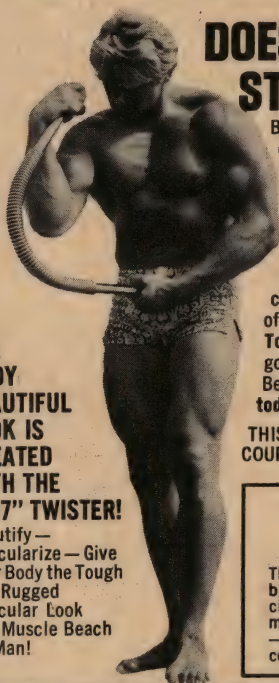
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and outraged at the same time. All she knew of the past few days was what she'd read in the paper and heard on the news since I hadn't had a chance to call her.

"I've asked you to store some pretty weird things at your house in the past few years," I said, "but—"

"No!" she screamed, immediately guessing what I had in mind.

We talked it over and, seeing there was no alternative, she agreed to let us store Dr. Greene in the back of her station wagon until other arrangements could be made.

My secretary and her husband live up in Topanga Canyon. The route from my house to theirs consists of four or five miles of the sharpest turns and most treacherous road in all of Los Angeles County. I had purchased five dollars' worth of heavy rope, and Bob and Alan helped me secure the container to the bed of the pickup. There was room for only three of us in the cab, so Curtis stayed behind.

It was still early, but since it was winter, it was already dark. Alan and Bob, unaccustomed to the road, were anxious—both for their personal safety and the well-being of our precious cargo. Bob was worried about the possibility of the patient falling out of the pickup bed.

Two weeks before the freezing, Mrs. Terri Pinckard had phoned me with a request to speak at a scheduled meeting of the Science Fiction Authors Club. This group had been formed five years before to stimulate the thinking of the member writers whose minds are open to anything in any way, according to Mrs. Pinckard. When I called and told her about the freezing, she was delighted that the events had coincided so beautifully, enabling Professor Ettinger to attend as well.

The place was swamped with science-fiction devotees of every degree of fame and fortune, all eager to explore science fiction turned fact. The group contained such members of the elite as Robert Bloch, author of *Psycho* and *Straightjacket*, Philip Jose Farmer, who wrote, *Flesh, Fire and the Night* and *The Green Odyssey*, and A. Evan Vogt, author of *Slan* and *The Violent Man*.

All of the dedicated members of the Life Extension and Cyronics Societies were there, as well as our immediate group, those who had been involved in the freezing.

Bob Ettinger, eloquent as always, began the meeting. When Bob had finished, he introduced me. I was nervous about following Professor Ettinger, and sized up the crowd before beginning. Despite the size of the group, one face stuck out above all the others—the face of an obviously infuriated Dr. Fox. I knew what was on his mind. Here he was, a doctor, one of the most important members of the team who had accomplished this historical feat—possibly the most important—and here I was, realizing all the glory. Perhaps I wasn't being fair, but I really didn't know what to do about it at that moment, so I kept my comments as brief as possible, giving all the credit for our accomplishment to my colleagues, and then I asked Dr. Fox if he'd like to say a few words. He answered with a curt "No," and I turned the meeting over to Don Bickerson, who, as always, delighted the group with his vast accumulation of scientific information.

Monday, January 16, 1967, four days after the freezing of the first man, I was completely rested, ready to face anything. The day before, Sunday, I had rushed Elaine and the kids out of the house early in a frantic escape from the telephone. I had barely put my key into the office door when there it was again,

the insistent *brrring* of the phone.

"Mr. Nelson?" It was a radio station somewhere in Pennsylvania. "You're on the air." After fifteen minutes on one of these conversation shows, I hung up and dialed my answering service before the bloody beast could ring again.

"This is Mr. Nelson. Have there been any calls?"

The girl on the other end chuckled and asked, "Do you have a pencil and a long, long, long piece of paper?" I was tied up with her for almost half an hour taking down my messages, most of which were from newspapers and radio and TV stations.

Sunday morning, I had returned one call from New York before leaving the house. It had been from Ted Albert. I hadn't heard of him before, but he was destined to play an important role. Ted explained that he had been involved with the program for a long time, knew all the principals, and was scheduled to appear on the David Susskind show in a day or two. He was also in the process of setting up a corporation to produce cryogenic equipment. Ted wanted to fly out the next morning and talk with me before his television appearance, and I was delighted to have an opportunity to meet with him. He planned on coming in at 10:00 or 11:00 on Monday morning.

I don't know how long Ted and I talked in Dr. Satini's office before Don appeared in the doorway, looking as though he were about to have an epileptic fit. He was white and looked so terrified that, if he hadn't been bald, his hair would have been standing on end.

He shouted, "My wife's on the telephone! She's screaming! She's hysterical! She says I must go home right now!"

Poor Ted. Seconds before we had been engaged in an intelligent discussion, and now, before us stood an obvious madman, obsessed with some kind of mind-convolving fear. At least I thought this must have been how it appeared to Ted.

I dashed out of Satini's office and grabbed the phone, hoping to make some sense out of this. All the time I was talking to Mrs. Bickerson, Don stood there, rubbing his hands together until I thought he would rub the skin off, saying "Calm her down, calm her down. Tell her not to worry . . . not to worry . . ." I could barely hear what she was saying.

Slowly the story evolved. Junior Greene, displaying an innocence I hadn't realized existed, called up Pierce Brothers Mortuary and without a moment's hesitation informed them that his father had died and he wanted his body shipped to the Cyro-Care Equipment Corporation in Phoenix, Arizona. Oh yes, he added that his father had been frozen and advised them that they would have to keep him in dry ice for the trip. I hadn't known any of this.

Junior, under the impression that his father's body was securely lodged in the Bickerson's garage, had instructed Pierce Brothers to pick it up there that morning. The mortuary had arrived only to find no patient. They immediately called Junior, who hysterically called Dr. Fox, who superhysterically called Mrs. Bickerson and accused her of everything from stealing a frozen body to having a frozen body on her property illegally and threatened her with lawsuits and imprisonment for everything from jaywalking to homicide.

Now Mrs. Bickerson screamed at me, "Get that body back to my house right now!" The poor woman simply couldn't make up her mind whether she wanted that body or not.

It was then 11:00 A.M. Dr. Fox had giv-

en her until 1:00 that afternoon to produce the patient, and she told me that if I didn't have it there by then, she'd strangle Don and God knows who else.

I tried to explain to Ted what had happened. "Ted, this is a very serious development. I don't have time to explain, but I need your help. We must move our frozen patient."

Ted agreed, without hesitation, to do anything I requested.

We raced up the Canyon. Bickerson, Ted and I removed the coffin from the back of the station wagon and replaced it in the back of the pickup, not taking time to cover it with anything.

I took a quick peek inside, and while there was still more than sufficient quantity of dry ice, I decided we better fill it right up to the top before returning it to Bickerson's. This involved another delay, but a necessary one. We looked up an ice house in Van Nuys and agreed that Ted and Don would go get the ice and I would meet them in a park near Don's house.

They left and my secretary and I sat down for a quick cup of coffee. I had a few minutes to kill and didn't feel like spending it in the park with a partially exposed coffin in the back of my truck.

I made it to the freeway without incident. From there it was five miles straight to the park where I was to meet Bickerson and Ted.

It's incredible how unaware most people are of what's going on around them. There we were—in broad daylight, in full view of children swinging as their mothers looked on, a group of young boys playing ball, a city employee mowing the lawn and a young couple strolling by, holding hands—lifting the lid of what could be nothing but a coffin, clouds of smoke arising from it, and not one person even gave us a strange look.

Don said that everything was all right at the house. The morticians hadn't arrived yet, and young Greene was there, not in the least disturbed.

As soon as we drove up to the house, Ted, Don, Junior and myself lifted the coffin from the truck and put it into the garage. As we placed it on the floor, Junior looked down and said, "Isn't this fantastic! My dad's in there." He spoke in an awed tone of voice, almost as though the true scope of the experiment had just dawned on him. We were all quite moved and said nothing as we went into the house.

I explained to Junior how I had done everything I could to reach him before transferring the patient, and he was very understanding. What I found it difficult to understand was his total naivete in phoning the mortuary without consulting anyone. It was he who was so anxious to keep the name a secret.

"Oh, no, it's all right," he innocently assured me. "They said they'd keep it a secret."

The story broke in the Glendale papers the next day, revealing the details of the freezing and the name of Dr. Harold Greene. The paper publicly stated that the information had been phoned in by Pierce Brothers Mortuary.

That was just about what I figured would happen that afternoon, and I sat there feeling almost sorry for Junior in his innocence. At least, I thought, it wouldn't be our fault if the name was released.

Eventually, the two gentlemen from Pierce Brothers arrived and Dr. Harold Greene set out on the next leg of his journey—to the Cyro-Care Equipment Corporation in Phoenix, Arizona, where he resides today, encapsulated at -196° C.

Who knows where his journey may end? END

EXCITING BOOK BONUS

THE CYCLE SAVAGES

(Continued from page 31)

saw them, dust billowing behind and around them. He counted twenty motorcycles and stopped; there must be many more. The noise now was overwhelming as the pack of cyclists neared the entrance. As they roared up to the gate, he motioned to the head of the cyclists and pointed for them to park in the lower lot. The leader of the pack raised his arm a la Fort Apache and the cyclists slowed and halted their bikes. Gooch felt the numbness in his stomach and the extreme dryness of his mouth. These punks were trouble. He was afraid, really afraid, but there was no place to run. Besides, he was too old to run.

"Move to the lower lot," Gooch yelled. "Come on . . . you're blocking the entrance."

The Beasts did not respond. Cars were beginning to line up now. Raymond Gooch walked slowly forward toward the stolid young man who did not move. Now Gooch was really afraid. If they would just say something instead of staring blankly. He had to act, as the chorus of auto horns began to grow more frantic.

"Listen, young man," he said to Krascoe, "I told you to move."

As he approached the cycle, Krascoe made a noise in his throat. Then he spit at the old man. The wad of wet saliva hit Gooch square in the face. Infuriated, he wiped his forearm across his face to clear his vision. He started for Krascoe with his fists clenched, but then stopped. The young man's expression had not changed. He merely continued to stare. Raymond Gooch knew that if he touched this sullen youth, he would be killed. They were all staring at him with complete disdain, hoping he would make a move. But there was no fight in Raymond Gooch; he was too tired. Krascoe settled back onto his seat and gunned the cycle around the wood barrier into the town. The pack followed, spewing clouds of dust, which covered the gatekeeper. Choking, he hurried to the gatehouse. With his bandana, he vainly tried to clear his nostrils of the thick dust. Quickly, he grabbed the telephone on the wall and, in his excitement, dropped the receiver. Finally, he was able to raise the operator. He talked rapidly into the telephone.

"Operator, get me the sheriff's office, quick!"

Krascoe smiled as the horde of tourists leaped for the safety of the wooden sidewalks as the motors raced down the dirt main street. Krascoe slowed the pack down. They began to cruise slowly, taking up the entire width of the street. One man was a little slow, and a cycle clipped his leg and sent him sprawling in the dust. In his late thirties, the man had the characteristic paunch that revealed the fact that he had had no physical activity since college. He rose quickly,

the white bermudas streaked with dust. His wife and two small children looked fearfully from the precarious refuge of the wooden sidewalk.

"What the hell is the idea, punk?"

The cyclist laid his motor down and walked toward the man. He was thin, perhaps in his twenties. Age was difficult to ascertain, since they all looked old. From the sidewalk, the wife sensed the danger. She clutched the children tightly. In a wavering voice she cried out to her husband.

"For God's sake, Ralph, don't get involved!"

It was too late and he knew it. The anger was now being replaced by fear. The animal walking slowly toward him was determined. Ralph Grunwell felt the floating queasiness in his gut. Loraine was watching. Christ, he hadn't been in a fight since the Navy. This punk was skinny, but he was hard. The tattooed arms were all muscle; there was no fat. He had to get in the first punch, but Ralph would try to talk to this hoodlum first.

"Listen, buddy," said Ralph, "can't you watch where you're going?"

The cyclist stopped within reach of the man. He did not respond, but merely stood, the impassive expression replaced by a trace of a sneer. A frustrated Ralph Grunwell stepped forward and again attempted contact.

"You could kill someone with that bike," Ralph was yelling. "Do you know that, punk?"

"Please, Ralph, let's go. The children are getting upset," his wife pleaded.

There was fear in his wife's voice, and he was extremely aware of it. He was afraid, too, but he could not back down. If only this cretin would apologize. The other cyclists were now forming around him in a half-circle. He could see clusters of other tourists across the street and some up ahead of Loraine. The cyclist was now smiling.

"The broad your shack job?" he said noncommittally.

The cyclist really wasn't expecting it. Certainly not from a soft middle-aged businessman. It also surprised Ralph Grunwell. He really didn't think he had it anymore. He came off the deck with a right hand that caught the cyclist square in the chest cavity. The force buckled him. Ralph followed with a left, splitting the lean one's ear wide open. Blood flowed into the long black sideburns and ran down onto the white of the neck. Ralph Grunwell didn't get a chance to throw another blow, as his eyes bugged out from the force of a heavy chain whipped across the small of his back. Loraine's scream of warning was too late. The one called Fang had ripped the heavy cycle chain from around his waist. By the time Ralph had delivered his second punch, the

cyclist was swinging the chain from Ralph's blind side. Grunwell sagged to the ground from the force of the blows as the grinning Fang whipped the chain back and forth. The maize polo shirt was now a soggy crimson. Grunwell instinctively held his hands clasped to the back of his head like a POW. Suddenly, he lurched forward, spewing yellow vomit flecked with red. The pain ceased as he blacked out, falling face down in the dust. His wife was screaming hysterically. Arms extended, the oldest boy ran sobbing to his father. The cyclist with the blood still running from his ear slapped the nine-year-old across the face and sent him sprawling back onto the walk. Loraine grabbed the boy, clutching him reflexively to her bosom. She stopped screaming. They were staring at her. The thin one with the blood was walking toward her. She glanced down the sidewalk. Many of the tourists were walking quickly to their cars; others were watching from a distance. She knew that no one was going to help her.

Loraine Grunwell sat sprawled on the wooden sidewalk, clutching her four-year-old daughter and her son. She was sobbing softly. Seven cyclists dismounted and stood in a ring around the woman. One drank from a gallon glass jug of cheap burgundy. He poured some of the red wine over the woman's head. It spilled down on her white blouse and stained it purple. She tried to wipe the wine out of her hair, but it was in vain, as the cyclist kept pouring a steady stream. The young men stared at the woman with no expression. Several were giggling. The one with the shaggy beard yelled at the one pouring the wine.

"Hey, Frenchy, don't waste all the red."

Frenchy stopped pouring and took a swig from the bottle. He allowed the overflow to drip down his chin and into the waxed Van Dyck. Cheeks puffed full of wine, he leaned over the sobbing woman, who was looking blankly at the wooden sidewalk. Her eyes were dulled with shock. He grabbed her pony tail and pulled her face to his. He was grotesque.

Loraine Grunwell could not comprehend. Pomona College, the P.T.A., *McCall's*, none of these had prepared her for this. She knew she was going to be raped . . . in front of the children . . . in front of Ralph . . . and nobody was going to help. The onlookers wouldn't help; they were too terrified to even watch. And the cyclists . . . God, they were so filthy and repulsive. *Dear God, don't let them . . .*

"Hey, Frenchy, you want to be first?"

"Naw, let Crow. He's got the right."

Crow put a hand up to the split ear with its coagulating blood. The ear hurt like hell.

"Yeah, I'm number one on this train," Crow said.

He grabbed the quivering woman by the shoulder, then looked at her husband prone in the dust.

"Hey, I want the citizen to see a real stud work over his woman. It'll give him something to tell his grandchildren."

Frenchy and another walked over and kicked Ralph Grunwell in the ribs. The four-year-old let out a terrified scream as her father was kicked. Wine was poured over Grunwell's head. The liquid and the scream of his child got through to the semiconscious man. He blinked, trying to clear the blurred picture his eyes presented. He tried to focus . . . he recognized the cries of his daughter . . . the stench from his own vomit nauseated him. Suddenly the picture was clear. Loraine was being roughed up by the bastards. He tried to raise up . . . his arms were kicked out from under him and he collapsed face down. He tried to push himself up again but failed and just lay there knowing there wasn't anything he could do.

Paul Krascoe sat on his cycle, watching, with a half smile on his face. She was stacked. Krascoe had plans, and he didn't usually go in for the kind of pointless hell-raising that the Angels and some of the other gangs engaged in, but this time his boys had a little fun coming. After all, the square had brought it on himself by trying to play the hero.

Loraine Grunwell flinched and closed her eyes as Crow yelled in her ear. Crow took her by the auburn hair and pulled her head back. She kept her eyes tightly closed. Her baby cried hysterically, but the mother had ceased trying to comfort her. Crow yelled louder.

Crow glanced up at Ralph, who was staring at him. His head was in the dust, but the eyes were open, watching.

Ralph Grunwell was in extreme pain . . . on the verge of unconsciousness, but he strived to stay out of the limbo of unreality. He was memorizing faces.

Parked on the top of the rise in back of the town, one of the cyclists scanned the highway with a pair of pink rhinestone-studded opera glasses. The lookout stopped his sweep of the road and focused on a white vehicle with an oscillating red light on top as it pulled off the highway onto the Calico road. Behind it were two black-and-white cars; the red spots on the drivers' side were visible. He looked back down the highway. Two more white vehicles with red dome lights flashing were speeding east on the highway from Barstow. He put the glasses down. One or two cars of heat they could take, but five with riot guns is a little hairy. He reached into a grimy saddlebag and pulled out a stubby U.S. Navy Very pistol. He aimed and fired. The flare arced high, marking a trail of bright green smoke. The cyclists stopped their play. Crow dropped the woman, and she sagged in a dead faint on the hot wooden sidewalk. The children kept on screaming. The flare showed bright against the blue sky as it trailed a thickening green plume. Without a word, Krascoe kicked over his motor and started out of town.

The rest mounted their cycles and followed. Crow looked at the prone figure of Ralph Grunwell. He slowed the cycle enough to kick out at the raised head. The ear split and pumped a stream of red. Crow laughed loudly and gunned the motor, sending up a shower of dust and gravel that stung and covered the battered body of Ralph Grunwell. The cyclists raced past the gatehouse and off the road into the sagebrush. The squad cars would never be able to follow them.

Ralph Grunwell's head was ringing from the savage kick. He could hear the whine

of the sirens now as the patrol cars came nearer.

THE TRIM Negro records clerk carried a yellow manila folder to a door marked CAPTAIN—NARCOTICS DETAIL. She entered and laid the folder in front of the cigar-chewing captain.

"We've checked all the personnel folders and this one comes the closest to what you wanted sir."

"Fine. Thank you."

He dismissed her with a gesture of his cigar. The voice was gruff. The man was gruff. He was not liked, but he was respected. Forty-five-year-old Captain Walt Mooney was old line. He did not give a damn about being loved. No, he would rather be feared, especially by the junkies. He glanced at the teletype message marked "confidential" from the State's Attorney General's office: a request for an officer to be placed within the "Beasts." The pressure was on the politicos as the cycle gangs gained newspaper and television notoriety, and the worst of the lot were the "Beasts." The heat had filtered down to the captain. The gangs were dealing in narco, dangerous drugs and, lately, in weapons. They had been a pet vendetta of the captain since their inception at the end of the war. He had read over twenty folders, but none was exactly the man he wanted. He thumbed through the folder and began reading:

Name: Edward Christopher Bartel.

Age: 29

Height: 6 feet

Weight: 191 lbs.

Hair: Black

Eyes: Blue

Tattoos: None

Service: Four years in the Military Police. Graduate of Fort Gordon. Spent a year on the permanent cadre teaching unarmed defense. Top man in the motorcycle course. Assigned for two years in West Berlin. Was decorated for rescuing a wounded East German under fire crossing the border. Discharged a staff sergeant.

Schooling: Associate Arts degree from Pasadena City College. Currently in his junior year at Los Angeles State College, majoring in Police Science. Attended a semester at the Pasadena Playhouse.

Hobbies: Athletics—football, brown belt in karate, golf and motorcycle riding. Before military service was a member of a motorcycle club called The Rounders. Participates in little theater groups and has worked as an extra in Hollywood.

Dept. Record: Three months in the county jail prior to assignment to the Academy. Number one man in his Academy class. Worked one year in the vice detail in the West Hollywood area. Received an outstanding evaluation. Transferred to the Patrol Division and assigned to the East Los Angeles station. Two years in the Patrol Division. Numerous commendations. Qualified as a Distinguished Expert with the .38 revolver.

THE CAPTAIN closed the folder. He pushed the button on the intercom.

"Have Deputy Edward Bartel of the E.L.A. station report to me as soon as possible," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied a female voice.

The captain was sure he had found his man.

Peggy Bartel came to the door of the living room. She wasn't beautiful, but she was cute. The natural auburn hair was cut short, framing a pixie face. Her figure was trim except for the hips, which

were a little too large. This had resulted in her being rejected by the airlines, but not by Ed.

The yellow pants suit she was wearing was sharp. It molded itself to her body in all the right places. Ed caught himself staring, and looked away. It didn't seem exactly right to leer at one's wife, especially not in the bright sunlight of late afternoon.

"Hi, Cop," she said, coming over to kiss him on the cheek.

"It's Officer, lady." He spoke lightly, but there was a quick flash of resentment in him at the word. If he hadn't known how much she disliked his job, it wouldn't have bothered him.

"Sorry, Officer," she said with a slight curtsy.

"I'd hate to have to rap you smartly alongside the head."

"Mother warned me about police brutality."

"Christ, don't spoil my appetite," he moaned.

"What've you got against my mother?" The smile was gone.

"Nothing, damn it!" he said. "I'm just sick of hearing about police brutality. Everywhere you turn some long-haired do-gooder is trying to get us to coddle hoodlums. As soon as we treat some rotten creep the way he deserves to be treated, they yell police brutality. I'm sick of it. I don't like it even in fun."

"Sorry, it was just a bad joke," she said, and kissed him on the lips, hard, before breaking away.

He softened and tried to pull her back, but she danced away from him.

"Teasel!" he said. "You get a guy all steamed up and then run."

"Enough of that jazz, Officer," she said. "You go wash up. I'll have dinner ready in a few minutes."

"Good," he said. "I'm starved."

Ed was washing up when the telephone rang. Instinctively, he knew it was the office. He was wiping the soap off his face when Peg called, "It's for you."

It was the desk sergeant; he was to report to the Hall to Captain Mooney in narco. There were no other details. He walked slowly into the cheery kitchen with its bright yellows and whites. Peg was slicing the brown loaf of rye and didn't look up. Her lips were tight.

"I've got to go downtown," he said.

"Can't they ever leave you alone?" she said sharply. "Does your whole life have to belong to them?"

"It's my job," he said stiffly.

"You can at least take time to eat," she said, still not looking up. "Nothing can be that important."

"They said now," he said. Actually he probably could have taken the time to grab a quick bite, but he was so irritated by her attitude that he didn't care.

"See you later," he said through tight lips.

The burly, red-faced man seated at the desk had a cigar in his mouth. He looked up. "Come on in, Bartel, and sit down. What do you know about the Beasts?" Mooney demanded.

"I've never had any contact with them, but on patrol I've heard rumbles about their activities . . . scum like the Angels and the rest of the outlaw gangs."

The captain reached into a drawer of his desk and drew out a folder that Ed recognized as a personnel file. The captain opened it, glanced at the information it contained and then looked up at Bartel again.

"You used to belong to a motorcycle club called the Rounders. A pretty rough bunch?"

"No, sir. We were an A.M.A. group.

Nothing like the Beasts."

"You've been on, what do they call them?, 'runs'?"

"Sure, a couple of them. All our runs were A.M.A. sponsored affairs. We didn't tear up towns like the Angels or the Beasts."

"There's another thing in your file that interests me," the captain said. "You've done some acting."

"I've worked as an extra in a couple of movies, and they seem to think I'm okay at the Pasadena Playhouse."

"Do you think you could play a part in real life?"

"I suppose so. Sure, why not?"

"Well, from your record, I think you're the man for a special assignment." The captain paused while he relit his cigar.

"You game, Deputy?"

"Yes, sir." Ed didn't hesitate. The Army had taught him to react instantly in such a situation.

"Good," the captain said. "You'll be working undercover."

"In what capacity, Captain?"

"Son, you're going to be a Beast," the captain said.

"I'm to infiltrate the organization?"

"Right. You'll spend two weeks in intensive training, which will cover briefing on bikes, self-defense, and so on. I mean intensive; seven days a week, twelve hours a day."

Ed felt a sinking feeling in his gut. Peg would crucify him. She disliked his job enough as it was, but when she heard he was going undercover, she'd be both furious and frightened. But the sergeant's test was coming up in two months and this could help on his evaluation. Refusing this assignment would kill his chance for stripes. He was aware that the captain knew this and was applying the pressure. It was subtle, but still the pressure was there.

"This will be a tough one," the captain continued, "but I think you can handle it. These cretins are messing around with dope and weapons. The Attorney General has asked for help, and the sheriff will bend over backwards to give it. The Beasts pushed some people around out at Calico recently, and the papers have been making a big thing out of it. Publicity like that gets the public excited, and since the sheriff is an elected official, when the public gets excited, he gets excited. That's why they handed this business over to us. We want to get enough on these punks to put them away for a while. That's where you come in. This is a volunteer bit. You can refuse it."

Ed knew better. Refuse it and he would be guaranteed a forty percent in his evaluation. No, he knew better if he wanted a career in the department, and he did.

"I'll take the assignment."

"Be at the Academy at seven tomorrow morning to begin your training," the captain said.

Ed stood up. "Is that all, sir?"

"Yeah. One thing more. Don't shave or get a haircut as of now. That's an order." The captain nodded without standing and returned to the papers on his desk.

Dick Whittinghill's rapid chatter on KMPC woke Ed at six A.M. He reached up and turned off the clock radio. Peg lay on the far side of the double bed with her back to him. The seven-day, twelve-hour-per-day briefing period did not go with her. It had been a cold night. She could be as warm as a nymphomaniac practicing self-immolation, or as frigid as a necrophile's delight. Last night had been the latter. In an attempt at appeasement, he softly kissed the back of her neck. There was no response. He

cursed softly to himself, knowing damn well that she was awake. It was the first morning that she had not fixed his breakfast. He dressed quickly. He slammed the screen door loudly as he went to the garage. If she was asleep, she would be awake now, he thought.

Ed reported to a sergeant, who told him to report to classroom three under the pistol range. He hurried down the walk past the modern range and into the corridor which was bordered by a row of classrooms. Inside number three there were three men in plainclothes. A lean, sandy-haired officer looked at him as he entered and walked towards Ed, hand extended.

"Bartel?" he asked.

"Robert Francis Keatley a/k/a 'Hitler,' male, white, twenty-three years, five eleven, one sixty-seven, lengthy juvenile record, busted by San Diego for possession of dangerous drugs in 1962, Imperial County sheriff's in 1963 for armed robbery, did six months county time. Fancies himself a pseudo-Nazi and may have some association with the American Nazi Party. Considered part of the command structure of the Beasts."

There was a click as the picture again changed. The man was the devil incarnate. There was no mop of greasy hair. The head was shaved, and a neatly trimmed goatee gave a satanic appearance, with only the horns missing. Unlike the stereotyped comic-strip devil, this man



"Yes."

"Good. I'm Lieutenant Bob Waldrop, intelligence detail."

The lieutenant shook hands firmly and motioned to the other two. They shook hands. Lieutenant Smith was from vice and Lieutenant Pace from narcotics. Ed settled in a chair, a bit apprehensive with all the brass and no enlisted peons. A slide projector and a film projector were set up in the middle of the spacious classroom. Lieutenant Waldrop pulled down the wall screen over the bright green chalkboard. Then he turned and faced Ed.

The screen was filled with a man in his twenties, an outlaw cyclist. He had a scraggly beard, cigarette dangling from a thick lower lip, Levi jacket cut at the shoulders, heavy Nazi iron cross hanging around his neck, and a swastika tattooed in the center of his forehead. He sat astride a Harley-Davidson with high-risers. In his right hand, he proudly held up a fifth of Thunderbird.

was well muscled. There was no smile. Arms were exposed by the sleeveless Levi jacket, showing prominent tattoos. There was no posing, and so he differed from the others. There was no facade of contemptible bravado. Yet the hate here was very profound. The lieutenant ended the psychoanalyzing.

"Paul Krascoe," said the lieutenant. "He's the number-one boy. Smart, cool and very, very mean. Twenty-eight years, numerous arrests, mostly for misdemeanors, couple of felony busts, but no convictions. He's the one you're to latch onto, Bartel. Get real cozy with him, because he is the power."

"Krascoe's got a real quirk," Waldrop paused for effect. "The punk hates cops. Oh, I know this is no oddity these days, but Krascoe's got a thing about it. A real vicious, driving hate."

Various slides followed, showing individual and group shots of the Beasts. Several involved their women, as dirty



The beer and wine weren't the only things waiting at the end of the run.

as the men, in Levi's and tight jerseys. Ed noticed that several were extremely attractive, even with cycle boots and greasy Levi's. Waldrop explained that the women carried weapons for their men. After the slides, Bartel was shown various weapons that had been confiscated from cycle outlaw gangs. He did take notice of several weapons for future reference. A thin, sharp blade fitted in cycle handlebars, a sawed-off double-barrelled 12-gauge shotgun with a pistol grip, which was found in a sandlebag, and a home-made hand grenade. Pictures of the Hell's Angels proudly waving AR-15 rifles were passed to Ed. As he flipped through them, the lieutenant continued his commentary.

"A Beast was picked up with a Sten gun two weeks ago. Claimed he found it. We couldn't trace it, and he wouldn't crack to the source. We think it might be Mexico. Or they may be behind several arms store burglaries. Anyway, the rumble is they're getting weapons. We want to know where, why, and the location of their stash."

"Have their hangouts been raided?" asked Ed.

"A couple . . . no luck," answered Waldrop. "We know they must have a central location where they've got a workshop. Besides, we want the source and the reason for arming."

The afternoon session consisted solely of briefings on the Beasts, with emphasis on the argot of the outlaw gangs. After working vice and patrol, Ed felt he dug the slang of the street, but the majority of this talk was new to him. He read over the mimeographed word list as Waldrop explained the words on the blackboard.

Ape hangers—Extremely high motorcycle handles from which the rider dangles his arms in ape fashion. Outlaw cyclists favor these. They are sometimes called high-risers.

Citizen—A square. Anyone outside the charmed circle of one-percenters.

Colors—Symbols sewed on the back of the outlaws' sleeveless denim jackets. The Hell's Angels "colors" are a death's head with wings wearing a motorcycle helmet. Just below the emblem is a small patch with "MC" on it. Above this are the words "Hell's Angels" and below is the name of the chapter. In the case of the Beasts, the "colors" are a wolf-like animal dripping saliva as it rides a motorcycle.

Garbage Wagon—A stock cycle with factory accessories and loaded with chrome. A stolen "garbage wagon" is often converted very quickly into an outlaw's "hog."

Hog—A stripped-down motorcycle, usually a Harley-Davidson. The most valued possession of an "outlaw."

Legal Name—The nickname by which an outlaw is known to his fellows. For example: Frenchy, Crow and Gordo of the Beasts, or Magoo One, two and Three of the Angels.

Mama—A female camp follower who is available for sexual relations with any member of an outlaw gang.

Mind Snapper—Anything ordinary people might find shocking or revolting, ranging from two outlaws French-kissing to eating a long-dead fox found in the desert. A "mind-snapper" is an attempt to gain attention.

Old Lady—An outlaw's wife or girlfriend.

"Old ladies" have a different status from a "mama"; they belong to one outlaw only and are not available to all.

Originals—An outlaw's party clothes. A pair of Levi's three or four years old that have never been washed. A new member has his "originals" baptized at his initiation party when all members present urinate on them.

Outlaw—A cyclist who does not belong to the American Motorcycle Association.

Run—An all-day or weekend trip in which all members of several chapters join. Several "runs" in recent years have resulted in violence to the "citizens" of the town picked as the destination.

Snuff or Be Snuffed—To kill or be killed.

BARTEL FINISHED reading the list and looked up at the lieutenant, who gave him a sour grin.

"You're going to have to memorize all that, you know. You've got to be able to talk like a Beast."

"Yes, sir," Ed said, bending over the list again.

After he finished jotting down notes about the terms for memorization, Ed was given fifteen minutes for a coffee break. At three P.M. Captain Mooney arrived, cigar planted squarely in the middle of his crimson, fat face. He nodded gruffly to Lieutenant Waldrop and Ed.

"The lieutenant says you're doing all right," He paused for a second. "Keep it up."

"Captain, I believe Deputy Bartel would be interested in the security precautions you've developed to protect his cover."

"Well, all law enforcement agencies in this state, Nevada and Arizona have been provided with a phony jacket on you, Bartel," said the captain.

The captain opened a large brown envelope and dumped its contents on the podium top. He lifted a sheet of teletype paper and waved it at Ed, who quelled a crazy desire to wave back.

"This is your rap sheet," Mooney read quickly, "'Narco bust, fifty-nine, two eleven, dangerous drugs and the rest of the arrests a cycle punk would have. All Dade County, Florida.'"

Ed felt he had better ask a question.

"Captain, are any of the local Beasts from the Florida area?"

"None we know of."

Mooney shuffled through the other papers.

"Here's your Florida license and other I.D. you'll need." He pushed the papers back into the envelope.

The more he learned, the less he looked forward to the assignment.

The rest of the day was spent poring over mug shots, memorizing faces and reading files on the Beasts. At six, the lieutenant looked in on Ed.

"Okay, Bartel, why don't you call it a day."

"Fine," answered Ed.

"Tomorrow morning, report to the gym and Mr. Johnson O'Riley."

"O'Riley?"

"Yeah. He's some sort of hotshot self-defense expert the captain imported to train you."

"Good."

Ed felt slightly chagrined. His specialty was unarmed defense. He was sure it was on his personnel record.

"It won't be Judo, Bartel. Street fighting. You'll learn a lot. The rest of the week, besides the gym bit, you'll be working at the range, or over at the L.A.P.D. motorcycle course." Waldrop looked hard at Ed. "Any problems?"

"No, sir," Ed lied.

"Very good. I'll see you tomorrow."

The two-week training period was jammed with subjects. Ed would get home about eight. He would eat, study for an hour and then have to sleep. He was tired, both physically and mentally, the physical strain from the cycle riding and unarmed defense workouts, the mental strain from the enormous amount of material he was being exposed to and expected to assimilate. Added to this dual strain was the emotional pressure caused by the conflict with his wife.

Even his physical appearance was changing. His hair was hanging down on the back of his neck, with long sideburns and a scrub of a beard. No longer was he the clean-cut young cop, but the image of the "Vietnik" or coffeehouse hoodlum.

When the training was over, he dropped in to see Waldrop.

"Bad news, Bartel. Long Beach policeman was brutally beaten by a group of Beasts at a drive-in on Lakewood Boulevard."

"Any arrests?" asked Ed.

"Four Beasts picked up."

"Krascoe?"

"No, none of the wheels."

"Everything goes as scheduled?"

"Yeah, except for one change. The captain wants you tomorrow instead of Monday."

Hell, thought Ed, this would really completely frost Peg. He'd planned to spend the weekend with her in Laguna.

"I'm sorry, Bartel," said the lieutenant, "Mooney was adamant. I tried to talk him out of it, but no dice."

"Thanks, but I don't know how I'm going to explain it to my wife."

Waldrop was sympathetic; he'd been through it a hundred times with Anita. Mooney wasn't the type to be sympathetic. No, the job came before the family. Deputy Bartel could realize this fact of life as a necessary evil, but the wife would never accept it.

"Bartel, your cycle will be parked in the Safeway market lot two blocks from your home. Pick it up and cruise Bell Gardens and attempt to get close to the Beasts."

"How often do I get in contact?"

"Whenever you get good intelligence, but check in tomorrow after you make contact."

"Yes, sir." Ed felt a terrible depression. There was no excitement of anticipation. The assignment smelled and he knew it, as did Lieutenant Waldrop. He handed over his identification and .38 service revolver.

"Any more questions?"

"No."

Waldrop shook his hand.

"Good luck."

Peg said nothing when he told her about the change in plans. She merely unpacked the suitcase and went to bed. Ed tried to talk to her, but it just made things worse. He finally gave up and turned out the light. He felt like hell.

ED LOOKED down upon the cement bottom of the Los Angeles river. A thin ribbon of green water slowly meandered towards the Pacific. The name "river" was a misnomer. It was more of a creek. Along the concrete bed, a group of cyclists were bunched. Ed could see from the ridge that they were outlaws by the Levi jackets with the emblems on the back. He gunned the Harley and headed down the ramp to the riverbed.

"Is there a Krascoe around here?" asked Ed.

From the middle of twenty-some Beasts emerged Krascoe. The shaved head gleamed in the sun. With the black moustache and goatee he affected an Oriental cast.

"You're Krascoe?" Ed asked.

"As you damn well know." Krascoe spoke slowly and let each word hang for emphasis. "Who in the hell are you?"

"Barnes, Ed Barnes."

"So?"

The group was still watching their leader test the stranger. Ed was grasping, trying to find an opening. This Krascoe was cold, colder than he had imagined.

"The Nazis in Arlington gave me your name."

"Arlington?"

"Virginia," Ed smiled, "the Party headquarters."

"You heat?"

There was no change of expression, merely a disinterested contempt. Paul Krascoe was cool. The Beasts were watching hungrily as they waited for the answer. Ed giggled softly, a la Brando.

"Yeah, I'm Batman!"

Several of the Beasts laughed but Krascoe merely stared coldly.

"Okay, clown, what's the bit?"

The eyes were narrow slits, and Ed thought Krascoe really did look Oriental. It was evident that Krascoe did not appreciate his humor. He would have to play it straight.

"No bit . . . I'm from Miami, went to the drags up in Prince Georges, Maryland. Met some studs who were with the Angels, so I'm out here, checking the scene."

"You pretty hot with a hog?"

"Yeah."

"Good, you can show your stuff in Hare and Hounds."

"What?"

"I smell cop on you."

Ed shook his head as he laughed, laughed loud, laughed to convince the cold bastard in front of him.

"Hey, you got me all wrong!"

"Listen, if you are a heat, you're not leaving the L.A. river."

"You want to see my badge?"

"Okay, Barnes, we'll see if you're heat."

Take your hog up to the line."

Without hesitating, Ed kicked over the Harley and rolled slowly through the double line of Beasts. He stopped at the point where Krascoe motioned. Several Beasts were astride their bikes, with the engines running. Six Beasts formed a rough line facing down river. One whom Ed recognized as Frenchy waved him to take a position next to the sixth Beast. The six on the cycles did not look at him. The smell of gas was pungent, as a lack of breeze kept the fumes close to the warm sand of the bed. It was hot. Sweat trickled down into the stubble of his beard. There must have been fifty Beasts clustered around the seven riders. Ed counted a half dozen women in the colors of the Beasts. Most were very skinny or very chunky. Hair hanging with no pretence of fashion or even combing. Then Ed saw her. A tall blonde who filled the tight Levi outfit as if it were a rubber scuba suit. She wore the Beast garb, but she looked clean and her makeup was perfect. She stared at Ed with a detached aloofness. Ed's attention was snapped back to Frenchy as the slim, wide-eyed Beast yelled at him.

"Hey, stud . . . you drag to where one of the guys is standing."

Frenchy pointed down the bed some hundred yards to where Ed could see a Beast sitting on his motor.

"You make six runs," Frenchy continued. "Stop, dismount, grab a beer and chug it. Get back here. Six times, got it?"

Ed shook his head affirmatively.

"You better get it, 'cause if you lose . . . drink it all."

Several of the Beasts were breaking open six-packs of half-quarts. It was hot.

His throat was parched. The cycles dug out with an ugly roar. Dust and gravel spewed out behind the seven cycles bouncing towards the line of seven shining beer cans. Ed gunned the machine as he raced for the seventh can. He slid to a stop and leaned off, grabbing the beer. He managed to chug about half the beer before taking a breath. He remembered the wise old drinkers in college who taught him to drop the beer down his throat, not to swallow. The wet brew cut the dust in his mouth. He finished the can, letting it drop to the ground as he cut back towards the starting point. He allowed himself the luxury of glancing at the pack. He was about third. At the line, he grabbed the second beer and managed to chug it all in one action.

The blonde was smoking and staring. There was no smile, no emotion, merely an expression of indifference.

He felt bloated but still reasonably clearheaded. He took the lead on the fifth beer. There was no yelling from the spectators. They just stood silently drinking. On the sixth and final stop, the beer had been replaced by a pint of Gallo Burgundy. Ed drank the wine and fought to keep it down. He choked and spewed dark red wine down and let the bottle topple to the dust. He had won.

Everything suddenly floated as if the scene were being played in water. The last distinct thing he remembered was the tall blonde slowly moving through a mass of imagery, moving toward him.

IT WAS after seven P.M. and Detective Lieutenant Bob Waldrop sat in the cluttered office rereading the burglary report on the gun shop. He did not like it. There were no prints. Burglary M.O. files had turned up nothing. There were no prior patterns. It was professionally done, but was it accomplished by professional burglars? The lieutenant was puzzled. There had been no attempt to spring the cash registers, nor any rifling of the offices. A safe was untouched. The objective had been solely weapons, even though there was over two thousand dollars in the safe.

He scanned the weapons descriptions again. Many valuable sporting arms had been left. The stress was on heavy weaponry. A somber fact was that all the automatic weapons and heavy war arms had been stolen. These souvenir arms could be activated by cannibalizing and utilizing the talents of a decent machinist.

He thumbed through a file of manila folders and pulled one. He had ordered all L.A.S.O. reports on gun-running for the past six months. Also copies of all L.A.P.D., Orange County and San Bernardino County gun burglary reports. Several were similar to this job.

THE PUNGENT smell of gasoline awakened Ed. He raised up on the grease-stained mattress. The blonde was stretched out next to him, asleep. He was in a garage. Auto and cycle parts were strewn all over the floor. His cycle rested against a workbench. He recollected the wine and the blonde in the crowd . . . the rest was a total blank. He stood up slowly, trying to regain his faculties. She stirred and rolled onto her back. A mass of platinum hair framed her face, making the faded blue of the Levi's incongruous. If there was a flaw in the makeup, it was the eyes, too much eye shadow for Ed's taste. These eyes opened and they were green, a distinct pale green. The green eyes were locked on Ed.

"I don't remember a damn thing after drinking that wine."

"I drove your hog here with you draped

over my back like a big side of beef.
"Thanks."

The blonde smiled for the first time. Her teeth were good. Ed felt himself getting slightly warm. This was an attractive woman, but the Levi's and filthy mattress helped cool his libido.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Maggie."

Ed turned quickly when he heard the door open. Paul Krascoe stood with his tattooed arms crossed over his chest. In a soft but decisive voice he spoke.

"Come in here, Barnes."

Ed nodded his head and followed Krascoe through the door. Maggie rolled back on her stomach and closed her eyes.

The room was large and well lit. Two of the Beasts were busy working at a long bench. They did not look up. Twenty-some-odd crates filled the floor area. In stand-up racks were ten British Sten guns. On the table were an assortment of handguns. Ed quickly glanced at them: Lugers, S&W .357's, Ruger .44 magnums and several Colt .45 automatics.

"You like?" asked Krascoe.

"Yeah."

"There's more; this is just a small part of our stash."

Ed tried to appear perfectly relaxed. Completely cool and unimpressed with Krascoe's dramatics.

"Who you fighting?" Ed asked.

"Maybe you," answered Krascoe. "I still figure you for heat."

"Come on, Krascoe," Ed laughed slightly. "Why in the hell would you show me your arsenal if I was the law?"

Krascoe's eyes were big, too big for his facial structure. They were black and fierce, with an intensity that was frightening.

"Because if you're heat, you're dead."

"Friendly bastard, aren't you."

"You got guts if you're a cop."

"I'm also damn stupid if I'm heat."

"You're so right, baby. Tonight we're going for a ride," Krascoe continued. "Mexico."

LIEUTENANT Waldrop filled his mug with black coffee for the tenth time. They had lost all track of Bartel. He'd last checked in from the Western Sands bar on Eastern in Bell Gardens. That was at 11:12 A.M.

That crusty bastard Mooney was wrong in sending Bartel into that pack of human garbage. They had the home addresses of most of the Beasts, but they did not know their headquarters. Surveillance and tailing had failed. Their normal meetings were held in various beer bars throughout the county. But as to their base of operations, where they stripped stolen cycles and had their arsenal, this was unknown. Apparently Krascoe allowed only a few key lieutenants and confidants to know the whereabouts of the arsenal. These would be the hard core Beasts, the ones who had been charter members in 1959 when the club had been formed in Bell Gardens. The Beasts now claimed twenty-odd chapters throughout California, Nevada and Arizona. The "mother" organization was the Bell Gardens chapter. Krascoe was the third "Führer" of the Beasts. The original was killed in a head-on collision with a Greyhound bus on the Santa Ana freeway. The second was doing ten to life in San Quentin for rape and attempted murder.

Krascoe was the smartest of the three. Since taking over in 1964, he had forced the chapters to be more cohesive and to pay allegiance to the "mother" chapter. He was clever and did not commit blatant crimes. He personally never committed a violation of the law without careful

planning and consideration of the objectives. It was Krascoe who made the Beasts conform to the vehicle laws on well-traveled highways. His reasoning was that a Beast in the bucket on a traffic warrant was of no use to the organization. Krascoe and his ilk were as aware of their rights as the police. Evidence on them had to be solid, and garnered legally. No wire taps or illegal searches, at least nothing that could be used in court. So Captain Mooney, out of frustration, had ordered a man placed in the gang.

THE PACK was strung out along the Pacific Coast Highway in twos and threes. French and Ed were waved into the San Diego Police border checkpoint by a helmeted young officer. They cut their engines and waited for the officer to walk over. Long lines of cars waited their turn to cross the border into Tijuana. Frenchy lit a cigarette.

"What's the bit here?" asked Ed.

"The heat checks all hogs."

It was only about thirty yards to the border. Parked near the line were two shiny motorcycles. Standing by their bikes were two heavy Mexican police in tan uniforms with breeches and polished brown knee-high boots. On the right was a small, neat border officer of the San Diego police department. The young officer asked Ed and Frenchy for their licenses. He said nothing but walked into the office to run a records check.

"These flakes are begging for a warrant bust," said Frenchy.

It was only a few minutes before the officer returned. He handed Frenchy his license. Frenchy said nothing, but merely kicked over his motor and pulled into the line of cars creeping towards the border. The officer handed Ed's license to him.

"*Federales* have been tipped off," he said softly. "Are you all right?"

"Yeah. Get in touch with Lieutenant Waldrop." Ed checked to see if Frenchy was looking back. "The arsenal is dead end of Rocker Street in Bell Gardens, by the river bed."

The officer quickly jotted the details down in his notebook. Ed kicked over his motor.

"What's the deal in Mexico?" shouted the officer over the roar of the Harley.

"I don't know," yelled Ed. "I don't know where in the hell we're headed or why. Oh, yeah, tell the lieutenant they've got a lot of hardware."

Ed pulled out and weaved through the cars to the waiting Frenchy. The two cycles broke across the border into the Republic of Mexico. Frenchy drove past main drag, and past the jai alai palace. Ed was a little puzzled. He had figured that they were going to raise hell in the sleazy bars like the Army-Navy Club or the Bum-Bum. Instead, they were on the highway to Rosarita Beach. Past the cluster of modern motels, Frenchy pulled into a clearing off the road. The moon was bright and there was enough light for Ed to count forty-some bikes. Krascoe pulled his bike up even with Ed. Moonlight literally gleamed off the bald skull, and the black eyes merely glanced at Ed. Krascoe headed onto the highway as the pack followed in ranks of four with Krascoe alone in the lead. Ed brought up the rear with Frenchy, the heavy-muscled one called Big John, and Gordo, a very fat slob who wore a German helmet with a spike on the top.

Krascoe turned off the main highway up a dirt road. The pack followed. Ed choked on the dust kicked up by the cycles ahead of him. The road soon straightened out and Krascoe pulled off

into a wide field. Ed followed Frenchy's lead and pulled in and cut his motor. Frenchy handed him a bottle.

"T-Bird?" offered Frenchy.

"Thanks."

Ed took the wine and drank hungrily. He was very thirsty. Water, or ice cold milk, orange juice, anything would have been preferable to the wine after the morning drunk in the river bed. Yet it was wet and cut the dust caked in his throat. Ed handed the bottle back.

His thoughts of his wife were broken by the sound of motors. Frenchy sat up on his motor.

"Angels," he muttered.

"What is this, a rumble?"

"Cool it, man . . . it's no rumble."

A string of cycles was silhouetted along the road. It was now almost dawn, and the western sky was becoming light. The cyclists wheeled into the field and parked as a group opposite the Beasts. It was still too dark for Ed to make out their colors. He could see that they were wearing sleeveless Levi jackets, and several sported Nazi helmets. Two had giant sombreros that they had probably picked up in Tijuana. Ed figured there were close to thirty motors. It was getting lighter. A salmon-pink strip appeared on the western horizon as the sun fought for its rightful place. Now Ed could see color. The blues of the Levis', the browns and blacks of shaggy hair and beards, the bilious designs on the backs of the jackets. It was not just the Hell's Angels. He spotted the Satan's Slaves, Gooses, Beachcombers, Pallbearers and other clubs. A shaggy Angel with the numeral "13" tattooed on his forehead wheeled his bike up to Krascoe, who sat flanked by Big John and Hitler. There was no talk from the other cyclists. All eyes were riveted on the Angel and the Beast. Ed had no trouble overhearing.

"You're late," said Krascoe.

"Yeah," answered the Angel.

"Where's the rest?"

"The border heat went crazy," The Angel lit a cigar. "Nobody is gettin' through."

"The heat has closed the border?"

"Yeah. They been tipped off."

"How many did you come down with?"

"Oakland, Richmond, Sacramento, L.A., and San Berdo chapters met outside San Diego. We had over two hundred. There must've been another hundred from the Gooses, and the rest of them. Look, Krascoe, how 'bout the goodies?"

"The guns are stashed in L.A."

"You know, man, the Angels are playin' this bit with you 'cuz you got a lot of hardware we want, not because you're number one."

Ed could see Krascoe tense. The vein in his forehead throbbed. Frenchy's right hand slipped into the jacket. The butt of a pistol showed.

"You aren't going to blow my plan . . . we can't afford to fight among ourselves. That's stupid."

"Tell your boys to put away the hardware," said the Angel.

Krascoe nodded and the weapons were placed out of sight.

"All right, we meet again in two days," said Krascoe.

"Where?"

"I'll get word to you."

"How about a practice run on Ensenada?"

"Why not?"

The pack sped along the asphalt highway into Ensenada proper. It was getting very warm as the sun rose higher and broke loose from the horizon.

The road dipped, and below the pack was Ensenada. Mexicans walking on the side of the road scurried for high ground

as the cycles whipped by. A mongrel pup yipped and chased after Big John, who was riding just ahead of Ed. The scrawny dog's ribs stood out prominently as he nipped at the boot of the cyclist. Big John pulled a snub-nosed .38 from his jacket and pumped two shots point blank into the dog. The barking stopped as the head exploded and the tan furry bundle bounced off the asphalt. A spray of blood spewed up and a few drops hit Ed. Desperately, he wiped the warm, thick liquid from his face. He cursed silently between set teeth, vowing to himself that one day he would pay back the Beast muscleman. A simple kick which have dissuaded the dog, but the bastard had had to show how tough he was.

"Yes, sir. Especially when it comes to the safety of a deputy."

The captain leaned back in his big chair.

"Goddam it, Waldrop, you want to be relieved of this assignment?"

The lieutenant did, badly, but he realized suddenly what this would mean: He would be transferred from Intelligence to uniform, and he hadn't been in harness since they had changed from all forest green to tan shirts. Knowing the viciousness of Mooney, he would be working custody. No, he didn't really want to be relieved after all.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Waldrop slowly. "I guess I'm just beat and worried about the case."



Even though he knew what she was, he still couldn't stop wanting her.

Some day, thought Ed.

Before they hit the main street, there was the wail of a dozen sirens. They were turned back by the police and Ed was thankful.

CAPTAIN MOONEY nodded a greeting to Waldrop as he entered.

"Can we hit the Bell Gardens address tonight?" asked Waldrop.

"Most definitely not." His negative attitude caught Waldrop by surprise. "But we know this is the arsenal."

"Yes." The captain puffed hard on the cigar. "We know it is one arsenal; there may be others."

"True, but the longer we expose Bartel, the greater his danger."

Mooney stared at the lieutenant, his pink-rimmed eyes watery and colorless. Waldrop didn't even try to match the stare. He was too tired to play the game. "You soft, Lieutenant?"

Mooney had him, now. He bit deeper.

"Listen, if you're too tired, or too nervous, I can get another boy."

God, he wished he had the guts to reach over and backhand the cigar from that fat face. He didn't. He still had a chance to make captain. He must conform. Those that fought the power structure didn't get promoted.

"I'm fine, Captain," said Waldrop.

"What's your plan?"

"No plan in particular."

"You just going to let Bartel sweat it out in that goddam jungle?"

Waldrop raised his voice. The anger showed.

"That's right, Lieutenant."

Mooney emphasized the word "lieutenant."

"Why?"

"Because I want to know what the hell is going on. Something is very wrong when rival gangs from all over the state,

like the Gooses, Winos and Beasts, get together and don't rumble."

"That's true, Captain."

"I'm glad you agree with me, so I'm sure you'll agree with me that we don't hit Bell Gardens until Bartel gets some decent information."

Waldrop nodded in agreement.

"Can I go ahead and work out a raid plan and coordinate with such units that'll be needed?"

"Write it up and bring it to me before you contact anybody."

"Yes, sir."

"I want it by six, so you better get cracking."

"Yes, Captain."

Ed woke up and got down the highway to a phone to report the little he knew. Waldrop told him the score: Mooney wanted more dope before he'd raid.

There was a surprise waiting for him inside the garage. There were eight Angels there, headed by the same shaggy leader who had been in Mexico. A dozen other outlaws with the colors of various other gangs stood in the shadows watching with narrowed eyes. Facing the newcomers were Krascoe and about twenty of his Beasts. Krascoe had been talking, but he stopped when Ed entered.

"He's okay," Frenchy spoke up, and Krascoe nodded for Ed to stay. He squatted next to Frenchy and waited.

"I'm sick of cowin' to the heat the way we been doin'," Krascoe said to the Angels and the others. "If we band together we got a lot of power . . . one hell of a lot of power."

The Angel leader looked at him from under beetle brows. "Krascoe, the Beasts ain't got the power of the Angels."

"Christ, you're stupid, man," Krascoe let the words drop slowly. "You Angels been readin' your own press clippings. You believe all they put out about you in the papers and on the tube."

Ed braced himself for trouble. Three of the Angels stood up. One was unbuckling the heavy chain from around his waist. The Angel leader doubled up his fists.

Krascoe laughed. "Cool it, man. You're not on your home turf."

Big John, Hitler, Gordo and the other Beasts circled around the Angels. Ed stayed with Frenchy, who had drawn a Luger from his jacket. The Angel leader glanced around. He was heavily outnumbered.

"Krascoe, you pushin' for a war with the Angels?"

"No," Krascoe answered calmly, "I want a war on the heat . . . on the squares."

The Angels sat back down, and the Beasts relaxed. Cigarette smoke was interlaced with the sweetish smell of marijuana. Behind Krascoe was a Standard Oil map of California tacked to the plaster-board wall. He took a grease pencil and divided the map into eight areas. He worked with bold strokes.

Krascoe turned back to the cyclists, who stared silently at the map. "We divided the state into eight sectors. Southern headquarters is here in B.G.; in the North, Oakland. The Angels got five hundred active members, we got about the same. With the fourteen other outlaw clubs, we pull in close to another thousand. So we've roughly two thousand hard-core troops . . ."

There was no sound in the dingy garage. Ed could hardly believe what he was hearing. This was a council of war.

Krascoe motioned to Big John, who opened the door to the workshop. Beasts walked in carrying a variety of weapons. Three of them set up a Browning air-cooled .30-caliber machine gun. Hitler had

a 3.5 rocket launcher on his shoulder. Two others set up a 60 mm. mortar. The parade continued and featured a variety of automatic weapons. It was obvious that the rival gangs were impressed. Ed made mental calculations in an attempt to record the number and types of armament.

Krascoc nodded for the display to halt. "You see just a small part of what we got," he told the other outlaws. "We've got flamethrowers, grenades . . . the whole bit."

"Where did you get the heavy stuff?" the Angel leader asked.

"I've got a contact in Mexico, a group that isn't really joyous about things up here. It took us a while, but we've built ourselves an arsenal. We've got enough guns and ammo to take on the National Guard, and maybe some day we will.

"We can recruit another thousand easy, maybe more, many more. We spring the couple hundred who're in the bucket, and we're in business."

Krascoc took a quick drink of Gallo from a bottle held by Hitler.

"We're organized. Three hundred of us swoop down on a hick town like Seal Beach and take it . . . clean out the banks, jewelry stores, markets, the whole bit . . . plunder the place. Who's gonna stop us, ten cops? Nobody. We'll have machine guns and artillery set up. . . We'll blow up roads and cut phone lines . . . We'll hit all over the state. . . We've got enough dynamite to blow every safe in California twenty times over . . . We'll make the Mafia look like squares. We can clean out thirty banks in one coordinated raid. What's the FBI gonna do wavin' their .38's at our 75-millimeter recoilless rifles? We'll blow the heat to hell. We'll get bread . . . lots of bread . . . millions, man, millions!"

Krascoc paused and sipped some wine. No one talked. Ed fully realized the danger of this man. His ambition was fantastic, and he had the sort of charisma that made him dangerous. His planning was thorough enough to constitute a real threat. It was practical and operational. If Krascoc could organize the gangs and give them central direction and purpose, they would pose a very serious threat. It would evolve into one that only the military could handle.

Krascoc's voice broke into Ed's thoughts. "We can fight one helluva guerilla war," he said, slapping the map with the back of his hand. "In a month we can paralyze the state, knock out power stations, dams . . . the whole bit."

The Angel leader shifted uneasily. "But what's the point? Where does it get us? We can't take on the whole Army."

"We don't have to. We clean out the state and head for Mexico."

"Man, you high or just loco?"

"Christ, you think small. I tell you I got plans. For instance, what's Chief Reddin gonna do if we roll six or seven hundred men into the center of L.A.? They couldn't stop us. We could clean out the wholesale jewelers on Broadway and knock over a couple of banks. Reddin will go off his gourd . . . he's only got a few hundred men in the area with .38's and nightsticks. Hell, those popguns would be worthless against rifles and automatic weapons. Sure, we'd lose a few men, but we'll come out with a million bucks."

"So where do seven hundred studs hide out when it's over?" the Angel asked.

"I got plans for that too. We can set up in the canyons or split up in small groups. The point is, we'll have blasted the heat so bad they won't be able to hit us. By the time they get the National Guard mobilized, we'll be long gone."

The Angel sat down, shaking his head in seeming disbelief at the enormity of the plan.

"Well, how about it?" Krascoc said. "We got the guns. All we need is enough studs with the guts to use them."

"Okay, man," the Angel leader smiled. "Sounds like a gas."

Two days had passed since Ed had last been in contact with Waldrop. He had managed to telephone after the meeting. Waldrop had been incredulous until he realized that Ed was sober and very serious. He had kept Ed on hold until he had been able to get in touch with Moon-ey. The word was no raid or arrests until Ed had uncovered the source of arms and all the arsenal locations. If Ed was unsuc-

cession. A Chevy pickup sat next to the crude armored car. It was not armored, but a .30 caliber air-cooled machine gun had been mounted on the bed. The weapon could be swung in a 360-degree angle. Bags of cement were placed around the sides of the bed to provide protection against small-arms fire. Frenchy had bragged of other such modified vehicles in Beast arsenals in San Bernardino and in Oakland.

Preparations were on a massive scale. Ed continued to be amazed at Krascoc's talent for organization and administration. The Beasts were coming in from all over the state. Only chapter heads and their lieutenants showed up at the Bell Gardens headquarters. Over three hundred



There was no more "playing possum" now. They forced him to show his hand.

cessful, and a strike was set, then the Department would move to prevent bloodshed and property loss. It was a gamble, but Moon-ey had refused to move until the sources were pinpointed.

The Bell Gardens headquarters functioned at a hectic pace. In the workshop, weapons were activated and cleaned of cosmoline. In the rear of the garage, seven or eight Beast mamas loaded .30-caliber ammunition into belts and placed them in olive drab ammo boxes. Ed was allowed in the unpainted, ramshackle, barnlike building which overlooked the river basin. Inside were dozens of crates of various types of weapons. There was also a Ford panel truck. A thin covering of armor plating had been installed in the cab and inside the bed. Firing ports had been fashioned on all sides. Heavy grillwork protected the radiator and lights. The tires were heavy duty. The interior of the truck was equipped with a 20mm. cannon and three Sten guns with plenty of am-

Beasts were dispersed in small groups throughout Orange, Ventura, San Bernardino and Los Angeles counties. Krascoc did not want any attention, especially from the police. The run was not in packs but in groups no larger than five. Krascoc ordered that at least one hundred Beasts travel in cars. Many had trucked their bikes down. The move had been smooth and without incident. Krascoc had warned that he wanted no drunkenness or trouble on the run. The Beasts were to stay in the pads assigned to them until the raid. Krascoc wanted no incidents that would jeopardize his plan. "Are all the platoon chiefs here?" Krascoc asked.

Big John nodded affirmatively. Krascoc posed for a moment and then spoke slowly and rather dramatically.

"All right. We're gonna pull the biggest job in history, bigger than Brinks, bigger than the English mail train robbery, the biggest . . . Now, before I

get to the details, if any of your men are shaky, cut 'em out."

Krascoc waited for a response. There was none. The Beasts were staring at their chieftain. There was a feeling of apprehension and excitement. Ed could feel the electricity.

"Good. On Friday at ten hundred hours we're gonna tear up Los Angeles. Very simply, we're gonna hold seven blocks in downtown L.A. for two hours and loot it, loot every bank, jewelry store and department store. Then we split to Mexico over the Arizona border, split with millions of dollars. My contacts in Mexico have got this set, so no sweat from the *Federales*. Then we wait until the other cycle gangs get up nerve enough to join us, come back across the border a few at a time and raid another city. Down there we'll be protected by my friends. . . . Soon we'll have everything and be so powerful nobody, but nobody, is gonna bug us.

"Here are the assignments." Krascoc marked a red "X" with a grease pencil on the map. "Platoon number one will form in the alley between Hill and Broadway off Seventh Street. Platoon leaders and their lieutenants will scout their assignments tomorrow. Part of us will be going in cars and the rest on their hogs. But don't bunch up together. I don't want the heat tipped off. Form at oh nine thirty.

"Platoon number one's mission is to block Seventh Street north and secure the alley. Your twenty-five men will be issued one 57-millimeter recoilless rifle, one bazooka, two BAR's and .45's and .357's for the ammo carriers. The rest will have Enfield .303's and grease guns. Turn over cars and completely block the intersection so that the heat can't move in vehicles. Platoon numbers two and three will blockade First Street. Platoon number four will clean out the Bank of America on First and Los Angeles Street, then hit the California Bank at Second and Spring. You'll be issued plenty of explosives in case you need it to blow safes. After those banks are clean, you back up numbers two and three, who will have four .30-caliber machine guns, two recoilless rifles, two bazookas and rifles and grease guns. Four rifles will be equipped with grenade launchers. The L.A.P.D. building will be covered by ten men headed by Hitler."

Krascoc nodded toward the skinny little Beast with the Hitler-style moustache and a swastika tattooed in the center of his forehead.

Every time Krascoc would mention a deployment, he would mark the location on the maps. Ed gave up trying to memorize every detail; there was too much. The platoon leaders only had to remember the details which concerned their particular assignments. Krascoc went on explaining the fine points of his plan. The interchange, where the Freeway network connected in the center of the city, was to be blocked by burning vehicles. A demolition team would blow the transformer that provided electrical power for the central area. Two-man teams of snipers were assigned to key intersections in a mile radius from the target location. These snipers would keep police reinforcements pinned down away from the seven-block area. Ambushes were set up at likely routes. Communications would be by radio and flare. Key units would be in contact with Krascoc via handy-talkies using citizen band wave lengths. A series of green flares shot from Very guns would signify the start and conclusion of the raid. Trucks would be stolen and they would be used to transport the loot. Beast ma-

mas would carry stacks of shopping bags to store merchandise, jewelry and money within the buildings. Looting teams would work from both sides of Broadway. A string of eight 60 mm. mortars would be set up along First Street covering the police building and the approaches from the City Hall. Exactly two hours were to be allowed for looting.

At the end of the two hours, the Beasts would form into a convoy. A shock force of ten hogs and the Chevy pickup with the .30-caliber machine gun would scout six blocks ahead of the convoy. The armored car would bring up the rear. All units were to be alert for police helicopters. The pickups with mounted air-cooled machine guns would be used as anti-aircraft support. The convoy would have thirty hogs two miles in front, along with machine gun equipped pickups. Vehicles and hogs would be gassed in San Bernardino. Then the convoy would head for Arizona via Barstow.

Krascoc finally stopped and asked if there were any questions. There were none. He had talked for seventy-three minutes according to Ed's watch. Hundreds of people would be killed and injured. Property damage and loss would be fantastic. The money from the banks alone would be close to a million, maybe more. The police had to hit first, and hard. Krascoc, seeing that there were no questions, told them that they would be informed by telephone where to pick up their weaponry. Mooney had been right, thought Ed, their weapons hadn't been stockpiled in one location. Ever movement had been carefully worked out and timed by Krascoc. The planning had been meticulous.

The Beast hierarchy followed Krascoc through the workshop door.

Frenchy hit Ed lightly on the back as he left.

"See ya later. We'll grab a beer."

"Yeah."

WALDROP was finally convinced. He would try to convince the captain that the headquarters should be raided tomorrow night.

The light in the telephone booth was dim. He leaned against the glass side and closed his eyes. He was tired. He hoped that Peggy was understanding.

"Hello?"

"It's me, darling."

"Oh. . . Are you all right?"

"A little tired, but fine."

"Is it over?"

"Almost, baby. Only a couple of days more."

"Please hurry, Ed!"

The tone hurt him. She was pleading. All of a sudden he knew he really loved her, loved her very much.

"Please be careful."

"I am. Everything okay at home?"

"I'm lonely. . . and I can't sleep very well without you."

"Good, and keep it that way."

"Yes, Officer."

"I gotta run. One thing, stay out of downtown Los Angeles for a couple of days."

"Why?"

"Please just do what I say. Bye, honey."

"Bye. Please be careful."

"Don't worry."

* * *

"Wake up, Barnes."

Big John's voice cut through his sleep. Ed stood up and looked at his watch.

"What the hell, man, it's four in the morning!"

"Krascoc wants everybody ready to roll, even you."

Ed knew that this huge hulk disliked him. There still might be time. Ed was afraid of him. He weighed at least three hundred pounds. The only fat was the beer belly; the rest of the man was enormous chunks of muscle. He was a bully and a sadist.

"What's the deal?" asked Ed.

"You just come with us, punk, don't ask questions."

Irritated, Ed reacted by giving the giant the finger. Big John cocked his fist to throw a punch as Krascoc entered.

"Knock it off!" yelled Krascoc.

The hulk slowly unclenched the ham-sized fist with the word "hate" tattooed on the fingers. He turned and shuffled out of the garage. Ed breathed deeply. That had been close, too close. Krascoc stood staring at Ed. He wore a web belt with a holstered .45 automatic.

"What's the bit?" Ed asked, shaken.

"It's D-Day."

"Huh?" Ed was puzzled.

"This is the day we hit the squares. . . wipe out the mother heat."

"But Friday is the day."

"No."

"When did you change?"

"An hour ago."

"But all your planning?"

Krascoc smiled, a thin smile of smugness.

Ed suddenly felt weak. Krascoc somehow knew.

"Let's get movin'. We're clearing out of this dump."

The yard swarmed with Beasts loading the vehicles with weapons. No one talked and they worked with great speed.

He had to get to a phone. He entered the building and walked through the workshop to the offices of the now-defunct body shop and wrecking yard. The four wooden desks were askew, and a Beast sat at each one with a telephone in his hand. The Beasts were talking gibberish into the phones: blue dog says bark, mother one is turned on, burn, baby, burn. Ed winced at the last slogan pirated from the black nationalists. It was code, and they were alerting the Beasts gathered in groups throughout four counties.

Krascoc sat crosslegged on a desk top studying a map. No one paid any attention to Ed as he slipped back into the dark hallway.

Ed moved quietly along the dim hall until he reached a door. It opened into the workshop. The room was empty, empty of crates and of Beasts. He walked through the garage and outside onto the gravel driveway.

Ed started to cross the street when he heard the familiar click of a rifle bolt.

"Hold it, man."

From out of the shadows stepped Crow. He held the short-barrelled Mauser in Ed's face. Two other Beasts were behind him, their faces lost in the darkness.

"Nobody goes anywhere."

"Okay, no sweat."

Ed turned his back and walked back to the garage. Krascoc was the field marshal, the "Bell Gardens Fox." He had sentries surrounding the area. His security was tight. Ed was penned in. When he entered the garage, Krascoc stood under the flickering sixty-watt bulb grinning at him. He didn't say a word, but just walked out into the yard.

* * *

Lieutenant Waldrop was snoring, not loudly but steadily. The radio sergeant repeated his name, somewhat hesitant to wake a superior.

"Lieutenant Waldrop."

"Yeah?"

"Captain Mooney said to notify you

about the Bell Gardens stake-out."

"What about it?"

"There's a hell of a lot of activity at the location."

"So?"

"It's 4:21 A.M."

The lieutenant pushed the hat to the back of his head and slowly removed his long legs from the green-blotted desk top. He sat up feeling rotten.

"Tell the captain I'll be there."

* * *

Ed rode between Big John and Frenchy west on Gage through Bell and Huntington Park. There were two cycles about forty yards behind them. It was now suddenly light as the sun came up big. There was very little traffic on the street, and so far no patrol units. Krascoe moved his gang to the target area during the time of day when there was the least number of police on the streets. It had been a smooth operation. All weapons were loaded in vehicles in a matter of minutes. The chain link fence was pushed down, and some fifty cycles had roared down the riverbed. At assigned turnoffs, groups of five split off and got on main streets. Ed had been ordered by Krascoe to ride with Big John. Before they left the garage, Krascoe had shouted the order that no one was to use a phone, or break off from the run. If an individual did, he was to be shot. Everyone had been armed but Ed.

Marvin Schwartz didn't argue when the four motor cyclists stopped his yellow Helms bakery truck. One had pointed a .45 into the cab, and Schwartz stopped in the middle of the street. No one said a word, but a youth with an oversized German helmet had grabbed his wallet while pulling him from the cab. Two of them took crowbars and pried out the shelving in the rear of the panel truck. Glazed doughnuts rolled in all directions, and the bright yellow of the lemon meringue pies oozed along the asphalt. Marvin Schwartz shuddered at the waste. A motorcycle was lifted into the area vacated of shelving. The cyclist drove the truck away as his three companions followed. It was exactly 6:11 A.M.

Two milk trucks in Compton and three in East Los Angeles were hijacked by the Beasts. A City of Maywood two-and-a-half-ton truck was stolen. An L.A. Rapid Transit district bus was boarded by three bearded men carrying sawed-off shotguns at the bus stop at Mission Road and Daly Street. The passengers were ordered off, and the verbal command was reinforced by a blast of number-four shot through the back window. The driver protested and lost four teeth when he was slapped with the butt of a Winchester 12-gauge. The driver sat on the curb spitting blood, not even watching his bus speeding away on Macy Street. Police communications switchboards lit up all over the county reporting stolen trucks, vans and even three buses.

ED CUT the motor on his bike and sat nervously on the seat. They had parked in an alley behind the Follies Burlesque Theater at Sixth and Main Streets. In faded lettering on the brick wall he read: STAGE DOOR—POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE. Big John kept Ed between his bulk and the brick wall. French was about three yards in front of him. Ed's throat was dry. He craved something cold to drink, but the way his stomach felt he probably couldn't have kept anything down. In the alley the sun had feebly filtered into the dark crevice, but it was still very difficult to see any distance. A trash-pickup truck drove slowly past,

like a massive animal moving in its cave. The two Negroes hanging on the outside eyed the cyclists with a measure of curiosity, but said nothing. Ed felt the sweat gathering on his neck. They had maneuvered him into this position where he could not attempt an escape. Big John took a Luger magnum from his grimy saddlebag. He checked the chunky cartridges, any one of which could take a man's head off. Frenchy had tucked his luger into his waistband. In his jacket he carried three fragmentation grenades. At the far end of the alley, two other Beasts reached under a loading dock and pulled out a canvas-covered object. The two grease guns with extra magazines had been stashed there the night before.

"Hey, Frenchy," said Ed.

"Yo!"

"What the hell am I supposed to do?"

Big John didn't look at Ed when he spoke in his nasal tone.

"Keep your mouth shut!"

"Shut up, fink." Ed snarled.

As Big John swung the heavy barrel of the .44 at Ed's head, Ed leaned back against the brick wall, kicking hard at the giant's left hip. The front sight grazed Ed's cheek, ripping out a chunk of flesh. Ed jumped off his bike and with a sweeping kick knocked the revolver from Big John's hand. He snapped a second kick into the hair-covered cheekbone. Big John screamed in pain as the bone shattered. Frenchy sat stunned, watching the exchange. The hulk rolled to his feet with great speed for such a heavy man. Ed didn't bother to try another kick; instead he bent quickly and grabbed the .44 magnum. Now Frenchy reacted by pulling the Luger. Big John shook his head, a trickle of blood showing at the corner of his mouth. His eyes were wide open and blank, seeing nothing but Ed. The giant whipped out a thick Mexican switchblade and flicked it open. Ed could hear Frenchy scream for him to stop. He didn't hesitate. Gripping the big .44 in both hands, he shoved his arms straight out toward the center of the massive body. The report of the magnum boomed down the alley. The orange flash blinded Ed for a second. Sure of his shot, he wheeled in a half crouch at Frenchy. The Luger had jammed and Frenchy worked furiously to clear it. As he did, he aimed at Ed, but before he could pull the trigger, the .44 boomed again. Frenchy bounced against the brick wall and pitched face down into the alley. The rib cage was mangled. Ed instinctively whirled back to Big John. He lay on his side, the lower part of his face completely torn off, a mass of blood like the puppy in Mexico. The shouts of the two Beasts running down the alley jarred him back to the present. They carried tommy guns. Ed fired a snap shot down the alley and ran.

* * *

The weariness had fled the operations room. More brass entered and stayed as the situation worsened. All telephones and radios were manned. All were busy. Waldrop called his office once more. Once again the answer was negative. Nothing from Bartel. The adrenalin was pumping inside him. The keen excitement before a raid, or the hot pursuit. A pattern was forming. Eleven Beasts had been arrested carrying arms in various areas in the county. One had been killed in a gunfight in Santa Ana with the police and Highway Patrol. Dozens had escaped high-speed police pursuits.

The din within the room was increasing as telephones rang, and the radio traffic was constant. All sheriff's stations were put on alert and all personnel were called to duty. All headquarters personnel were

being called in early to handle the affair.

The FBI had called all its agents in and put them on alert. California Highway Patrol had moved units towards Los Angeles from as far away as Ventura, Orange and San Bernardino counties.

* * *

Crow held the driveway in the cross hairs of the recoilless rifle's sights. He squinted, concentrating only on the guard box which separated the incoming and outgoing driveways. Another Beast was armed with a 57mm. shell, while a third sprawled on the ground pointing an M-1 rifle. Gunfire suddenly erupted in the distance. Crow felt his gut tighten with excitement. The sight suddenly filled with a front view of a Ford squad car, red lights blinking, where the cross hairs met. The explosion was loud. The Ford erupted as the armor-piercing shell burst through the engine and blew the car apart. Three of the officers were dead. The fourth crawled from the burning wreckage to die in front of the guard box. The M-1 belched five times as the .30-caliber bullets whipped into the lot. The man in the guard box was killed instantly. Crow laughed, laughed loudly; the cop car went *kabloom*, just broke up and started burning. A shell was shoved into the weapon and Crow stopped giggling so that he could steady the sight for another shot.

* * *

Ed ran through the parking lot to Los Angeles Street. He could hear the crashing of glass as the Beasts chasing him fired wild bursts from their grease guns. If they had stopped long enough to shoot prone, or even kneeling, Ed would have been dead. Instead, they ran, squeezing off long inaccurate bursts. People ran into doorways and several women screamed. Ed hurdled a wino passed out face down on the sidewalk. He ran through to Sixth Street and sped around the corner. He jumped into the doorway of a small, tawdry bookstore. He took great gasps of air, trying desperately to catch his breath. He cocked the big magnum. He had two shots left. Fang felt nothing as the thick slug smashed through his upper body. He was dead before he, or the greasegun, hit the pavement. The second Beast in panic squeezed off a burst that laced across the plate glass window. Ed aimed the .44 and squeezed the trigger. The man moved the same second that Ed fired, causing the bullet to miss the center of mass and smash instead against the deltoid muscle and spin him around. He sank to the gutter with blood pouring from the shattered right shoulder. He pitched face down, unconscious. Ed shoved the .44 in his waist. Pedestrians stood silently looking with disbelief and horror. Ed looked up and faced an L.A.P.D. man with a drawn .38.

"Move and you're dead!"

Ed raised his hands and kept his feet in place. The white diagonal hash marks on the navy blue sleeve attested to the grizzled control man's many years of service.

"I'm a deputy sheriff," said Ed calmly.

"Shut up!" barked the red-faced officer. "Put your hands against the wall."

Ed didn't argue. Slowly he walked to the dingy gray building wall and placed his hands wide in a spread-eagle position. The officer reached in and removed the .44. He stepped back and covered Ed. He glanced at the bookstore owner who had finally emerged, lighting a cigarette with trembling hands.

"Buddy, call the station."

The owner hurried inside to call the

police. Ed tried again.

"Officer, my badge number is two two one three and . . ."

"Shut up!" he was commanded.

Then the throaty roar of the cycles raced up Sixth Street the wrong way, causing the creeping traffic to come to a dead halt. The traffic man didn't want to take his eyes off his suspect. So he didn't see the Beast stand up in the sidecar with the double-barreled 12-gauge shotgun. The impact was so great that he felt no pain and died in seconds. Ed turned at the sound. The officer lay face down, the .38 a few inches from him. Maggies screamed at him from the back of Hitler's cycle.

"Come on, Ed, you big stud!"

He was trapped again. There were ten cycles strung out in front of him. He reached down and picked up the .38 Colt. He tried not to look at the officer. He didn't need to get to a phone; Waldrop had heard the war by now.

* * *

THE M.P. company whipped off the Harbor Freeway at the Pico Boulevard turnoff. The captain in charge in the lead jeep radioed for all men to lock and load. The flames and smoke had been visible from San Pedro. Other Army units were on their way, as were Navy and Marine personnel from Long Beach and Seal Beach. The Army convoy met sniper fire at Pico and Broadway. The .30-caliber machine guns mounted on the 8eeps knocked the riflemen off the roofs. The convoy halted at Olympic, and the troops poured out of the trucks and formed a line of skirmishers.

* * *

Ed squatted behind a turned-over Yellow Cab with the .38 Colt gripped in his hand. Smoke from three burning police cars hit by the 3.5 rocket launchers obscured any field of fire at the intersection of Broadway and Seventh. The police had rallied with the arrival of the Army, and fire was pouring in on the Beasts from behind the curtain of smoke.

Unprepared for the ferocity of the police counter-attack, the Beasts began to fall back. Individuals lost their nerve and slipped out of the area. Deserters increased, and the hard-core Beast leadership began shooting them. Krascoe left the shelter of the armored car. Ed had feigned shooting towards the police lines while looking for an escape route. Several Beasts with shoulder weapons kept him under surveillance. If he ran, he was dead. An Army 106mm. recoilless rifle shell hit the Arden Dairy truck carrying the mortar, bazooka and other ammunition for the Beasts. The fiery explosion cleared the intersection with a terrible finality. Twenty Beasts and dozens of pedestrians were killed instantly. Ed hugged the axle of the cab as shrapnel whizzed past. Krascoe was knocked to the asphalt by the impact. Ed watched as the bald animal rolled to the gutter. He was about twenty yards from the overturned taxi. Ed was tempted to try a snap shot during the confusion. Krascoe got to all fours and stared at Ed. He reached into his Levi's and pulled out a .45 automatic. Ed slapped the .38 across his left forearm as he braced his back against the underside of the cab. As Krascoe raised the .45, Ed squeezed off the shots. One 200-grain slug splattered against the shining bald forehead as Krascoe slid on his face. Ed lay prone with his face hidden in his arms, the bulk of the vehicle protecting him. If he moved toward the police lines, he would be dead. As he lay listening to the vicious, harsh sounds of battle, Ed thought of Krascoe, dead only a few

yards from him. Did Krascoe know he was a cop? Or had he just pulled the .45 to protect himself from the police? It was very likely that Ed had coolly executed the man.

* * *

County General Hospital was operating to capacity, treating the wounded, as were all private hospitals in the central area. Local Civil Defense authorities declared a state of emergency and poured in medical aid and fire-fighting equipment. Molotov cocktails, incendiary and white phosphorous shells had caused great fires in the center of the fighting. County fire units from as far as San Dimas and Newhall joined L.A. city firemen in battling the blazes gutting the commercial center of the city. Martial law had been proclaimed in a three-mile radius of City Hall. Military and National Guard jeeps and weapons carriers patrolled the streets with troops in full battle gear. The L.A.P.D. and Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department still did not have accurate casualty lists at 12:09 P.M. Over two hundred police officers had been killed, many hundreds more wounded. Civilian casualties would run into the thousands.

The Governor was flying from Sacramento to Los Angeles. The President had informed him that the federal government stood ready to help in any way possible. Shock still swept across a nation somewhat hardened by the riots of several "hot" summers.

Ed had managed, after considerable talking, to identify himself to the L.A.P.D. officers and M.P.'s. A squad car had transported him to the Hall of Justice. A uniformed L.A.P.D. man had escorted him up to Waldrop's office. The looks of hate he received from other deputies were frightening. They could not have known that under the grime and filth was a

fellow officer. To them he was a Beast. Waldrop grasped his hand and shook it warmly.

SUDDENLY Ed felt very tired, and his sense of humor had gone flat. He wanted to talk to Peggy, talk to Peggy and take a hot shower. These were the only things of importance.

Captain Mooney rushed into the intelligence office, a stub of a cold cigar protruding from his English pug features. He glanced at Ed and turned on Waldrop.

"Goddam it, Lieutenant, get that deputy into the undersheriff. He's been waiting for him!"

"But, Captain, the man hasn't even had a chance to go to the head," said Waldrop.

"Have him hold it!" barked the captain. "I said the undersheriff wants him now. The press is here."

Waldrop turned to Ed.

"You better get down to the undersheriff's office on the double," he said softly.

Ed gripped his fists to keep them from shaking. He looked up at Waldrop and gently spoke to the lieutenant, ignoring Mooney.

"I'm going to phone my wife first."

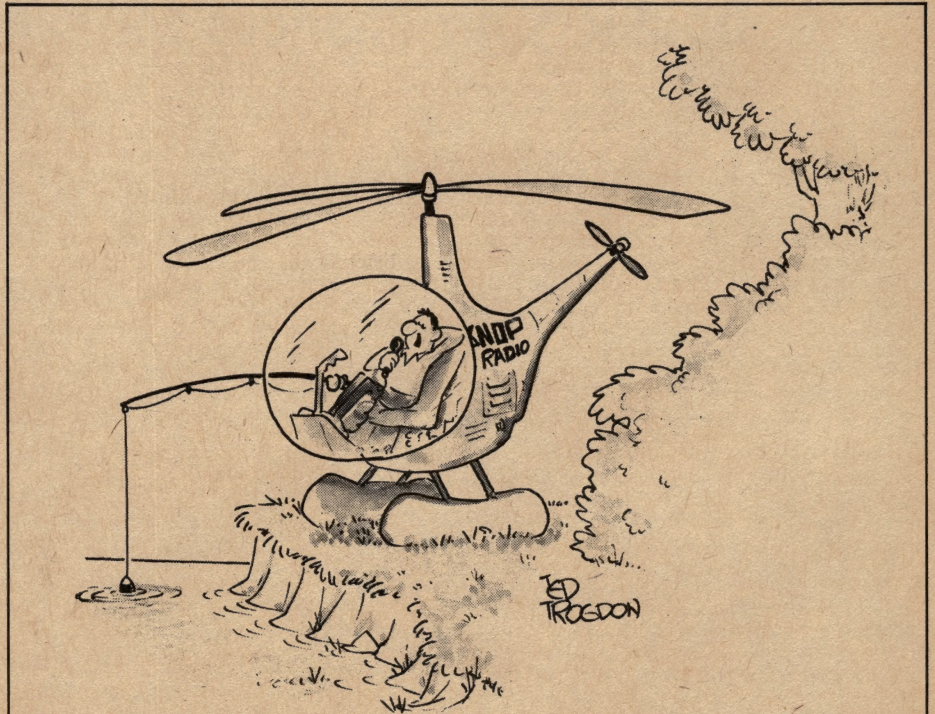
"Listen, Deputy, get moving to see the Man," ordered the captain.

Ed brushed past the brass and walked down the aisle between the desks to Waldrop's office. He could hear Mooney's mumbings, but they were incoherent. He went into the office and closed the door. He dialed nine for an outside line, and for the first time in six days, he felt good. The telephone rang. She said hello.

"It's me. I'm okay."

The grateful crying on the other end was such that he knew he was going right home. If they wanted him, he would be in early tomorrow morning. Sergeant's stripes be damned.

END



"Traffic is really balled up over here on Kenilmore Avenue this morning . . . there's the usual tie-up at jefferson triangle, and over on route 50 . . ."

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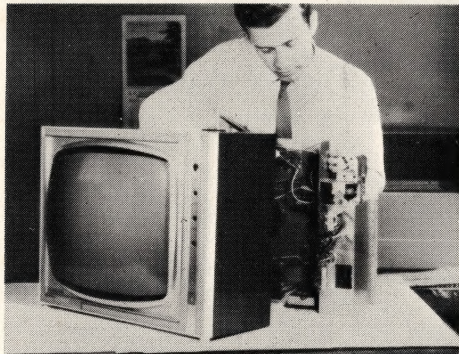
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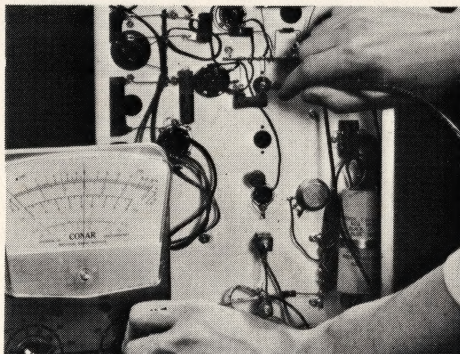
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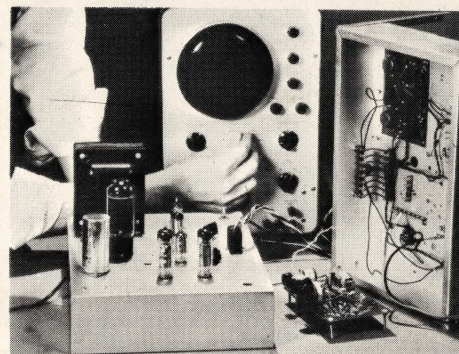
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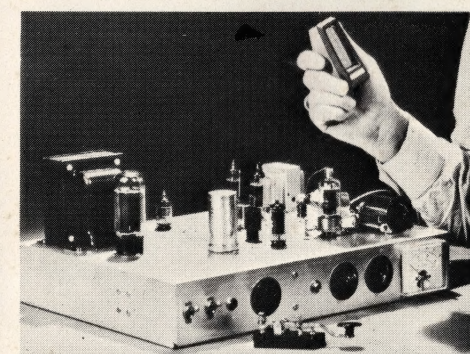
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R. L. WOOD, Fargo, N.D., got his FCC License as part of his NRI training and is Master Control Engineer with KXIB-TV.



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A "BEATING-UP" TURNED THIS WEAKLING INTO A CHAMP!



Charles Atlas
"World's Most
Perfectly
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One night a frail 97-lb., 15-year-old youth was making his way home through the tough waterfront section of New York City. Suddenly, without warning, a brutal hoodlum loomed up out of the dark, and beat him senseless. That night the young man made a solemn vow: "Never will I let any man hurt me again."

The years ahead were to prove how well he kept that vow! For the name of that skinny youth was Charles Atlas — and he lived to become internationally famous as "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," performing feats of strength that amazed the whole world!

The day after that beating, Charles Atlas began trying every exercise he had ever heard of. Then one day, visiting New York's famed Bronx Zoo, he asked himself: "How does the tiger keep in physical condition? You never see him with a barbell!"

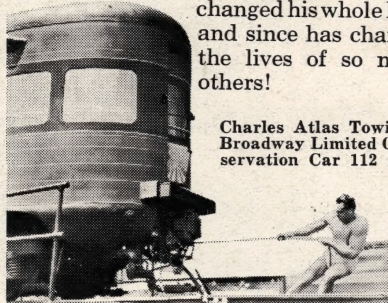
Atlas Discovers the Secret!

He saw how the tiger exercised by stretching its muscles, one against the other. From this, he worked out the amazing "Dynamic-Tension" system of muscle-building that was to make him famous.

Within 12 months, Atlas had doubled his weight. He decided to help all weak, underdeveloped men who suffered as he had. So he made his amazing secret of "Dynamic-Tension" — the system that uses no weights or apparatus — available to men all over the world. Thousands have benefited from his remarkably effective system.

And, as the fame of Charles Atlas spread, he was challenged to perform many thrilling feats of strength. Once he pulled six automobiles, chained together, for a mile. Another time he towed a 72½-ton railroad car 112 feet along the tracks with a rope!

A far cry from the days of that 97-pound weakling who sobbed his way home after a beating, made a vow that changed his whole life — and since has changed the lives of so many others!



Charles Atlas Towing
Broadway Limited Observation Car 112 ft!

I Take OLD Bodies and Turn Out NEW Ones!

Check the Kind of NEW BODY You
Want RIGHT IN THE COUPON
BELOW . . . and I'll Show You How
EASILY You Can Have It!

I'M NO MAGICIAN. Making healthy and handsome HE-MEN out of weaklings — turning "skin and bones" or flabby fat into SOLID MUSCLE — is simply my job. But my secret *does* work like "magic."

Do you want broader shoulders — a magnificent "barrel" chest — more powerful arms and legs — a mid-



ARE YOU
Skinny, Weak and
run down?
Always tired?
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Want to lose or
gain weight?
**WHAT TO DO
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section lined with solid-as-steel muscle? It's all waiting for you. Just check what you want — RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW. I'll show you how I can give it to you!

From "Mouse" to MAN!

You wouldn't believe it but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "SKINNY." Girls made fun of me behind my back. Then I discovered my remarkable muscle-building secret — "Dynamic-Tension." It turned me from a "bag of bones" into a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much *on top of the world* in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

"Dynamic-Tension" Works Fast!

My secret — "Dynamic-Tension" — is the NATURAL easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY — while you build up SOLID MUSCLE in all of the RIGHT PLACES — gain the kind of handsome and healthy build that women admire and men respect.

I give you no gadgets or contraptions. You simply use the SLEEPING muscle-power in your own body almost unconsciously every minute of the day — walking, bending over, even sitting at your table or desk!

Charles
Atlas

Holder of title
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."



**Prize Trophy
Given Away**
Be the envy
of friends!
Win handsome trophy,
over 1½ feet
high!

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SEND NOW for my book describing my famous method. 32 Pages, packed with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic-Tension" has done for others. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your life — and its yours absolutely FREE! Check the kind of body you want below.

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Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. 32 Pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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